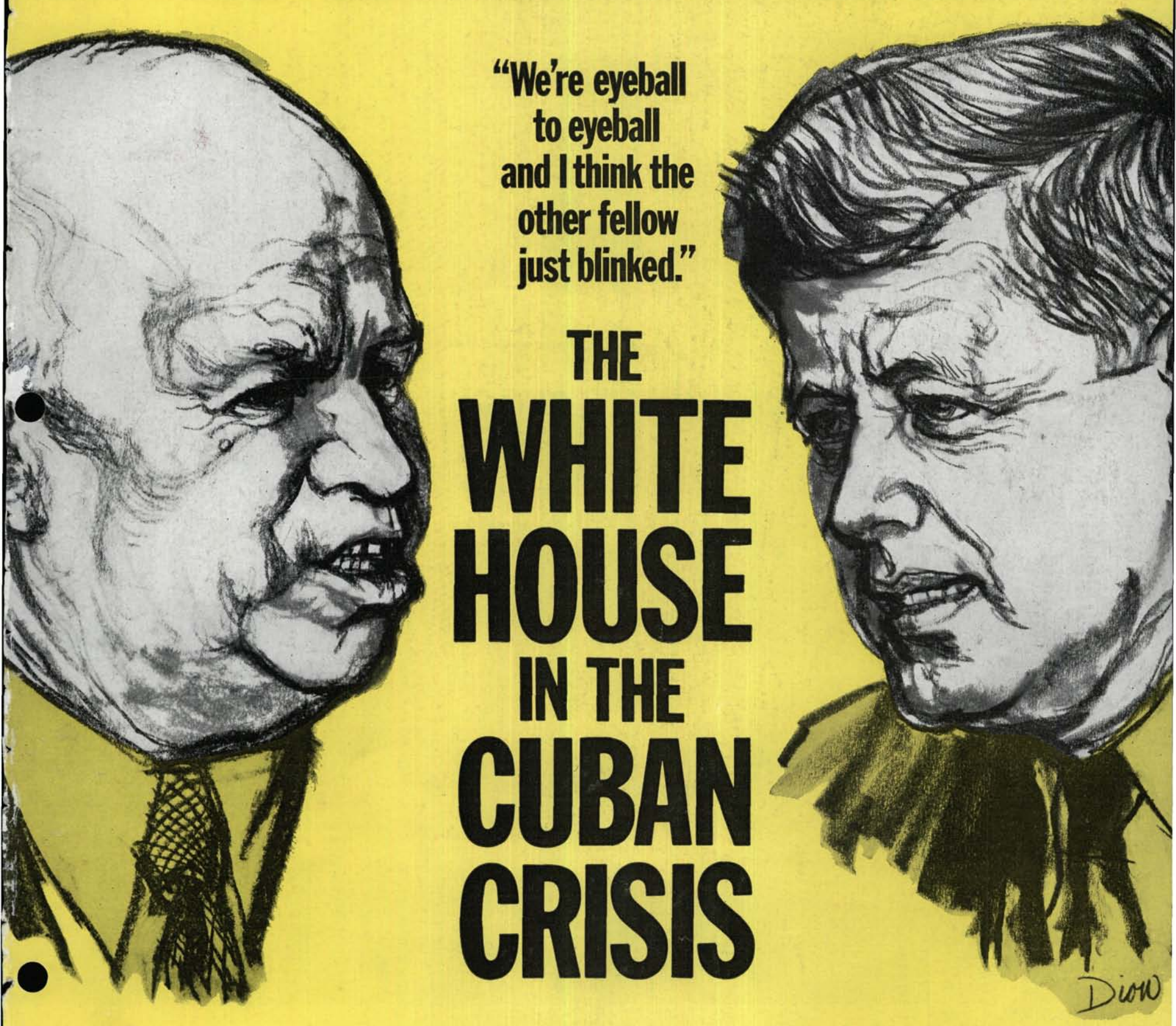
The Saturday Evening
POST
December 8, 1962 20¢

Also In This Issue:
Complete Perry Mason Mystery
By Erle Stanley Gardner

Special Recipes For Christmas



"We're eyeball to eyeball and I think the other fellow just blinked."

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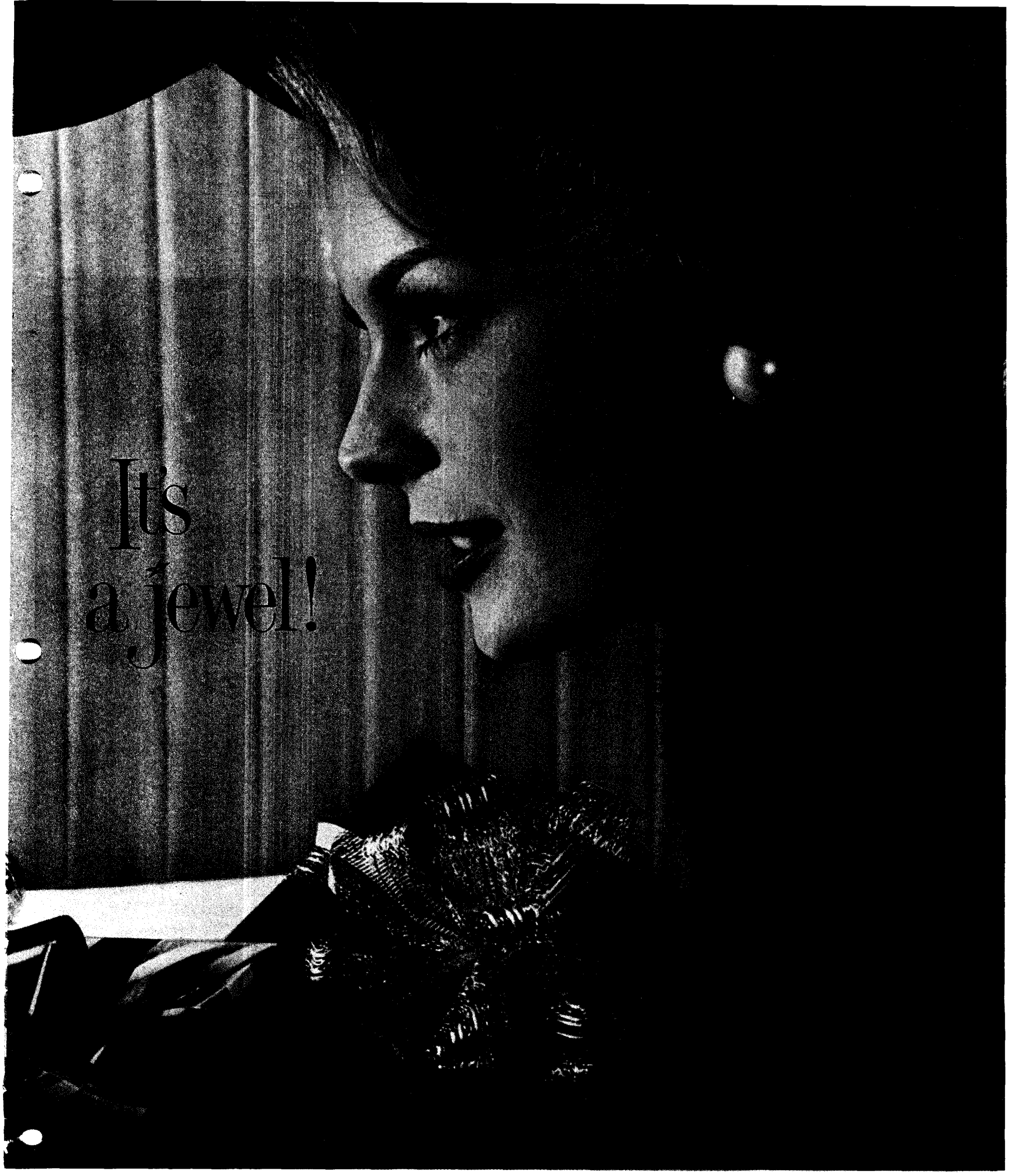

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About the Authors.

Post Washington editor **Stewart Alsop** and his collaborator **Charles Bartlett** spent three weeks in intensive interviews gathering material for their exclusive report on the behind-the-scenes planning and decision-making during the Cuban crisis. The result is an authoritative account of what went on in Washington during the perilous days when President Kennedy repulsed the Soviet attempt to emplace nuclear weapons off our southern coast. Alsop and Bartlett, Pulitzer Prize-winning Washington correspondent of the Chattanooga *Times*, explain what the outcome of the Cuban affair means for America—now and in the future. . . . *Post* contributing editor **John Kobler** reports that the Orson Welles he saw in Paris was remarkably changed from the younger Welles he had tried to interview a decade ago in Morocco. At that time Welles broke several dates and then left town without seeing Kobler. This time Welles was pacing the street in front of his hotel waiting for Kobler when the *Post* editor arrived for the first of several extended interviews . . . Also on the move most of the time is Manchester *Guardian* correspondent **James Morris,** whose base is Waterperry, England. Morris reports this week from Thailand (Siam). . . . **Roul Tunley** is a contributing editor of *The Post*. . . . **Jimmy Breslin** is a free-lance writer from Baldwin, Long Island, who specializes in sports. . . . Every item on the gourmet Christmas dinner menu featured on pages 66 and 67 was tested at various mealtimes by writer-cook **Esther Riva Solomon** in her Philadelphia home, with judgment being passed on each dish by husband Irwin, an advertising executive, and daughters Lucy, 19, Nora, 12, and Mia, 6. Mrs. Solomon's *Post* article on shortcuts to gourmet French cooking (FRENCH FOOD—U.S. STYLE, May 12, 1962), has been expanded into a book *Instant Haute Cuisine*, including more than 200 recipes, which will be published early in 1963 by J. B. Lippincott Co. . . . If all drivers were like *Post* contributing editor **Arthur Baum,** automobile insurance rates would plunge drastically. In a million miles of driving autos, taxis and trucks during the past 38 years, Baum has never been involved in an accident. . . . **Corey Ford** says he wrote the article HOW ARE YOU? DON'T TELL ME, in self-defense. After he recovered from a recent operation he found that his friends always drowned out his blow-by-blows with tales of their own medical miseries. . . . *Post* contributing editor **Harold H. Martin** spent a month talking to labor leaders, union members and to labor experts in government while researching HAS SUCCESS SPOILED BIG LABOR?, his tenth *Post* article this year.

A Complete Perry Mason.

A while back *The Post*'s editors, feeling that American reading habits have changed, suggested to **Erle Stanley Gardner** that the next Perry Mason mystery be published as a one-parter, instead of the usual six-part serial. Mr. Gardner, always receptive to new ideas, was delighted. So for the first time since 1937, when *The Post* started publishing Perry Mason's adventures, readers won't have to wait several weeks to find out who done it—THE CASE OF THE MISCHIEVOUS DOLL is complete in this issue.

The Cover.

Artist **Sam Dion** made his sketches of President Kennedy and Chairman Khrushchev to accompany the Alsop-Bartlett article beginning on page 15 in this issue. Although the two statesmen are face to face, the quote, "We're eyeball to eyeball, and I think the other fellow just blinked," is a remark made by Secretary of State Dean Rusk. In the view of *Post* editor Alsop, however, Rusk's remark accurately reflects the reaction of President Kennedy and his chief advisers at the climactic moment of the Cuban crisis.

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LETTERS

SEP's Star Seer

Dear Sirs:

Surely, by now, someone must have brought to your attention an article in your September 7, 1957, issue, entitled "THE AMAZING KENNEDYS" by Harold H. Martin.

The third from the last paragraph reads as follows:

> "Fervent admirers of the Kennedys profess to see in their rise to national prominence the flowering of another great political family, such as the Adamses, the Lodges and the La Follettes. They confidently look forward to the day when Jack will be in the White House, Bobby will serve in the Cabinet as Attorney General, and Teddy will be the Senator from Massachusetts."

HAVEN N. WEBB
Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico

● *Says Author Martin, sadly: "If I'd only bet this three-horse parlay back in 1957 I'd be as rich as Papa Joe."—Ed.*

The Mess in Mississippi

Dear Sirs:

What superb reporting in depth on the Mississippi case in your November 10 issue. James Meredith's own reasons for braving the risks he did ["I'LL KNOW VICTORY OR DEFEAT"], Robert Massie's analysis of the state before and after [WHAT NEXT IN MISSISSIPPI?] and John Faulkner's scathing indictment of politicians for whom the end justifies the means [HOW MUCH HATE THERE IS NOW]—this is journalistic art in its highest form.

PAUL G. NORRIS JR.
Editor and Publisher
Marshalltown Times-Republican
Marshalltown, Iowa

Dear Sirs:

THE MISSISSIPPI STORY was so completely inaccurate, so twisted and slanted, so downright ridiculous that I would be condoning "the big lie" if I failed to express my protest against it.

ALVIN C. SHAVERS
Jackson, Miss.

Dear Sirs:

I would have had much more respect for the fairness and objectivity of *The Post* if you had just one article giving the other side of the controversy. There *is* another side to it, you know.

FELIX E. REIFSCHNEIDER
Fairton, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

Yours was as comprehensive and fair a presentation as I have seen under one cover. Nevertheless, you omitted a large segment of the Mississippi population—those who do not want integration but choose it in preference to violence and sedition.

WILLIAM R. LAMPKIN
Ripley, Miss.

Dear Sirs:

It's inconceivable that anyone of any color could read James Meredith's own words and feel superior to him. What struck me was the maturity and balance of this young man. Mississippi is lucky to have him as a citizen!

MRS. JOHN SAFRANSKI JR.
Midland, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

John Faulkner [seems to] feel that because he didn't actively participate in the riots he is not responsible. On the

Coming . . . in next week's Post

Alfred Hitchcock
Master of the Macabre

The Salvation Army
Dedicated Marchers for the Lord

The Real Scandal of Divorce

The High Price of Making All-American

Post Picture Credits *Reading across pages, then down:*

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'63

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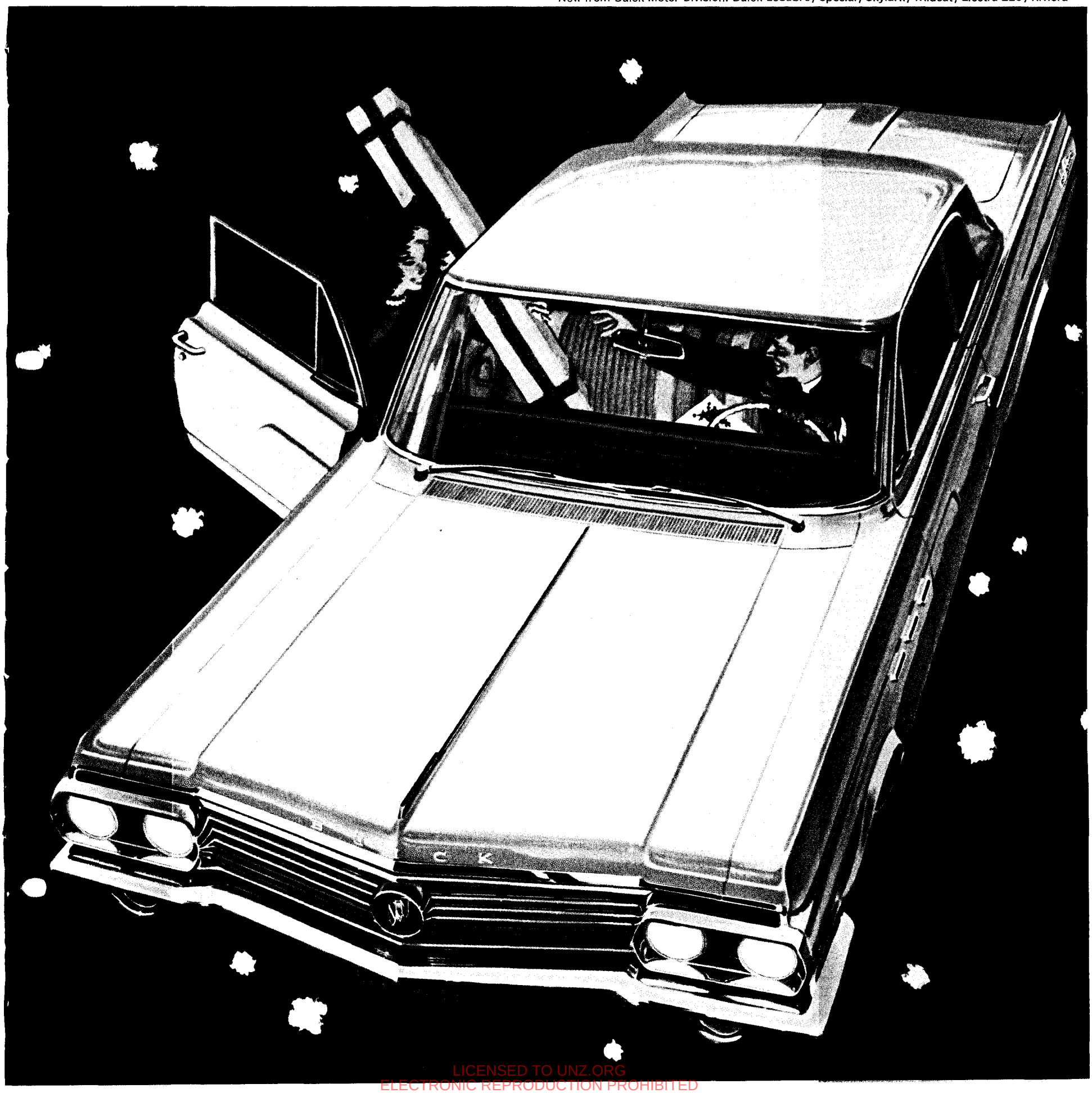

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LETTERS

contrary, he states that since he did nothing but twiddle his thumbs in the drugstore with the other "leading" citizens of the town and mutter "It can't happen here," he is blameless for the riots that followed. Just to live behind the shield of the law without helping to uphold it is a very passive way of existing. What Mr. Faulkner refuses to recognize is that he is his brother's keeper and that those educated, intelligent persons who did not take an active part in forestalling the Oxford riots are as much to blame as the ignoramuses who took part in them.

GILBERT E. WINN, D.D.S.
Rego Park, N.Y.

Dressing to Please

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial [LOOKING SHARP IN CHESTER, PA., Nov. 10] seems to imply that Chester has set a precedent in an effort to make teenagers *look* like teenagers. Our school, along with a number of others, has had an exact replica of Mrs. (Frances) Donahoo's dress code for years.

THOMAS FORNWALT
Lebanon Senior High School
Lebanon, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

I was amazed to read your endorsement of Mrs. Donahoo's disciplinary action. Evidently, neither *The Post* nor Mrs. Donahoo has learned anything about human nature. A young hoodlum will remain a young hoodlum whether or not he wears blue jeans or tucks in his shirt tail. A 16-year-old sexpot will hardly stop her promiscuous behavior for lack of eye shadow or pink nail polish. Why not take REAL preventive

action by dressing all students in long black cloaks and shaving their heads? They wouldn't be able to tell boys from girls. Then Mrs. Donahoo wouldn't know whether a boy in the hall was talking to another boy about football or propositioning a female student.

STEVE LOVELADY
Columbia, Mo.

Smut on the Screen

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations to *The Post* and John Crosby for his article [SPEAKING OUT: MOVIES ARE TOO DIRTY, Nov. 10]. It's deplorable that we have allowed the movie industry to believe this is what we want. We must protest—NOW.

MRS. WILLIAM M. JAY
Mobridge, S. Dak.

Dear Sirs:

Ever since becoming a Lutheran pastor I have endeavored to avoid becoming a prude. Instead of dismissing Hollywood and its products as pure inventions of the devil, I have tried to keep a level head seeking to judge each film on its own merits. Specifically, I have tried to avoid condemning a film just because of a few bedroom scenes providing that the picture carried some sort of worthwhile message, and its acting and direction were good. BUT, my intelligence has been so consistently abused that I am now reduced to dismissing almost everything that comes out of Hollywood as garbage.

REV. RONALD H. LIND
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

John Crosby advocates in one place in his article what he opposes in another. He wants to import the British system. If he had made more than a cursory examination of the British system, which he euphemistically refers to as "classification," he would have known that it is indeed censorship for it is upheld by law. Yet Crosby says he opposes censorship!

KENNETH CLARK
Motion Picture Assn. of America, Inc.
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

Hollywood can only produce what the average moviegoer wants most. If, after the sordid, crude publicity that has precipitated such motion pictures, the viewing public flocks to the premiere, we are only getting what we are asking for and, apparently, what we deserve.

MRS. ANDREW M. FRANCE
Hyattsville, Md.

Crisis in the Pulpit

Dear Sirs:

Amen to your fine article [WHY I QUIT THE MINISTRY, by an Anonymous Clergyman as told to Alfred Balk, Nov. 17]. Obviously the author has not *really* quit. He has just freed himself in order to take up the Lord's work more diligently.

JOHN M. MELONEY
Claremont, N.H.

Dear Sirs:

As a young minister I applaud the candor of your article and the revelation of the bitter irony of much of American church life. It reveals those things that tear a minister apart and reminds congregations of the superficiality of much that attempts to pass for the Christian faith. When the church becomes identified with the country club it is just another activity and not a Way of Life. Still, I feel the author's decision to quit may have been too easy a solution. If I understand the New Testament correctly, a man named Paul had no bed of roses.

RICHARD E. RYDER JR.
Minister
The Congregational Church
Presque Isle, Me.

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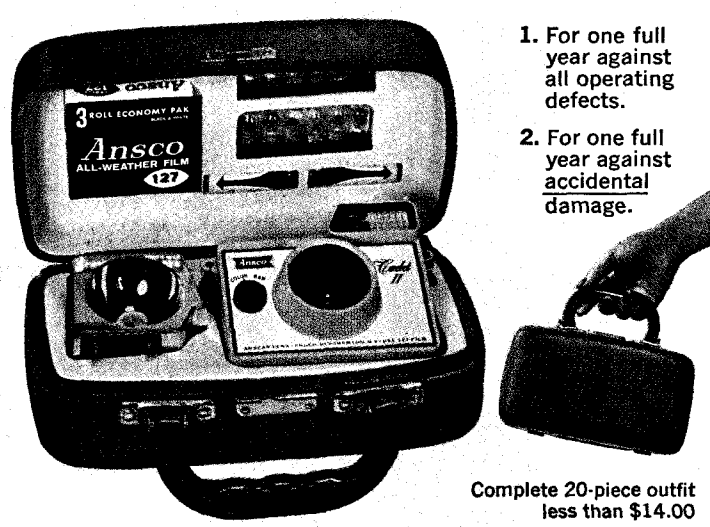

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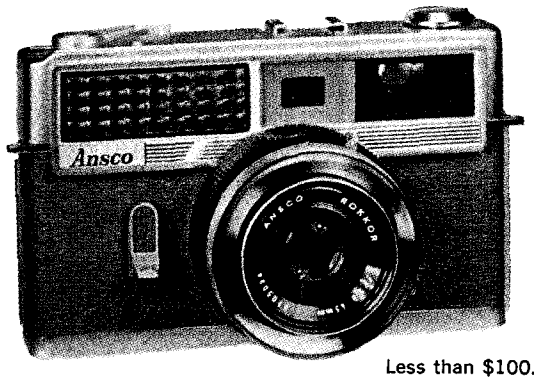

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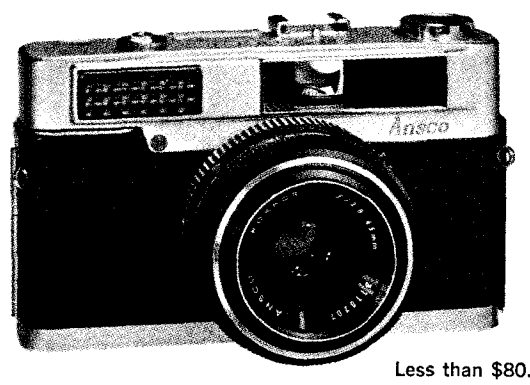

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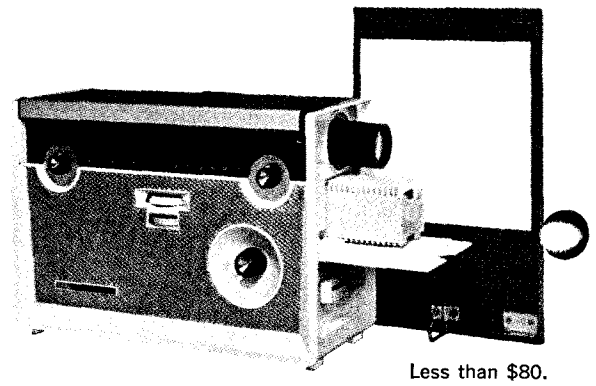

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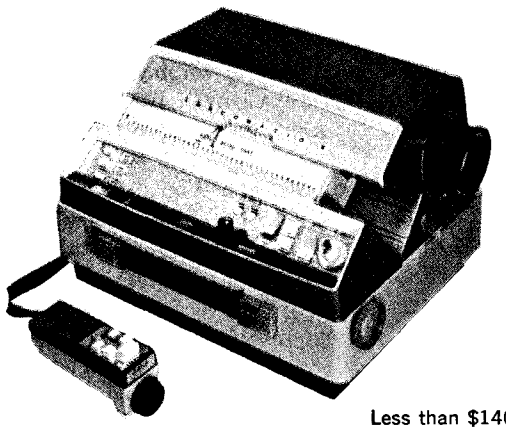

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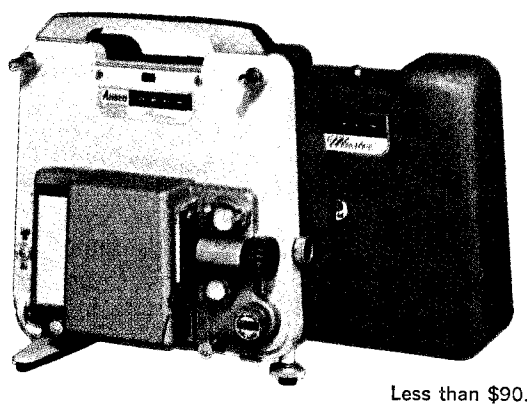

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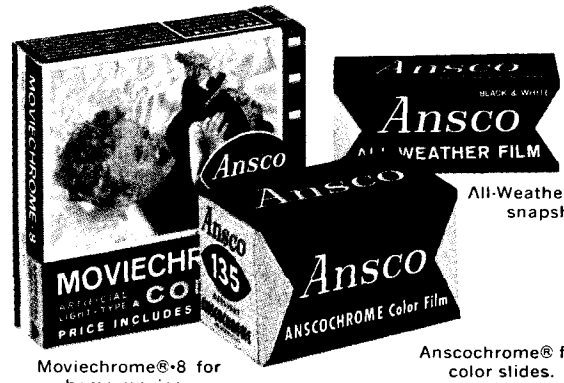

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Uncle Sam's Rejects

Obese and illiterate, more youths fail the draft today than ever before.

By Lt. Col. George Walton, USA

One of the most widely held beliefs about America—by Americans—is that we are the healthiest and best-educated nation in the world and getting more so all the time. The fact is that to an appalling degree we are physically flabby and functionally illiterate—and are becoming increasingly so.

As a planning officer in the Selective Service national headquarters, I have this hard truth forced upon me almost daily. Not long ago, for instance, I had a call from a friend who was shocked because his son had just been classified 4-F; he wanted to know why. I was shocked, too, for I had known the boy since infancy and was aware that he had recently been graduated from junior college and was employed as an athletic coach at a well-known school. I told the father that, with his son's permission, he could consult the file at the boy's local draft board; and a few days later he called me again. "What does it mean that Charles failed the A.F.Q.T.?" he wanted to know. It was my unpleasant task to inform him that his son's score on the Armed Forces Qualification Test showed that the young man lacked a minimum standard of competence in the three R's—even after 14 years of formal "education."

This was no isolated instance; on the contrary, it illustrates the single most disgraceful aspect of our growing rate of draft rejection. In the past year one of every four young Americans examined for Selective Service was rejected for failing the written test. Many of these boys had achieved passing grades in grammar school, high school and—in a few instances—even in college. Yet their performance on the relatively undemanding A.F.Q.T. revealed that they are too unlettered to read and understand even the simplest Army training manuals.

From time to time in the past, editorial writers have used draft-rejection figures to fulminate against the softness of the rising generation, but I find it hard to believe that the public would tolerate the situation if it knew how truly alarming the record is. It is frightening that in this day more than half of the young men who report for examination are unfit to serve their country in uniform. Yet that is the shameful fact.

In World Wars I and II the combined rate for rejections of all kinds was about 30 percent. Since then the situation has worsened drastically. During the Korean War 37 percent of the men registered for the draft were rejected. From the end of that war through 1961 the figure was 49 percent. For last year alone it was 53 percent. This May it jumped to 56 percent. And in June, the last month for which complete figures are available, the armed forces were forced to reject more than 9,000 of the 16,000 men who reported for preinduction examinations—a rejection rate of 58 percent, the all-time high.

Five years ago, when I was assigned to Selective Service and first encountered the facts on draft rejection, I refused to believe that the situation could really be as bad as the figures indicated. Two possible explanations occurred to me: that the draft standards had been steadily raised or that young men were deliberately failing their exams to dodge military service. Only after much study of the problem did I become convinced that both these easy conjectures are false.

Standards Have not Been Raised

While it is true that the physical standards do vary from time to time, Congress in 1951 specified that they may not be higher than those applied in January, 1945. In some cases, indeed, they have been reduced. For example, the Army's old eyesight and dental requirements have been eased. So have the former prohibitions against some venereal diseases which can now be cured without much difficulty. Since 1951, furthermore, the passing requirement for the A.F.Q.T. has also been legally fixed. In short, higher standards are clearly not the reason for the increasing rate of rejection.

I am also certain that very few young men deliberately flunk the preinduction examination. The psychologists at the armed-forces examining stations have long since devised methods to detect malingerers, and they give special interviews to all men who have completed the 10th grade and still fail the written test. If there is proof of malingering, the young man in question is passed for induction. No, I'm afraid there can be no doubt that the vast majority of boys who fail the test do so because they are incapable of passing it.

The written examination, the Armed Forces Qualification Test, was designed by a panel of psychologists to measure capacity to learn the basic tasks of soldiering. It is not designed as a test of educational attainment beyond a certain minimum mastery of the basic tools of learning—reading and arithmetic. The test is multiple-choice. Its 100 questions are divided evenly among four fields—verbal comprehension, simple arithmetic, the relations of forms and shapes, and mechanical ability.

The Written Test Is not Difficult

To begin with, an applicant may be given the sentence, "It was a small table," and asked whether "sturdy" or "round" or "cheap" or "little" is most like the word "small" as used in the sentence. Or he may be told, "A boy buys a sandwich for 20 cents, milk for 10 cents and pie for 15 cents. How much did he pay in all? Was it 30 cents? 35 cents? 45 cents? 50 cents?" The questions gradually increase in difficulty until, toward the end, the applicant may be given the sentence, "He often makes disparaging statements," and asked whether "disparaging" means "drastic," "erroneous," "slighting," or "vigorous." Or he may be asked, "A distance of five miles is how many times as long as a distance of four miles—⅕, 1, 1⅕, or 1¼?"

It is quite possible to attain a score of 100 on the A.F.Q.T., and indeed that has often happened, for it is not an exceedingly difficult test. But an applicant can satisfy the requirements with a far lower mark than that. Although the method of scoring is too complex to explain here, it is a fact that a boy can pass by answering as few as 22 questions correctly. I am certain that my own two sons, neither of whom was an outstanding student, could easily have done better than that by the time they had finished eighth grade.

Yet from the end of the Korean War until the end of last year more than 1,000,000 young Americans—roughly one in every six examined—flunked the A.F.Q.T. Worse, the percentage of failure has been rising.

Shortly after I assumed my present job, Lt. Gen. Lewis B. Hershey, the director of Selective Service, assigned me to make a close study of one typical group of draft rejectees. Examining the cases of 14,556 such men, I gave special attention to those who were rejected because they failed the written test. It seemed incredible to me at the time that so many men could possibly flunk it. But after I had gone over their classification

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A lawyer in civilian life, Lieutenant Colonel Walton served in Africa and Europe during World War II and was recalled to active duty in 1957. His two sons are officers in the Regular Army.

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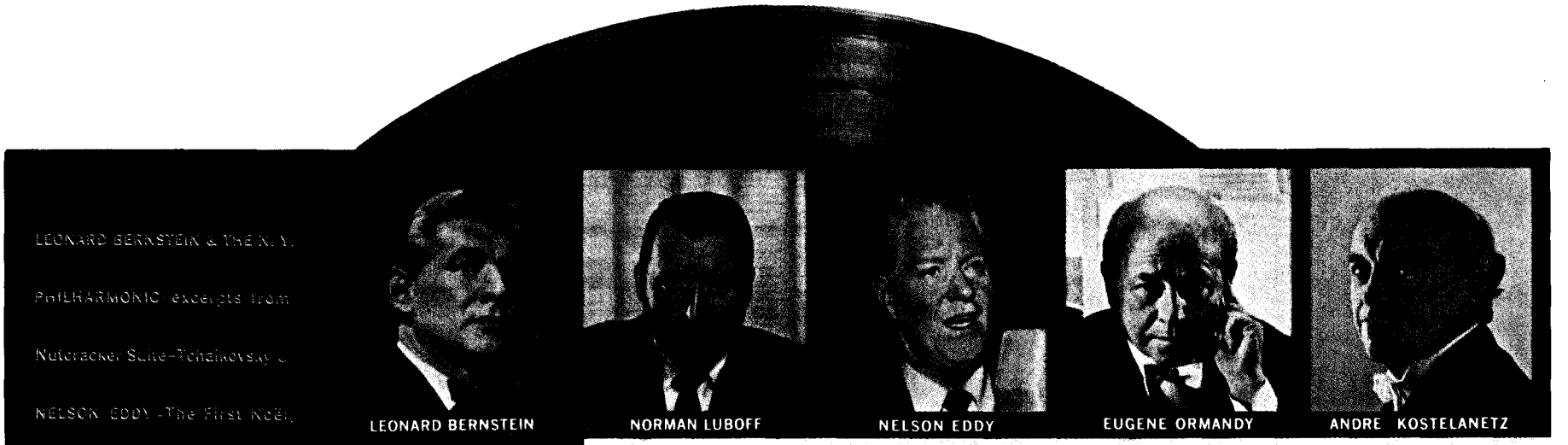

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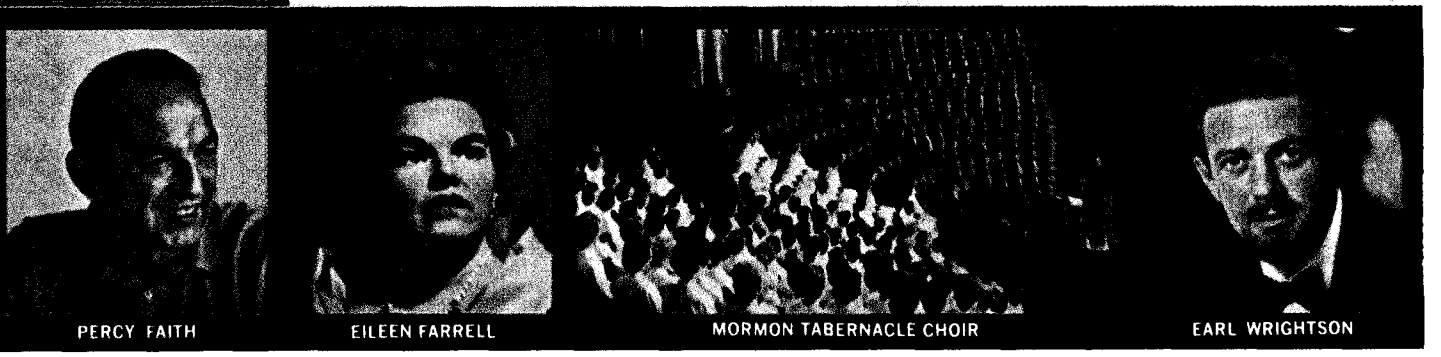

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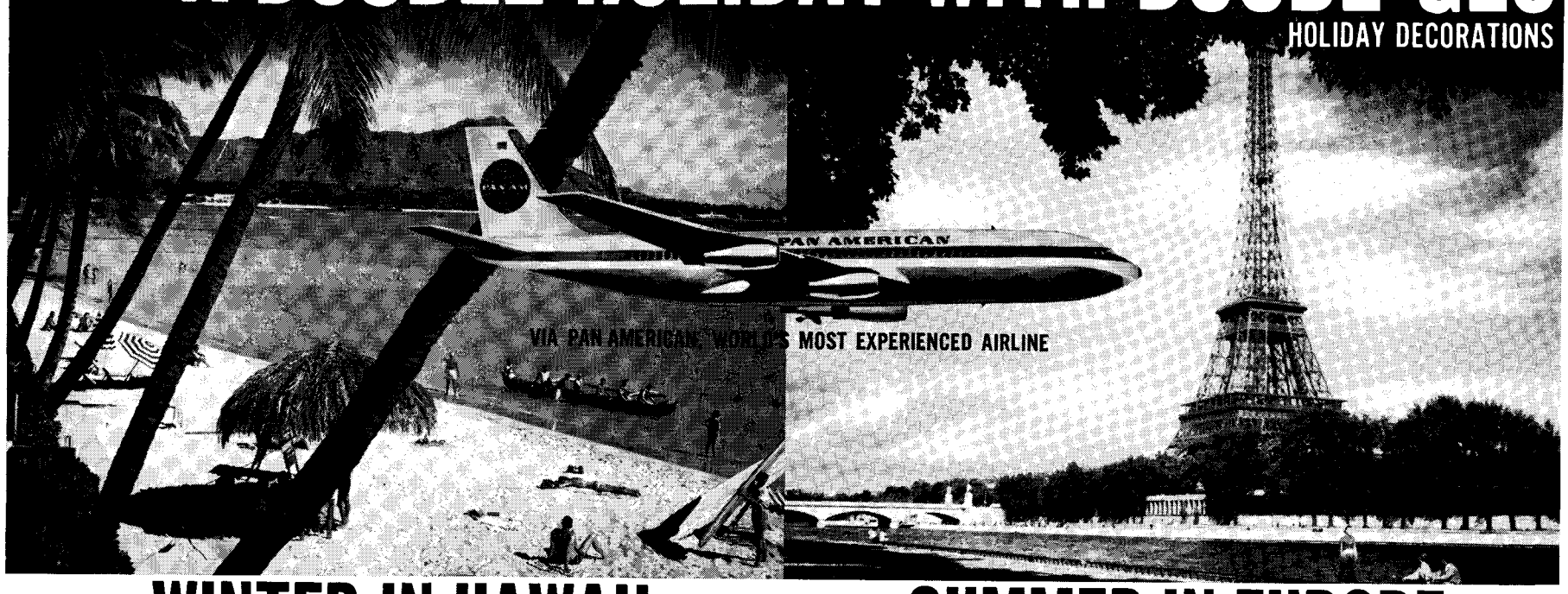

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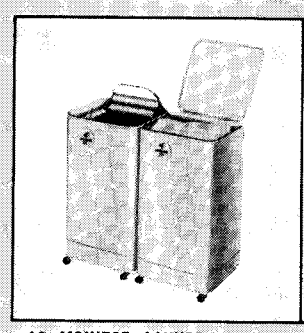

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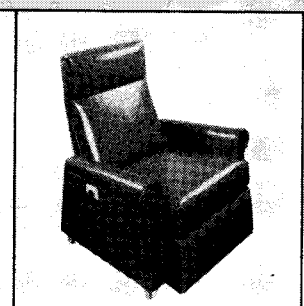

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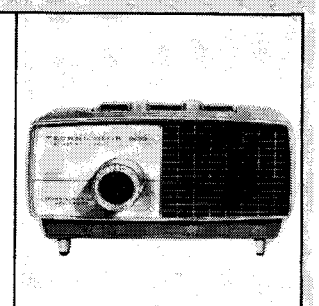

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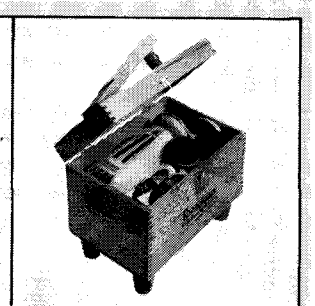

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SPEAKING OUT

questionnaires—which are usually sent to these young men in their 19th year—I was forced to the conclusion that they were literally unable to read and comprehend some of the simplest questions. In many cases the questionnaires had even been filled out by persons other than the youths whose scrawled signatures appeared on the forms. Letters from a large number of them were either illegible or incoherent, or both.

My studies further showed that more than half of those who failed the A.F.Q.T. had finished the eighth grade, and about 6.5 percent were high-school graduates. These figures were confirmed last year by a detailed survey in Kentucky, which produced virtually the same results.

To me this is an appalling commentary on our schools. Yet when I recently told a small meeting of educational leaders about these facts, they were not at all amazed. "The only thing that surprises me," said one of the experts, "is that, with some of our schools and their systems of social promotion, there aren't even more failures." Everyone else chuckled, but I'm afraid I did not join in the merriment. In my opinion it is shocking and sickening that this country does not demand a better educational system than the one which has produced more than 1,000,000 illiterates of draft age in the past decade. And it is almost obscene that professional educators can regard the situation with equanimity, let alone mirth.

The Most Tragic Cases

Of all those who fail the A.F.Q.T., the most tragic, it seems to me, are the young men shown by further tests to be indeed illiterate but still quite intelligent. Some of these men are foreign-born and have not yet mastered the English language. But most of them are native Americans who have not had, or somehow did not grasp, the opportunity to acquire an adequate education.

Sometimes men in this group can be brought up to standard with only a little work. One mother I know asked me what could be done for her rejected son John, who desperately wanted to join the Army. I told her that the boy would have to improve his reading ability because he would be useless to the military until he could master simple English. After six months of concentrated study in basic English and arithmetic John passed the A.F.Q.T. He has gone on to become a good soldier, and he proudly sent me a copy of a recent commendation from his unit commander in Europe.

On the physical side, the most notable trend is the rejection of a growing number of young men so grossly overweight they cannot serve. The failure to meet size standards—being overweight, underweight, too tall, too short—was the 11th-ranking cause of draft rejection for physical reasons during the Korean War. Today it has shot up to fifth place. Most of the trouble is obesity.

Anyone who has seen young men in line in the armed-forces examining stations is impressed by the tragic corpulence which affects so many. I believe it is a sad symptom of an age when many boys are provided early with automobiles, when many lads without exceptional athletic talent learn early to be spectators, when Carl Sandburg's phrase, "fat-dripping prosperity," describes all too accurately the unwholesome condition of many families.

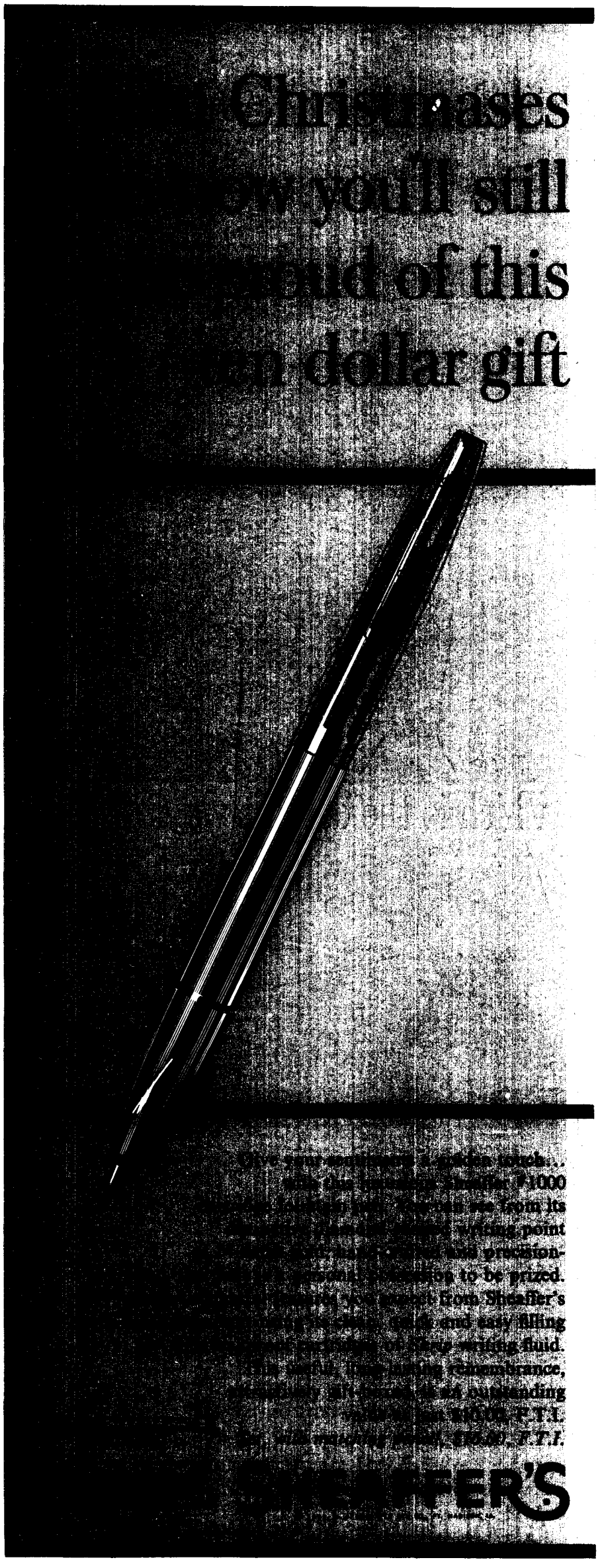
A large number of young men who are rejected for service go blithely on their way with little or no interest in the reason why. But some do benefit from this information. Bruce, a young New York friend of mine, was shocked to learn after his preinduction physical that he had diabetes. He quickly reported to a private doctor and was able to arrest the disease. A young man who fails the physical test is not always told the reason for his rejection, but he always can—and should—find out by consulting his own file at his local Selective Service board.

Some Possible Solutions

As the facts of draft rejections have become more obvious and more ominous, various groups in the Government have shown increasing concern. The U. S. Office of Education, for example, is looking into the growing rate of failure on the A.F.Q.T. and exploring ways and means to meet this challenge. The President's Committee on Youth Employment, headed by Secretary of Labor W. Willard Wirtz, has been studying the possibility of giving both physical and written tests to all young men as soon as possible after their eighteenth birthdays. This is four to five years earlier than preinduction exams are now usually given. It is hoped that early detection of physical and educational deficiencies would lead to prompt correction.

Finally, the U. S. Public Health Service with the cooperation of Selective Service and the Department of the Army, has recently launched pilot projects in New York and Philadelphia to rehabilitate young men who have failed the physical examination. Local health-department officials, manning an additional desk at the armed-forces examining station, give counsel to those who are rejected on physical grounds. Whenever possible these officials suggest that the rejected man consult his own physician about his condition. When this cannot be done, they refer the young man to available community health facilities.

All these steps may prove helpful, but they are still only attempts to correct wretched conditions which should never have been allowed to exist. We need to get at the roots of the problem and, so far as possible, identify the reasons for the shocking rate of draft rejections. We must take a hard look at public-school health programs, at community recreational programs, and at an educational system which allows boys—and presumably girls as well—to waste year after year in schools which fail to teach them to read adequately or to do simple arithmetic. For we must either believe that young Americans are becoming progressively less intelligent—an explanation I cannot accept—or awaken to the fact that a large and growing number of children in this country are being given only token education, a sham and a fraud. I do not see that there is any other choice. **THE END**



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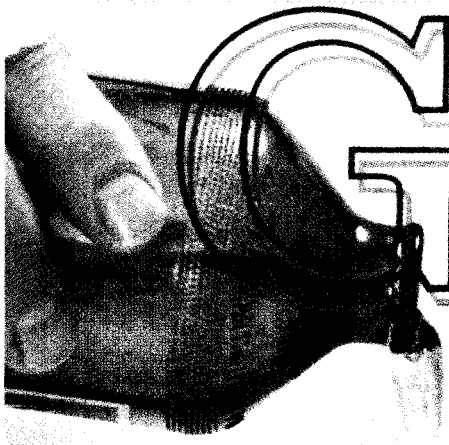

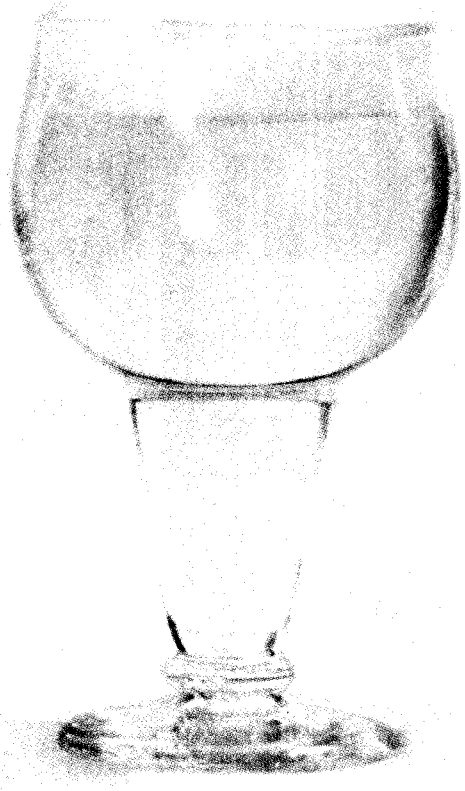

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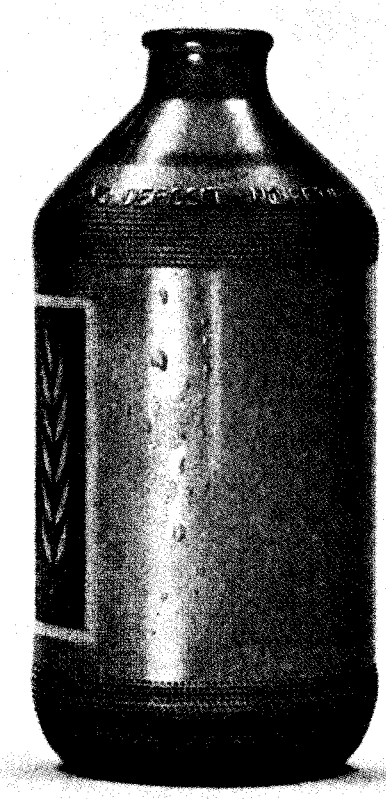

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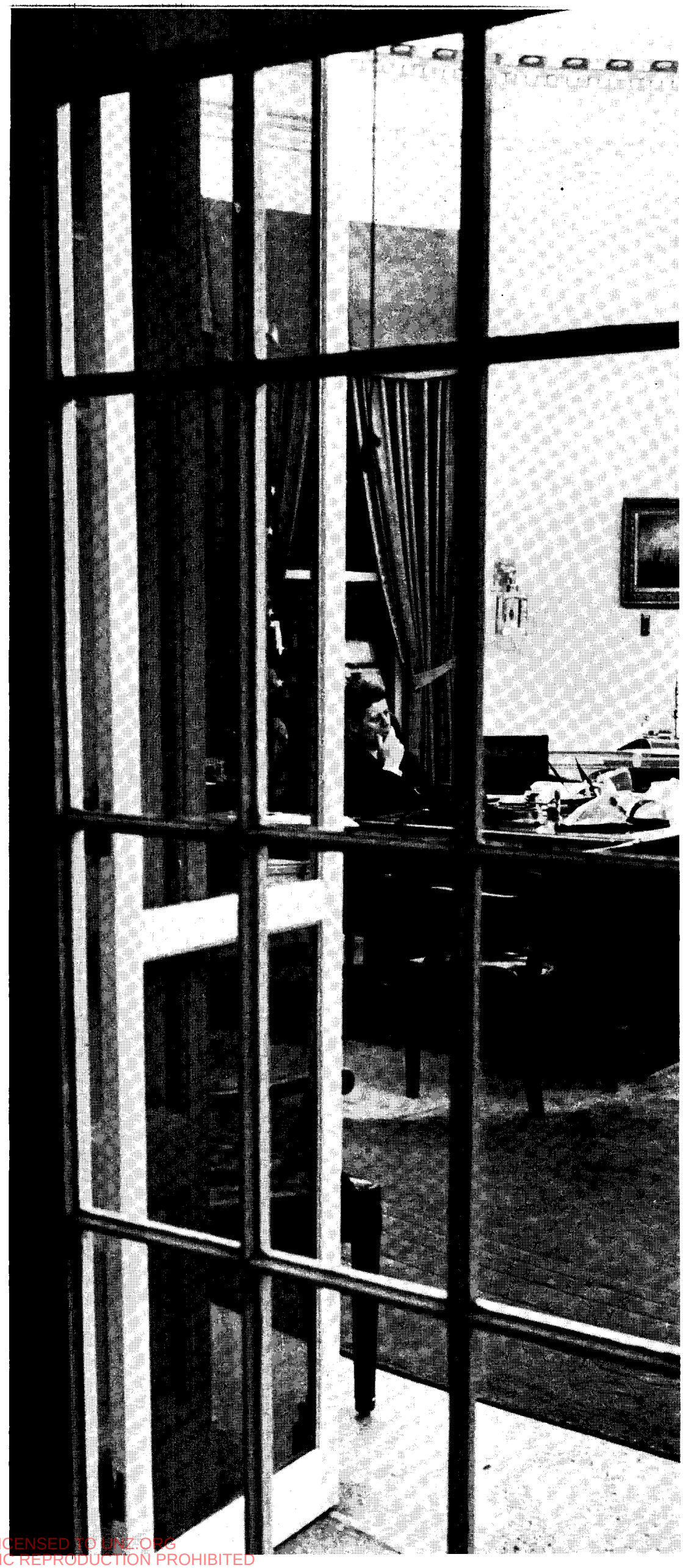

Alone in his office, the President makes the final, fateful decisions.

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"There wasn't one of us who wasn't pretty sure that we'd have to sink a Russian ship."

"We're eyeball to eyeball, and I think the other fellow just blinked."

Those words, spoken in a casual aside by Secretary of State Dean Rusk at the climactic moment of the Cuban crisis, deserve to rank with such immortal phrases as "Don't fire till you see the whites of their eyes," and "We have met the enemy and they are ours." For Rusk's words epitomize a great moment in American history.

President Kennedy, on November 14, said that the Cuban crisis might well mark "an important turning point in the history of relations between East and West." At the moment Rusk spoke, the turning point had come, and the essential nature of the Cold War was changed in a way that will affect all our lives.

For some days a handful of men, operating largely in secret, held our destinies in their hands. The roles these men played—and especially the yet unreported role played by United Nations Ambassador Adlai Stevenson—make a fascinating story. But what follows is not another day-to-day recapitulation of the Cuban crisis, which has not yet completely run its course. It is, instead, an attempt to extract from the high drama of the crisis its inner meaning, as that meaning is understood by the men who steered the course of the United States in the shadow of nuclear war.

The best way to understand the crisis is to concentrate on certain untold episodes of the drama which illuminate its true significance. Let us start with that moment when Dean Rusk made his memorable remark.

The blockade of Cuba which President Kennedy had announced in his historic speech on Monday night, October 22, went into effect at 10 A.M. on Wednesday, October 24. At that hour the members of the Executive Committee of the National Security Council filed into the Cabinet Room of the White House.

Nine Men Around the Table

The Executive Committee had been officially created only a few days before by the President, but it had already achieved the Washington distinction of an abbreviation—ExComm. Nine men sat around the table that Wednesday morning.

The President, his lips compressed and his manner more absorbed than usual, sat at the head of the table. Insistently he asked questions, and when the answers were slow in coming, he tapped his front teeth impatiently with his forefinger, a characteristic gesture. John McCone, chief of the Central Intelligence Agency, started the meeting, as he started all the ExComm meetings, with an intelligence briefing.

Others around the table were Rusk, Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon, Attorney General Robert Kennedy, General Maxwell Taylor, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, Presidential Assistant McGeorge Bundy, and the President's speech writer and sounding board, Theodore Sorensen. These are the nine men who made—and who in the future will make—the live-or-die decisions when the chips are down.

The atmosphere in the Cabinet Room that morning was calm but somber. The President had said that the blockade was only a first step, and that, if the Soviet missiles were not removed, "further action" would be taken. Further action might be a total blockade, air strikes against the missile bases, or even an invasion of Cuba. Given such action, few in that room had any doubt that the Soviets would react violently, in Berlin or elsewhere. Already, the world was on a lower rung of the ladder that might lead to nuclear war.

That morning, about two dozen Soviet ships were steaming toward Cuba. Khrushchev had denounced the blockade as an "act of piracy," and in the UN, Zorin had said that no Russian ship would submit to search. One of the ExComm members recalls: "There wasn't one of us in that room who wasn't pretty sure that in a few hours we'd have to sink one of those Russian ships."

"Send That Order in the Clear"

Before that happened, the President was determined to give his opposite number time to think. He ordered that the Navy screen around Cuba should not intercept a Russian ship until absolutely necessary. "Send that order in the clear," he said, perhaps recalling his own troubles as a junior naval officer with complex code forms. "I want it to go through without delay."

The day wore on. Reports came in which indicated that some of the Soviet ships appeared to have changed course, and that others had gone dead in the ocean. No one recalls a precise and jubilant moment when it became apparent that Khrushchev's ships were not going to challenge the American blockade after all. But at some point that afternoon Dean Rusk expressed the growing conviction of the group when he nudged McGeorge Bundy and made his "eyeball to eyeball" remark.

The blink was then no more than a mere dip of the Soviet eyelash, and for four more days the two great nuclear powers remained "eyeball to eyeball." But that first small Soviet blink was a great moment in history all the same.

Its meaning was later summed up by the President's brother, Attorney General Robert Kennedy: "We all agreed in the end that if the Russians were ready to go to nuclear war over Cuba, they were ready to go to nuclear war, and that was that. So we might as well have the showdown then as six months later." But Khrushchev's final and unmistakable blink did not come until the next Sunday. One of the ExComm members calls that day "Sunny Sunday" and, the day before, "Black Saturday."

On Saturday morning, October 27, the evidence of Soviet intentions pointed both ways. The Soviet ships had indeed turned back. But U-2 reconnaissance planes over Cuba had shown work on the Soviet missile sites proceeding on a crash basis. The night before, the famous, still-secret Friday-night letter from Khrushchev to Kennedy had arrived. It was a curious document, which also pointed both ways.

The letter, in four sections, began arriving at the State Department toward 11 o'clock in the evening. The first and third parts came first. The President read them, remarked that he saw nothing new in them, and went to bed, leaving instructions not to be awakened unless there was something really new in the other two parts.

The President was not awakened. The letter was long, rambling, emotional and contradictory. For the first time Khrushchev officially acknowledged the existence of his strategic missile sites in Cuba. But a missile, he said, was like a pistol—it could be used to defend or attack, depending on the intentions of the user. His intentions, he piously maintained, were purely defensive, the missiles were under his control alone, and they would be used only in defense against aggression.

In a passage which bore the unmistakable Khrushchev imprint, he compared the President and himself to two men tugging on a rope with a knot in the middle. If both went on tugging, the knot could only be cut "with a sword," Khrushchev warned. "Mr. President," he wrote in effect, "if you will stop tugging on your end, I will stop tugging on mine."

This sounded hopeful—but what did it really mean? The letter was purposely Delphic. It could be read as a veiled offer to remove the Cuban missiles in exchange for an American commitment not to invade Cuba. It could also be read as a not-very-veiled threat of nuclear retaliation against any American attack on Cuba.

U-2 Pictures Show Red Missiles

Thus, when ExComm met at 10 on Black Saturday, the evidence was mixed. Khrushchev might be looking for a way out. But he might also have decided to play it rough, by seeking to confront the United States with an accomplished fact. The U-2 pictures showed that the missiles would be fully operational in a few days. If Khrushchev could delay a showdown for those few days, we would be looking down the gun barrel of a fully operational Soviet missile complex 90 miles from our shores.

On the morning of Black Saturday two pieces of evidence came in to suggest that Khrushchev had decided to play it rough. At 10 o'clock still another Khrushchev letter was broadcast over Moscow radio. In it Khrushchev upped the ante, demanding the dismantlement of the American-controlled missile bases in Turkey in exchange for the removal of the Cuban missiles. This was bad news. It suggested that Khrushchev was trying to play for time, against the approaching day when his missiles would be in place.

Worse news followed soon. Shortly after 10 A.M. one of our U-2's was shot down over eastern Cuba by one of the newly installed Soviet surface-to-air missiles, known as the SA-2. This

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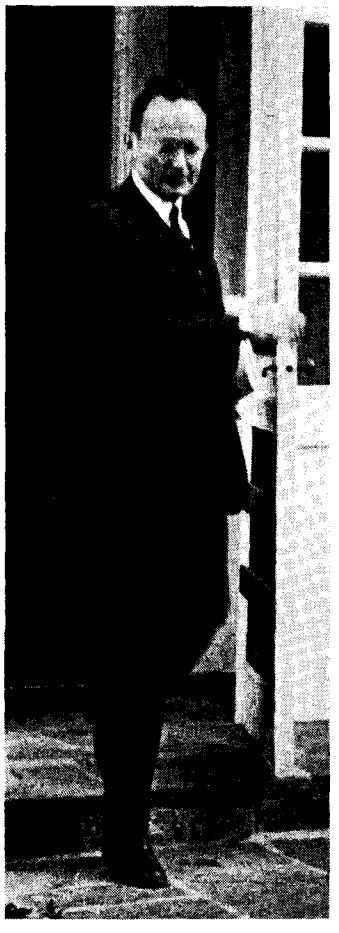
PRESIDENT KENNEDY'S CRISIS CABINET

The men pictured on this page are important to all Americans. They are the key advisers to whom President Kennedy turned when the Cuban crisis unfolded. The President will turn to them again with each new challenge in the Cold War. U. S. Presidents have often created special advisory committees in times of national emergency. Many Presidents have also relied heavily on trusted confidants who were not official members of their Cabinets. President Roosevelt had his Harry Hopkins, President Wilson his Colonel House. A President's formal Cabinet can be an unwieldy instrument. It is big; it is overly diverse; it is political. In forming his own personal "Crisis Cabinet," Kennedy moved coldly and decisively. He turned to men he knew and trusted—reaching outside the official bureaucracy of the Cabinet and the National Security Council. Although Attorney General Robert Kennedy, the President's brother, is a member of the Cabinet, he is not by law a member of the National Security Council. One of the President's main motives in forming ExComm, as the Crisis Cabinet came to be called, was to bring his brother into the center of the policy-forming process. This done, he added Theodore Sorensen, his speech writer and alter ego, and several others—men like John McCone and General Maxwell Taylor—who also lack National Security Council membership. Among other advisers to whom the President turned for consultation and special assignments during the crisis were three "elder statesmen." These three were: Dean Acheson, who was Secretary of State under Truman; Robert Lovett, who served as Secretary of Defense in the Truman Cabinet; and John J. McCloy, former U.S. High Commissioner for Germany. But the eight members of ExComm are the real Crisis Cabinet. They had, and continue to have, a unique responsibility.

Gen. Maxwell Taylor and Secretary of State Dean Rusk.

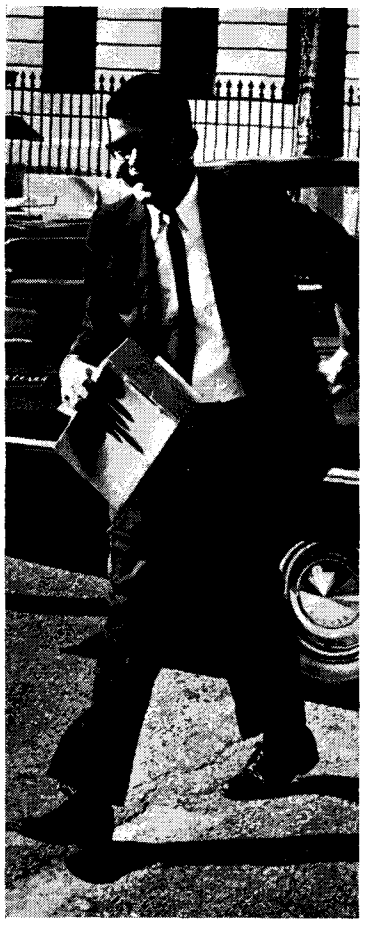
Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara.

Attorney General Bob Kennedy played a major role in crisis.



Special Aide McGeorge Bundy.

Treasury Secy. Douglas Dillon.



Special Counsel Ted Sorensen.

CIA Director John McCone.

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An opponent charges, "Adlai wanted a Munich. He wanted to trade U.S. bases for Cuban bases."

was the first time an SA-2 had been fired in Cuba. These sophisticated weapons were certainly under Soviet control. They could be used to blind the eyes of the American intelligence while Khrushchev played for time.

One of those present at that Saturday-morning meeting recalls it as "the worst meeting we ever had." For the first time there were signs of short tempers and frayed nerves. The meeting broke up for a late lunch. At four P.M. ExComm reconvened, this time in the elegant Oval Room of the White House. The President presided in his rocker, while his advisers sat uncomfortably about on the white-and-gold French furniture.

Again the news was bad. McNamara reported that two low-flying reconnaissance planes had been fired on, seemingly confirming Khrushchev's intention to play it rough. The moment of decision had arrived.

On one point all present agreed. The Soviet missiles had to be removed or destroyed before they were operational. The next Tuesday, only three days away, was fixed as the latest date for destroying Khrushchev's missiles and antiaircraft rockets with an air strike. The strike might have to come even earlier. An air strike against Cuba would clearly be the next rung on the ladder to nuclear war. Russians as well as Cubans would be killed, and a violent reaction from Khrushchev seemed certain. Perhaps there was still time to avoid that next rung on the ladder.

The Attorney General's Suggestion

It was Bobby Kennedy who suggested what has since been dubbed "the Trollope ploy." The Victorian novelist, Anthony Trollope, had a standard scene: a young man with no marital intentions makes some imprudent gesture toward a marriage-hungry maiden—he squeezes her hand, even kisses her. The lady instantly seizes the opportunity by shyly accepting what she chooses to interpret as a proposal of marriage.

Robert Kennedy suggested that the President simply interpret the Friday-night letter as a proposal for an acceptable deal, ignoring all the other implications. The President agreed.

"If I understand you correctly, . . ." he wrote, then the deal was on. If Khrushchev would remove his offensive weapons from Cuba, under suitable conditions, the blockade would end, and Cuba would not be invaded.

The letter was sent at eight P.M. At the same time other means, which are still secret, were used to make abundantly plain to Khrushchev the nature of the choice he faced. "K had not very many hours to make up his mind," says one ExComm member, "and he knew it."

As the meeting broke up near midnight, the President remarked that "now it could go either way." All those present knew that if it went the wrong way, we might be close to nuclear war. Not one of them really expected what happened on Sunny Sunday. John McCone heard of Khrushchev's Sunday-morning offer—to remove the bases on the terms stated by the President—while he was driving back from nine-o'clock Mass. "I could hardly believe my ears," he recalls.

This was, of course, the final, unmistakable blink. It proved once and for all that Khrushchev was *not* "ready to go to nuclear war over Cuba." He is still not ready to do so. It is important to understand what this means—and what it does not mean.

Khrushchev: Zigzags and Retreats

It does not mean that all danger of nuclear war has passed. Nor does it mean that a showdown policy will always force Khrushchev to retreat—on this point the President, in his postmortems with his advisers, has been insistent. It *does* mean that Khrushchev is a good Leninist—that he has what Lenin called the "ability to make all necessary practical compromises . . . zigzags and retreats." In short, if we respond firmly where our vital interests are threatened, Khrushchev will choose "zigzags and retreats" rather than nuclear war. This we now know and in this way the essential pattern of the cold war has been altered.

What, then, did Khrushchev hope to achieve in Cuba? How did he hope to achieve it, and why did he fail? Two small but significant scenes in the drama throw a useful light on the answers to these questions. Scene One is played in low key, and unless you understand its meaning, it is a rather dull little scene, which any good director would cut out of a play.

McGeorge Bundy is dining quietly in his pleasant house in the northwest section of Washington. The telephone rings, and when Bundy picks it up he recognizes the familiar voice of Ray Cline, chief of intelligence for the CIA. The carefully cryptic conversation that ensues goes about like this:

CLINE: "Those things we've been worrying about—it looks as though we've really got something."
BUNDY: "You're sure?"
CLINE: "Yes. It looks like we're around seven hundred miles, maybe more."
BUNDY: "OK. I'll handle it at my end."

Early the next morning, October 16, Bundy is in the President's bedroom to give him the most disturbing information any President has received since Pearl Harbor.

Scene Two occurs the same day, when Nikita Khrushchev receives the newly arrived American ambassador, Foy Kohler, in his Kremlin office. Khrushchev is genial, and on the subject of Cuba warmly reassuring.

The announcement of the establishment of a Russian fishing port in Cuba, he says, seems to have caused the President some sort of political trouble. He was furious when he heard about the announcement, he insists. He was vacationing in the Crimea at the time—if he had been in Moscow, the announcement would never have been made. Soviet purposes in Cuba are, of course, wholly defensive, and the last thing in the world he wants to do is to embarrass the President on the eve of the elections.

The brilliant, gnome-like Kohler listens impassively, then returns to the embassy to report the substance of the conversation to the President, as Khrushchev knew he would do. Thanks to Bundy's bedroom report, the President already knows that the Soviets are placing missiles in Cuba capable of destroying American cities.

The meaning of these two small scenes can be summarized in two sentences. First, the Soviets tried to lay a trap for the United States in Cuba, using maximum duplicity to that end, in order to achieve maximum surprise. Second, we caught them at it.

The objective of the trap was both political and strategic. If the trap had been successful, our missile warning system would have been by-passed, and the whole strategic balance overturned. But the President and most of his advisers put the main emphasis on the political objective. "If they'd got away with this one," says one member of ExComm, "we'd have been a paper tiger, a second-class power."

Costly Attempt to Dupe U.S.

The laying of the trap represented a huge Soviet investment—175 ships, more than 6,000 men and upward of three quarters of a billion dollars. Planning for the operation started last spring, at the latest. There were two essential elements in the plan. One was a systematic attempt to dupe the American leaders into believing that the Soviets had no intention of doing what they intended to do.

Khrushchev's assurance to Kohler was only one in a series of attempts to deceive. The most elaborate attempt came in early October, when Khrushchev and Mikoyan called in Georgi Bolshakov, a subordinate officer in the Soviet Embassy in Washington, who had arranged for Khrushchev's son-in-law, Aleksei Adzhubei, to interview the President. Khrushchev told Bolshakov that his only intention was to give Cuba defensive weapons. Mikoyan interrupted to say emphatically that it was important for the President to understand that only air-defense missiles, incapable of reaching American targets, were being provided. Bolshakov took all this down in pencil in a little blue notebook. But by the time the contents of Bolshakov's notebook reached the President, the President already knew that Mikoyan's promise was false.

Bolshakov was by no means the only instrument of duplicity. In early October Soviet Ambassador Dobrynin flatly assured a Cabinet officer that no missiles capable of reaching the U.S. would be placed in Cuba. He gave the same assurance on October 13 to Chester Bowles. Similar assurances were conveyed in an official statement of the Soviet Government, and by

Stevenson was strong during the UN debate, but inside the White House the hard-liners thought he was soft.

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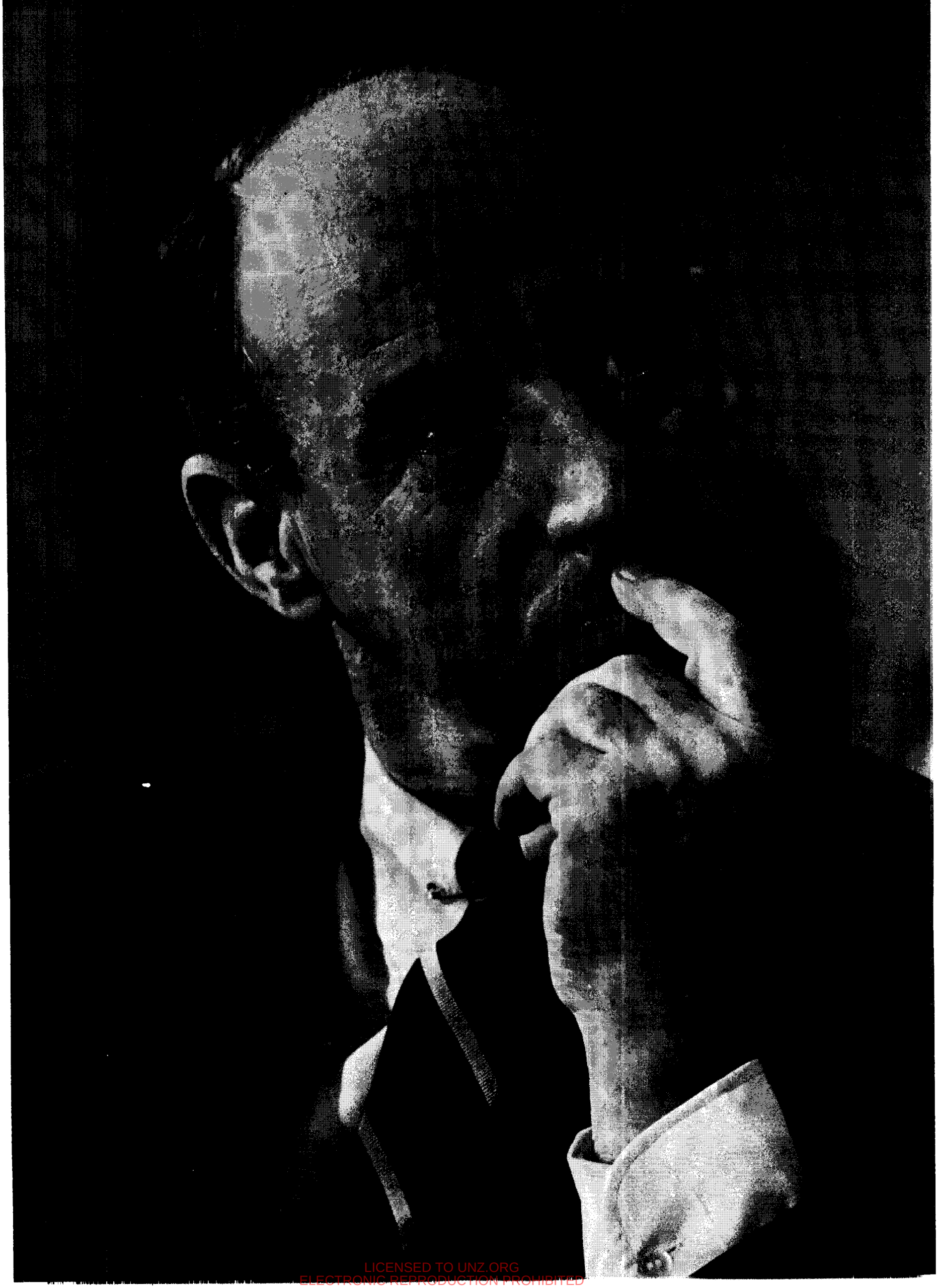

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"Khrushchev was under heavy pressure to take the risk. He is still under pressure."

Andrei Gromyko to the President on October 18, two days after Bundy's bedroom report.

In short, an essential part of the Soviet plan was to mislead the President of the United States. The attempt failed for two reasons.

First, the Soviet assurances were not wholly believed. In the intelligence community the majority view was that the Soviets would not risk placing strategic missiles in Cuba. The only major dissenter was CIA Director John McCone. In an "in-house" paper for the CIA, written on his honeymoon in September, McCone stated his conviction that the Russians planned to put long-range missiles in Cuba. But even those in the majority had no inclination to trust the Russians' word.

Second, the U-2 flights continued over Cuba, weather permitting, on a biweekly basis, and on October 14 a U-2 took the photographs which caused Cline's cryptic call to Bundy. Here we come to the great mystery of the drama. Why wasn't that U-2 shot down?

One essential element in Khrushchev's plan was to have his antiaircraft rockets ready to shoot down our U-2's *before* his missiles were in place. A U-2 was actually shot down on October 27. But that was two weeks too late—the plot had already been discovered. Why weren't the Russian antiaircraft rockets operational two weeks earlier?

No one really knows. "Somehow the Soviet operation got out of phase," the CIA men say. We Americans can thank God that it did, for otherwise there would have been no reason for Bundy's report to the President, and the outcome might have been unthinkable.

The five harried, secret days which intervened between Bundy's bedroom report and the President's speech to the nation on Monday, October 22, were best summed up by one of the actors in the drama: "At first we divided into hawks and doves, but by the end a rolling consensus had developed, and except for Adlai, we had all ended up as dawks or hoves."

Debate: Air Strike or Blockade?

The hawks favored an air strike to eliminate the Cuban missile bases, either with or without warning. At first the hawks were in a majority. Their number included McCone, Dillon, former Secretary of State Dean Acheson, who was brought in as an elder statesman, General Taylor, all the service chiefs, and eventually Bundy. Secretary Rusk's position does not come through loud and clear—he appears to have been a dawk or a hove from the start. By this the insiders meant that the hawks became less bellicose and the doves became tougher, and they merged as something in between.

The doves opposed the air strike and favored a blockade. Their number included McNamara, Robert Kennedy and Robert Lovett, another elder statesman. Former Ambassador to Russia Llewellyn Thompson must also be counted among the doves, for he warned that Khrushchev must not suddenly be faced with precipitate action to which he might respond on impulse.

Robert Kennedy, surprisingly, was the leading dove. He argued passionately that an air strike against Cuba would be a Pearl Harbor in reverse and contrary to all American traditions. Acheson was the most hawklike of the hawks. He argued that the Pearl Harbor analogy was totally inexact, since the President had repeatedly given warning that the United States would not permit an offensive-weapons buildup in Cuba.

By Saturday, October 20, the rolling consensus had developed. Secretary McNamara, who gave a "brilliant architectural presentation" at the ExComm meeting on Saturday, was the chief instrument of the consensus. The United States, he argued, must "maintain the options"—a favorite McNamara phrase. The blockade would be a first step. The option of destroying the missiles, and even of invading Cuba, would definitely be maintained. If the blockade did not cause Khrushchev to back down, then the missiles could and would be destroyed before they became operational.

Stevenson's Dissenting View

Only Adlai Stevenson, who flew down from New York on Saturday, dissented from the ExComm consensus. There is disagreement in retrospect about what Stevenson really wanted. "Adlai wanted a Munich," says a nonadmiring official who learned of his proposal. "He wanted to trade the Turkish, Italian and British missile bases for the Cuban bases."

The Stevenson camp maintains that Stevenson was only willing to discuss Guantánamo and the European bases with the Communists after a neutralization of the Cuban missiles. But there seems to be no doubt that he preferred political negotiation to the alternative of military action. White House aide Arthur Schlesinger was assigned to write the uncompromising speech which Stevenson delivered at the UN on Tuesday, and tough-minded John McCloy was summoned from a business conference in Germany to work with Stevenson in the UN negotiations.

In any case, the President heard Stevenson out politely, and then gave his semifinal approval to the McNamara plan. He gave his final approval Sunday. That night, while the issue was still being debated, the President made a prediction: "Whatever way the decision goes, those who were against it will be the lucky ones."

Happily the President's prediction was inaccurate. Dean Acheson has generously said that in retrospect the final decision was the right one, and the other ex-hawks agree. By Sunny Sunday, when Khrushchev finally blinked, we were in a far better position to strike at the Cuban bases than we would have been a week before. The Organization of American States and the NATO allies were solidly behind us and, above all, the record of Soviet duplicity was plain for all to see.

The real meaning of that duplicity was summed up this way by one of the members of ExComm: "Now we know where we stand with these people. They're gangsters—and you can't trust a word they say."

As this suggests, none of the men around the President—least of all the President himself—believes that the "important turning point" of which the President spoke means that the Communist tiger is about to change his stripes.

"You've got to remember," one of the wisest Presidential advisers says, "Khrushchev must have been under very heavy pressure, to take the risk he took. He is still under that pressure, and it may become heavier." Yet if you add up all the pluses of the Cuban affair—the unanimous support of the Latin Americans, the stanchness of our European allies, the disillusionment of the neutrals, the exposure of Communist duplicity—they heavily outweigh the minuses.

Some of the pluses are intangible. One is the inner sense of confidence among the handful of men with the next-to-ultimate responsibility. "The Bay of Pigs thing was badly planned and never really thought out," says one of them. "This was different. We knew the facts, knew each other and we thought it through, right to the end."

As always, the ultimate responsibility was the President's. John F. Kennedy is not an outwardly emotional man, and in the bad days there were few signs that he was passing through the loneliest moments of his lonely job. Once he astonished his wife when he called her at midday and asked her to join him for a walk. Another time he insisted, uncharacteristically, that the children be brought back from Virginia to join him in the White House. But he never lost his sense of humor. On the Sunday of Khrushchev's big blink, he made a wry remark to his brother Bobby: "Perhaps this is the night I should go to the theater." No doubt he had Ford's Theater in mind.

"He Never Lost His Nerve"

There was something else he never lost. "Once or twice," an ExComm member recalls, "the President lost his temper on minor matters. But he never lost his nerve." This must be counted a huge intangible plus. A President's nerve is the essential factor when the two great nuclear powers are "eyeball to eyeball."

There is one final plus. We now know that Khrushchev is a realist as well as a Communist, that when doctrine conflicts with realities, the realities will govern his conduct. This knowledge holds out hope. The hope is not for a lasting, peaceful world settlement, for that will not happen so long as Communists are Communists. The hope is, instead, that somehow the world will rock along without the kind of war that might destroy us all. That is, after all, a good deal to hope for, and that was the real meaning of Nikita Khrushchev's blink. **THE END**

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"WE'LL SHOW THE AMERICANS WE'RE SERIOUS."

How do Soviet citizens react to a crisis? As the world hovered on the brink of conflict, Russian-speaking photographer Jerry Cooke wandered the streets of Moscow recording reaction to the crisis for *The Saturday Evening Post*. The people he questioned were deeply concerned about the threat of annihilation. They showed that anxiety in different ways.

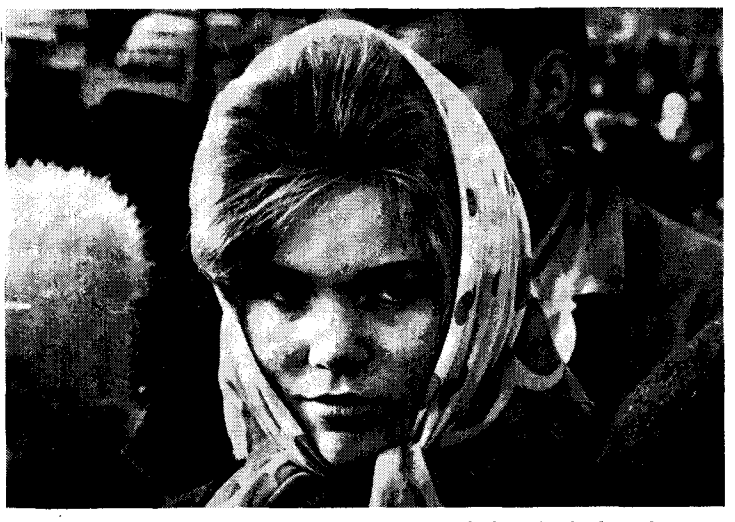
Some were brash and angry. "You Americans are pigs," a small boy said, waving a sign over his head. An elderly woman nodded her head. "Your friend Kennedy is lucky he's not here. We'd tear him to pieces."

Others were quietly determined. An invalid hobbled up to Cooke, wagged his finger for emphasis and said, "I'll go to war tomorrow, on my crutches if necessary." An old man on a pension agreed. "We have to stand by Cuba come what may. We have to show the Americans we're serious."

Some Russians reacted with a very human indifference—"Who cares about Cuba?" Many were frankly fearful, not just for themselves but for their families. "I don't care what happens to me," said ballerina Mariana Andreiva. "I just don't want my little son to die."

Few Russians thought Cooke would tell the truth about them. "You may be honest, but back in the United States they'll change it all anyway."

Cabbie: "War? I've been there. I am used to fighting."



Office worker: "It's all the fault of that little bunch of American millionaires. You better get rid of them."

Laborer: "Tell me why you don't elect someone who doesn't always feel like going to war."

Grandmother: "These demonstrations are very stupid. What are all these children doing?"

Siberian visitor in Red Square: "We work very hard on the land. We came to see Moscow. Here everyone talks about Cuba. We do not understand this. War is bad for people everywhere."

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Citizen Welles Rides Again

By JOHN KOBLER

PARIS.

"A novel by Kafka, that crazy, up-the-wall Czech genius!" said Orson Welles, reaching into the enormous box of Maria Guerrero cigars he habitually lugs around with him. "Only people with nothing to lose could make such a film. The producers have no money, and I'm an outcast."

A gust of wicked laughter shook his Falstaffian frame, startling the waiter who was tenderly pouring us a 50-year-old cognac. Welles's powers as an epicure are prodigious, and at his insistence we had tackled five copious courses accompanied by two bottles of wine. He was in a mood for revelry, having completed here, after a year's travail, the toughest venture of his multifarious career—a screen version of Franz Kafka's nightmarish fantasy, *The Trial*.

The novel, published in 1925, has been interpreted on many levels, psychological, sociological, political. Laid in an unidentified police state, it depicts with surrealist precision the plight of a young bank clerk, Joseph K., whom shadowy officials arrest, interrogate and eventually kill for a crime they don't specify. K. himself accepts his guilt, even though he never learns the charges against him. And his dying words, as an executioner plunges a knife into his heart, are, "Like a dog." The novel ends, "It was as if he meant the shame of it to outlive him."

Welles wrote and directed the film, cast himself as K.'s decaying attorney, sketched the sets, chose the music, often served as cameraman, did some of the dubbing and all the editing. Shot in Zagreb, Rome and Paris at a cost of $1,300,000, *The Trial* stars Anthony Perkins, who as the bewildered K. remains on camera throughout the action.

Few cinematic projects ever excited greater curiosity. The novel ranks among the century's masterpieces, and critics who viewed rushes of the film predicted that, though "this alliance of shockers," as one of them described it, may make nobody rich, it will restore Welles to the artistic eminence he formerly commanded as the creator of *Citizen Kane*.

Kafka Starts Arguments

"You can start an argument in any crowd of Kafka fans," I said, sniffing the cognac fumes, "by asking them to explain the theme of the book. What do *you* think Kafka was saying?"

"The villain of the piece is Big Brotherism," Welles replied. With the long cigar jutting from his jaw, his big, shaggy head and heavy jowls, he looked like Winston Churchill defying the forces of evil. "K. typifies Organization Man. His crime is surrendering to the system that's destroying his individuality. Yet he tries to fight it. He represents the human condition today, half alive, half dead, conforming yet protesting. Like all of us."

To get backing for a work so offbeat, even the surest-footed moviemakers would have been hard put. Welles, with such resounding disasters behind him as *Macbeth* and *Othello*, found it nearly impossible. Indeed, since *Touch of Evil* five years ago, which barely broke even, no studio had trusted him to direct anything. Nor were his lame alibis, his flamboyant public antics, his arrogance and tantrums calculated to recover prestige.

"It's rough to be thought of as the fellow who had it—once," he told me. "I could easily have gone on the sauce. Then I found a solution. For years I'd been telling people they were wrong about Welles. I tried a new tack. I'd give 'em a steely look and say, 'You were right. Only I've changed.' I haven't, of course. I'm just as good or as lousy as I ever was." He loosed a booming belly laugh that rattled the glassware. "But it worked. Hardly a day passes now that somebody doesn't offer me a script."

Among the producers responsive to the new Welles were Michel Salkind and his son, Alexandre, Russians of origin, with a penchant for exotic enterprises and meager assets of their own, but the wizardry to extract large sums from others. Salkind Sr., a perky, culture-loving man of 72, produced Garbo's first movie outside Sweden. "When he came to see me," said Welles, "he had to borrow the fare. A gutsy little hero."

An Angel Hunts Capital

What the old gentleman originally wanted was Welles to play a role in the Cossack epic, *Taras Bulba*. Nearby lay the script of *The Trial* on which Welles had toiled six months. At sight of it Salkind's interest in *Taras Bulba* faltered and, as Welles described the picture he had been dreaming about for 15 years, faded away. Shortly, the Salkinds were bustling around the continent seeking capital. To the astonishment of the movie world, Welles finished shooting six days ahead of schedule, without a single temperamental explosion and without exceeding the budget.

Another American stopped at our table to tell Welles he had faithfully followed his career from his 1936 stage *Macbeth*, performed by Negroes, through his Mercury Theater of the Air period, when he broadcast a Martian invasion of New Jersey so realistic it created a national panic, to *Touch of Evil*. "I consider *Citizen Kane*," the stranger said, echoing the choice of an international jury of critics, "the greatest film ever made."

The tribute moved Welles to a flood of reminiscence. He hit his lowest point, he recalled when his admirer had left, after investing $350,000 in a Broadway version of *Around the World in 80 Days*. It lasted 74 performances. To cap the calamity, Internal Revenue refused to consider it a deductible loss. Welles was forced to live and work abroad until he could catch up on his tax arrears. Though he has since returned several times, Europe remains his base. Not long after his divorce from Rita Hayworth, he married an Italian countess, Paola Mori di Gerfalco. "In Italy the spouse is privileged to share the title," he informed me, tongue in cheek, "so if you want to be polite, call me Count Orson."

With their six-year-old daughter Beatrice they divide the seasons between two villas, one near Rome, the other in Spain, at Malaga. According to her father, Beatrice is the best flamenco dancer in Spain. Last year, for a lark, husband and wife toured Italy with a gypsy circus and Welles earned his keep as a clown. On such jaunts he films documentaries, part family album stuff, part travelogue, which England's BBC televises.

Welles speaks Italian, French, Spanish, Portuguese and German. When he can find anybody to trust him at the controls, he pilots a plane. An ardent bullfight buff, he hobnobs with Spain's leading *matadores*.

"I was a *novillero* once myself—did you know that?" he said. "I fought in Mexico and Spain as *El Americano*. I was no damn good. I had to hire the arenas. I'll show you my scars. I'm covered with them. But bullfighting has always been one of my major passions. Another is magic. I'm in a perpetual state of frustration because my friends never ask me to do a trick. I remember a birthday party for Louis B. Mayer. All the Hollywood talent was there, prepared to entertain. I arrived, my hopes high, with a rabbit concealed in my dinner jacket. Well, Danny Kaye sang, Jack Benny cracked jokes, and around two in the morning the party broke up before I got a chance to do my stuff. Cost me a dry-cleaning bill, too, because the rabbit misbehaved.

"Still I can brag, as Juan Belmonte did when they asked him who was the world's greatest bullfighter. 'I am because I get the most dough.' As a magician I once played a week in Las Vegas for $30,000. . . . The war was the golden age of magic. The GI's ate it up. I toured the Army camps with Marlene Dietrich and Joe Cotten, and—no use being modest about it—we put on a hell of a show. I sawed Marlene in half; I levitated her. The smasheroo was the bullet-catching stunt. A rifleman would fire a marked bullet at me, and the bullet would appear between my teeth. Simple really—just a switch of bullets and a secret deal with the rifleman so he'd aim to one side. It made me kind of nervous, though, wondering what would happen if I picked a psycho who disliked me."

Lost: One Welles Shirt

During the last five years Welles has been filming in bits and pieces, entirely at his own expense, *Don Quixote*. "I should know better. I lost my shirt financing *Othello* when the producers went broke. There I was in Morocco with forty actors, waiting for costumes. Well, towels are cheap, so I staged the murder of Roderigo in a Turkish bath—did you see *Othello*?—one of the best scenes, I think. I guess I could have found a producer for *Don Quixote*, but I wanted to make it without interference. That's the main reason I took all those parts in crummy movies. Soon as I'd accumulate a few thousand, I'd send for the cast again and we'd shoot another episode. You can do that with a picaresque novel like *Don Quixote*, where each episode is more or less self-contained. I filmed

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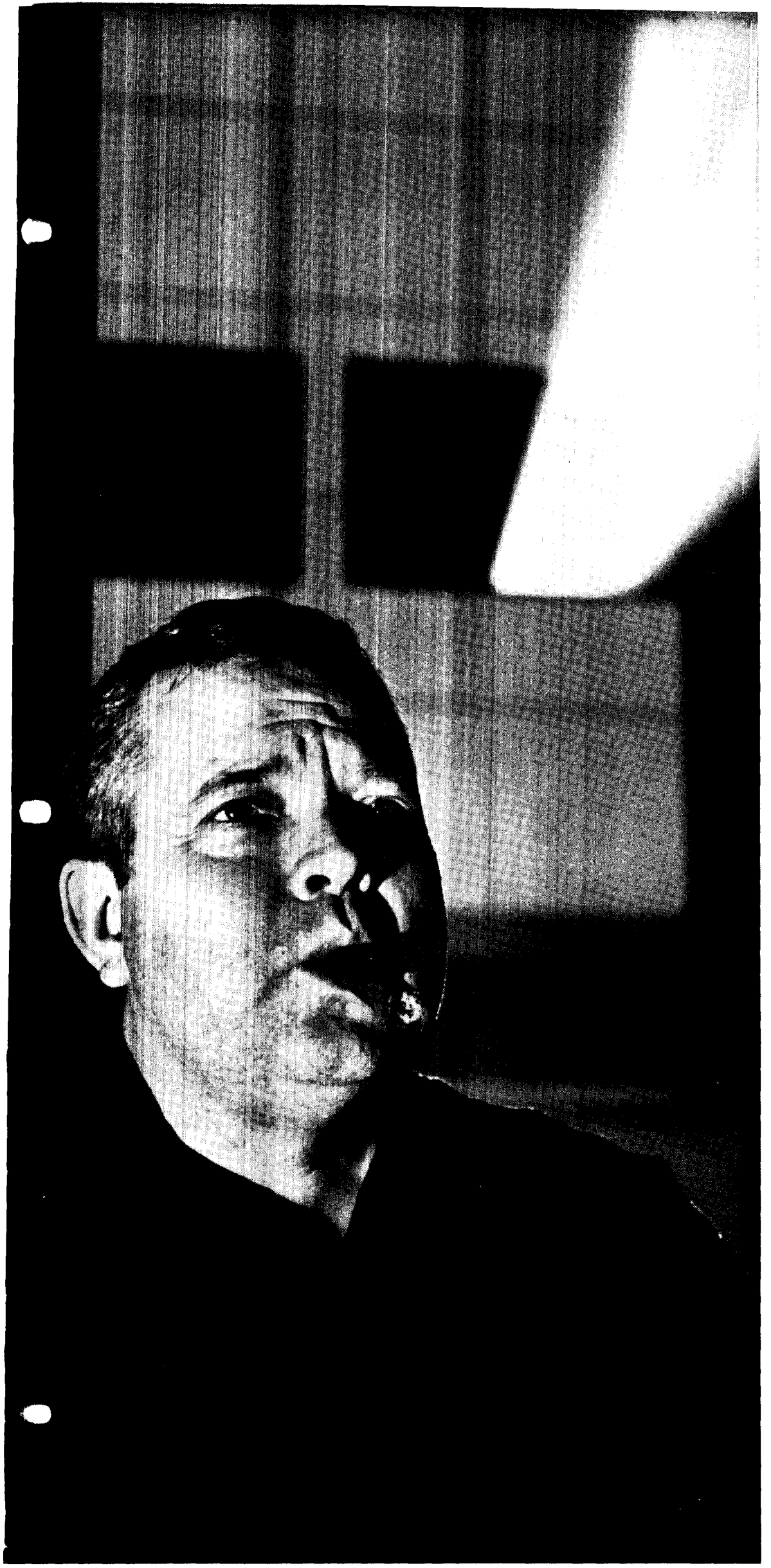

Orson Welles broods at a screening of "The Trial" in Paris.

The former boy genius, still a Falstaffian reveler, tries for a comeback with a movie based on a nightmarish novel.

it in Mexico instead of Spain because every Spaniard fancies himself an authority on Cervantes, and I would have been swamped with unwanted advice. I'd like to shoot a few more episodes, but I've got enough now to release a normal-length picture."

He is also planning a movie about the three Dumas—the mulatto general who fought under Napoleon; his son, the novelist (*The Three Musketeers*) and his grandson, the playwright (*Camille*). Welles proposes to portray the first two.

"Why not all three?" I suggested.

"Think I'm young enough for the grandson?"

Though corpulent, he still has a youthful face. "You might get away with it."

He grinned. "Maybe I'll try."

"Now you've made your peace with the tax collector," I asked, "what keeps you away from the States so much?"

"I need a friendly smile"

He signaled the waiter to serve more cognac. "Don't get me wrong about me and my country. I'd give my eyeteeth to be there this minute. But I'm respected in America less than anywhere else. You know what *The Times* wrote about *The Long Hot Summer*?" He quoted with a grimace, like a man tasting a bad egg, "'Orson Welles, so help us, does a pretty good job.' Over here serious critics take me seriously. Look, I'm a migratory worker. I go where the jobs are, like a cherry picker. All I need is a friendly smile and an offer, and I'll be on the next plane."

He would not, however, he added, relish the prospect of a Broadway engagement. "Nowadays if you're not a smash there you're dead, and I'm unhappy in a boom-or-bust atmosphere. Unless the theater is a marvelous adventure, the hell with it. Sure, I'd like a hit. But the odds aren't good enough for me. Walter Kerr hates me, and in terms of influence he's fifty percent of the Broadway critics. ["Buffoon . . . an actor without talent . . . possibly the world's youngest living has-been" are among the shafts that Kerr, the New York *Herald Tribune* critic, has hurled at Welles.] I don't say he's wrong. It's just my hard luck he doesn't like me. My adaptation of *Moby Dick* opens on Broadway soon, but I'm not directing it. Yes, you might say the reason I avoid Broadway is Walter Kerr."

We were the last diners left, and the waiters were growing restless. "From what I've seen of *The Trial*," I said, "you stick pretty closely to the original. But the ending differs somewhat."

"Yes. In the book K.'s executioners try to get him to stab himself. He refuses, but he gives himself up to them passively, wordlessly. The murder seems to have the sanction of the victim. My K.—Tony Perkins's K.—dies with greater spirit. He laughs in their faces, repeating over and over, 'You'll have to do it.' I couldn't put my name to a work that implies man's ultimate surrender. Being on the side of man, I had to show him, in his final hour, undefeated." **THE END**

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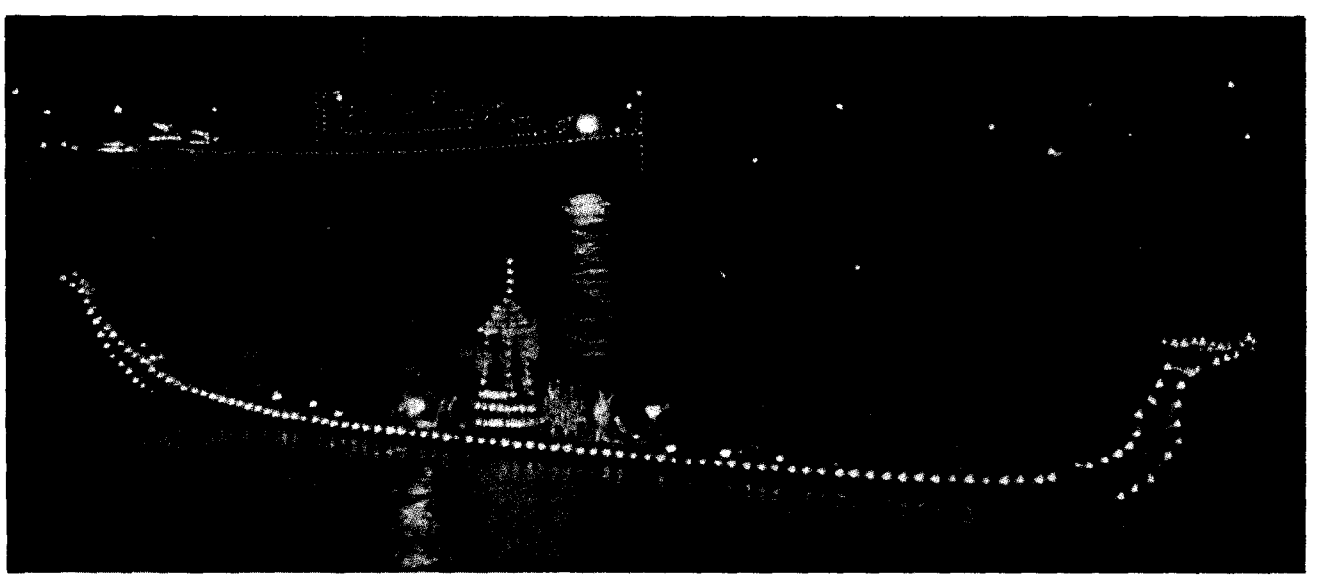
Paradise in Peril

Exotic Thailand stands in the path of Red advance. Can U.S. support help it survive? • By JAMES MORRIS



The glowing splendor of the royal barge illuminates a land that has never undergone colonial rule.

BANGKOK.

There is something about Thailand, that amiable Southeast Asian kingdom, that discourages anxious speculation. Titles like *Whither Thailand?* do not seem to ring true. Yet time and again the place crops up in American newspaper headlines, for Thailand stands on the edge of a perennial crisis—the confused series of conflicts that have so dangerously embroiled the United States in Laos and South Vietnam.

Last spring, when Communist guerrillas in Laos seemed to be threatening Thailand across the Mekong River, President Kennedy flew in marines to guard the Thai frontier. And though the matter was settled within a couple of months—the Laotians arranged a truce and the marines were withdrawn—nevertheless Thailand is still uncomfortably exposed to the disputes of her neighbors. She is never quite in danger, but never far from it. And so vulnerable is she, so crucial a place does she occupy on the Asian map, that at any moment she might become the next of our East-West battlefields.

And yet she is the most soothing of all the Asian states. They call her Thailand nowadays, an unmusical bastard name, but her original name, Siam, suits her much better; for she is an elegant, sinuous, sibilant sort of country, like a gilded snake on a slim wrist, or one of those enchanting mythical creatures, part bird, part beast, part maiden, who stand guard down the centuries over her own Buddhist temples.

In Siam it is exceedingly difficult to concentrate upon the affairs of the world, for there is always a laugh in the room next door, always the gurgle of the river outside, always tinkling music in the air, always a fragile light-footed servant to bring you your aromatic fish. Even the laundry lists of the Bangkok hotels divert you from serious meditation by quoting prices for laundering your turban or your watch strap. It takes guts and diligence, dedication or a good fat fee, to think about politics in this lotus land.

Not least is this true of the Siamese themselves, for their command of the side step and the charged subject is so astute that by and large the tide of political affairs sweeps them innocuously by, leaving them to raise not very inquisitive eyebrows, just for a second or two, from beneath the enormous straw rims of their circular hats. Siam is essentially so fortunate a country that here politics really does seem less important than it does in states of more earnest obligation.

Consider the geographical situation of this kingdom. She is tucked snugly away at the head of her own gulf, temptingly stocked with foodstuffs and resources: tin, teak, rubber, rice so abundant that night and day the barges chug down the Menam River loaded deep with sustenance for less-affluent societies. Siam is like a well-stocked emporium among the shabbier suburbs, rich herself, and spacious, but surrounded by powers of less serenity. She marches with four varied nations—to the south Malaya, to the west Burma, to the east Laos and Cambodia—but her own frontiers are well defined and defensible, and she presents a trim, orderly impression of symmetry and completeness, a green water garden among the hills.

Economically she is stable and prosperous, her trade balances healthy, her population mostly well-fed, her industries beginning to grow, her climate fructifying, her terrain big enough for all. Temperamentally she is equable, almost brisk, inheriting some of the quick initiative and intelligence of her Chinese origins. Almost every visitor likes Siam, and when you enter some of her more exuberant temples and palaces for the first time, the only proper way to respond to their magic is to lean against an antique pillar and laugh out loud with pleasure; for this is a state, relieved of the more squalid geopolitical anxieties, that is ennobled still by the quality of fun.

Socially she stands no less distinct among her peers, for here, in a kingdom of lofty if slippery independence, a state that has never known colonialism—here on the doorstep of China the manners and customs of Western capitalism thrive and proliferate. Here, for all the glittering exotica of the place, you are unmistakably within the Western camp. You may buy the same old washing machines, read the same old magazines, talk to a Siamese businessman in just the same tone of voice that you would apply to his opposite number in Frankfurt or Cedar

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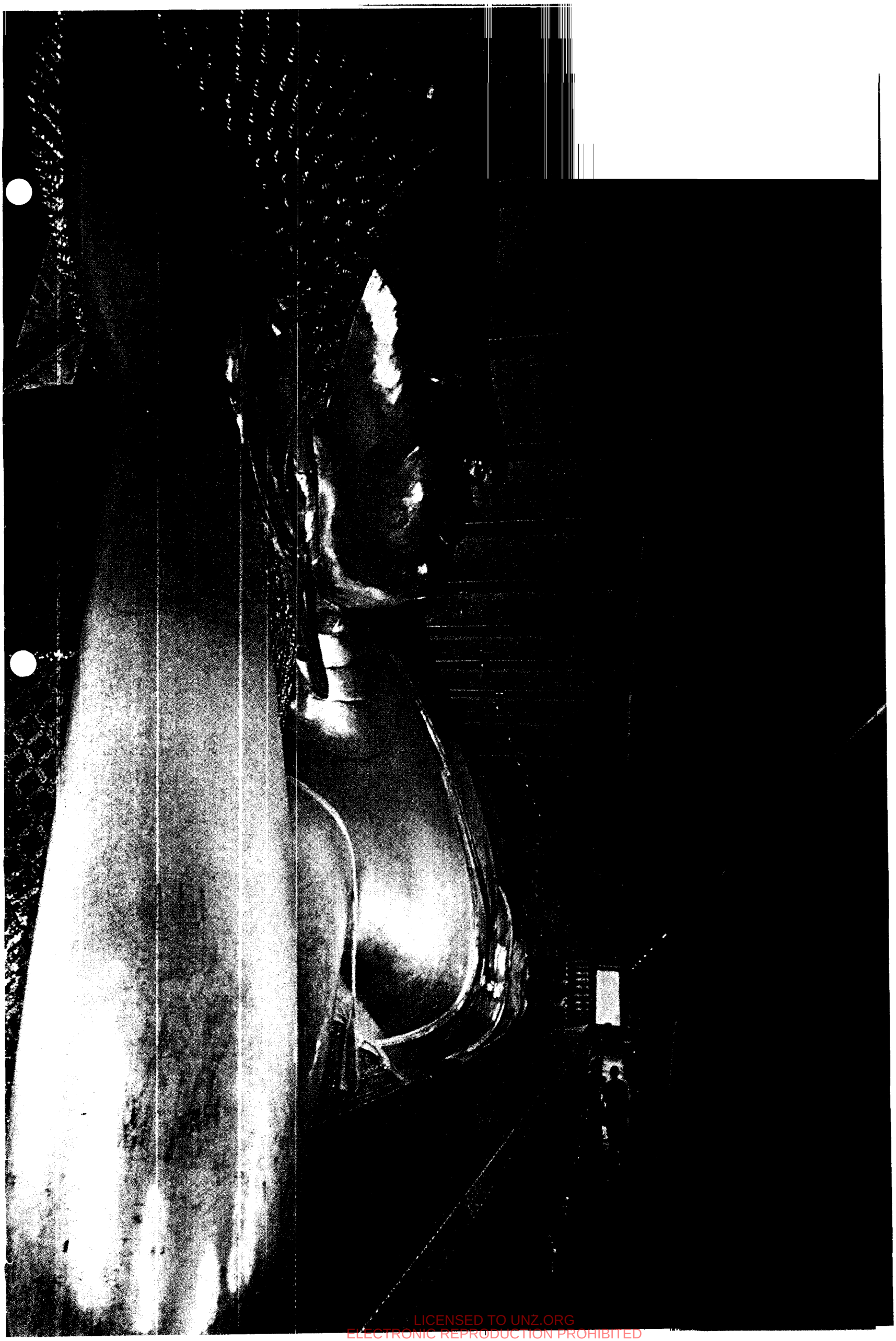

One of Bangkok's most spectacular shrines is the gold reclining Buddha, 160 feet long and 39 feet high.

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The only law is martial law, but most of the people enjoy life.

Western capital is building local industry. In this plant silk is prepared for weaving.

Rapids. The Siamese alphabet contains 44 consonants, all ending in the sound "aw," not to speak of 32 vowel sounds, but the people of Siam speak a fairly familiar language of profit, enterprise and education. Harvard and Yale men abound, and every educated citizen seems to speak impeccable English. The present king of Siam, as it happens, was born in Massachusetts.

Bangkok is the headquarters of the Western alliance in this part of the world, and all the agencies of Western diplomacy, from educational missions to helicopter pilots, swarm through this country in ceaseless energy. The U.S. Operations Mission alone has a staff of Americans that includes police advisers, nurses, hydrologists, communications engineers, electronics men, highway engineers, and a class of specialists succinctly described in official pamphlets as "Sanitarians."

All the paraphernalia of the Western way has fallen upon Siam—coffee shops and airline offices, Elvis Presley, the twist, paperback Lawrence Durrell; and though this kingdom has adapted itself effortlessly to the new momentum, nevertheless the place might seem, to an Asian dropping in from some more cloistered reserve, almost mesmerized by an alien philosophy and a distant foreign impulse.

It is an alienation from her own hinterland. If Siam has powerful friends abroad, at home she is somewhat isolated. Her immediate neighbors are at best neutral in the Great Game of the world, at worst frowardly suspicious of the West and its protégés. None of them much likes Siam, partly for contemporary reasons of loyalty and dogma, partly because they remember her traditional instincts of expansion—traits which only 19 years ago induced her to accept from her Japanese ally the gift of substantial chunks of Malaya, and most of Cambodia too. Were it not for the guns, rockets and moneybags piled behind her back, her situation in the Asian context might be considered uncomfortable. Lotus land she may be, but it is worth peering behind the Siamese façade.

Entrenched alike in history and in geography, Siam is an autocracy. She has almost always been one, whether it was absolute monarchy in the old days, or absolute dictatorship since the constitutional reforms of 1932. Her recent history has been a fusillade of coups and countercoups, mostly bloodless and sometimes indeed almost imperceptible, and in the last 30 years she has enjoyed half a dozen different constitutions, restored, interim, conditional or proposed.

The perennial flavor of the state is best represented by Article 17 of the constitution presently in force, which empowers the prime minister, whenever he judges the throne, national security or public order to be jeopardized, to "issue orders or take steps accordingly." This means, in effect, that he can do precisely what he thinks fit. The premiers of Siam have mostly been military men and have generally shoved their way into office. For three decades now, on and off, their hoarse commands have been the law. This does not mean that Siam is a frightened or a dismal country. You will not dread the midnight knock in Bangkok nor be accosted by dark subversives. But if this is a despotism benevolent enough, it is nonetheless complete for that. There is virtually no public opposition. There is no press criticism, except for a frivolous or inessential kind. The only law is martial law. The National Assembly is officially nominated, and includes 59 generals, 10 admirals and a clutch of air marshals.

One of Siam's Best Dictators

This is the norm in Siam, and as a matter of fact it seems to be a better norm than most. The present prime minister, Field Marshal Sarit Thanarat, is generally conceded to be one of the best dictators the country has ever had. He is an unprepossessing man, thickset and coarse-featured, with seven rows of medal ribbons on his chest and an old reputation for licentious brutality. His supporting coterie of senior officers is mixed in quality and tarnished by the usual legends of corruption, but since he seized power four years ago he has behaved with unexpected restraint. This may partly be because his atrocious liver condition has forced him into teetotalism. It may partly be the influence of his ambitious wife. It may partly be the advice of some excellent civilian ministers. But most people put it down to a core of honest patriotic fervor in the man himself, an urge to be remembered in Siam as one of her great leaders, a prophet of her destiny.

The field marshal's regime has been steady and not particularly fierce. Venality, endemic in Siam and indeed condoned by the system, has only intermittently been allowed to sway the policies of the state. Foreign investment has been successfully encouraged, as the ebullient skyline of Bangkok will confirm. Foreign confidence has been handsomely maintained—witness the noble Yanhee Dam, one of the great works of Asia, now arising with World Bank funds and Texan expertise on the forested upper reaches of the Ping River.

More fundamentally, Sarit has succeeded in establishing a healthy equilibrium among the four estates of the Siamese realm—Crown, Government, Church and People. His predecessor in office, the heavy-handed Field Marshal Pibul Songgram, was no friend to the monarchy. Under his rule the young King Bhumibol, then shy and inexperienced, was mercilessly snubbed and subdued, only rarely allowed to travel at large. Sarit, himself a country boy with rooted traditionalist instincts, has handsomely reversed this situation. Today the young king and his exquisite wife are more popular than ever, and the monarchy is firmly reestablished as an essential of Siamese stability.

Threat of Familiar Asian Ogres

It is true that its lofty protocol still irks those younger citizens who do not much like crawling around the floor at their monarch's feet—it is a rule that nobody may stand higher than the seated king—but the restoration of the monarchy's dignity is unmistakable, and is a healthy earnest of Siam's continuity. A country with such gnarled loyalties, temporal and spiritual, does not easily fall into anarchy and despair, for all its permutations of political fortune. What is more, Sarit evidently wishes to see the monarchy properly constitutional, for that gold braid Assembly has been set to work devising yet another constitution, infinitely more liberal, farsighted and long-lasting, so we are assured, than any of its discredited predecessors.

Even this little paradise, though, has its anxieties. It is perfectly true that Siam has, for the moment, food enough for all, and space enough; but even here the population is overtaking the food supply, and one day all the familiar Asian ogres will haunt this blessed landscape too—unless, that is to say, Siam's industrial revolution, already hopefully under way, can do its prophylactic work in time.

More urgently, though, Siam already faces the dour challenge of her northeast. A low ridge of hills separates the northeastern flatlands from the lush fecundity of the Menam valley. The moment you cross this insignificant divide you feel yourself in a different land. Gone are the rich, idle villages of the river valley, shops piled high with vegetables, stalls succulent with fruit, buckets overflowing with catfish, prawns and writhing eels. Here there are poverty, hardship and discontent. There are crippled beggars about up here, and wizened children, and humped, whining young mothers.

Dissident movements are busy in the shrubbery—revolutionaries of a kind, separatists who want autonomy or union with a Communist Laos. Agents frequently filter through, I am assured, from Laos or Communist North Vietnam. In these parts you may feel the underlying tensions of autocracy in Siam, when you read of another mass arrest, or observe a sudden reshuffling of provincial governors.

Several people have been shot for treasonable activity in the northeast, and many others, labeled Communist ne'er-do-wells, have been whisked away for corrective training. There are plans now to integrate this impoverished region more fruitfully with the rest of the country and thus restrain its discontents—a great new highway, for instance, already connects it with the capital. For the moment, however, the northeast remains an awkward brooding skeleton in the Siamese cupboard, always likely to burst open its doors and clatter into the kitchen.

Photographs by John Bryson

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And here in Bangkok, too, where the temple bells deliciously tinkle and the faithful release their caged sparrows, to gain merit in the next life, even here the government has some reasons for disquiet. They chiefly concern the succession, that Achilles' heel of the most athletic despotisms. Nobody seems to doubt that for Sarit's own lifetime the regime is safely installed.

The admirals of the navy, a possible rival junta, have been severely disciplined and so have the officers of the police force. The best division of the army stands to its Tommy guns, just in case, in the environs of Bangkok. Sarit's ascendancy within the Council of Ministers seems to be complete, and the people themselves are not the revolutionary sort. There is little possibility of a Communist coup. But if Sarit is safe politically, physically he stands at the door of tragedy. American medical skill has marvelously restored his liver, so that he looks a much fitter man now than he was when he assumed office; but he is still very, very sick. At any moment of any Siamese day, the field marshal may drop dead.

What will happen when he goes? Violence probably, civil war possibly, a moment of perilous uncertainty without question. His obvious immediate successor is the deputy premier and minister of defense, Gen. Thanom Kittikachorn, a mild man of unambitious principles who has been described to me by a perceptive American as "kinda namby-pamby." Most observers believe, though, that this unassuming officer would presently be elbowed out of office. Such a denouement would rip the ruling junta into squabbling factions, and one fine morning the world would awake to read of yet another conflict in Siam, the emergence into the limelight of yet another pair of epaulets, the inevitable suspension of the constitution and the impending official nomination of an entirely new National Assembly.

The future of Siam may well affect us all. Twenty years ago Southeast Asia was firmly clamped in Western imperialism, Union Jack to one side, French Tricolor to the other; today it is seething with the new energies out of Peking, prodding ever southward toward the wealth of Malaya and the great Chinese city of Singapore. If Siam were ever to go Communist, it would be such a triumph for the Marxist system that Burma and Malaya would fall willy-nilly into conformity. The defection of this kingdom from the Western camp would make the momentum of Communism seem inexorable indeed.

Western Reasons for Optimism

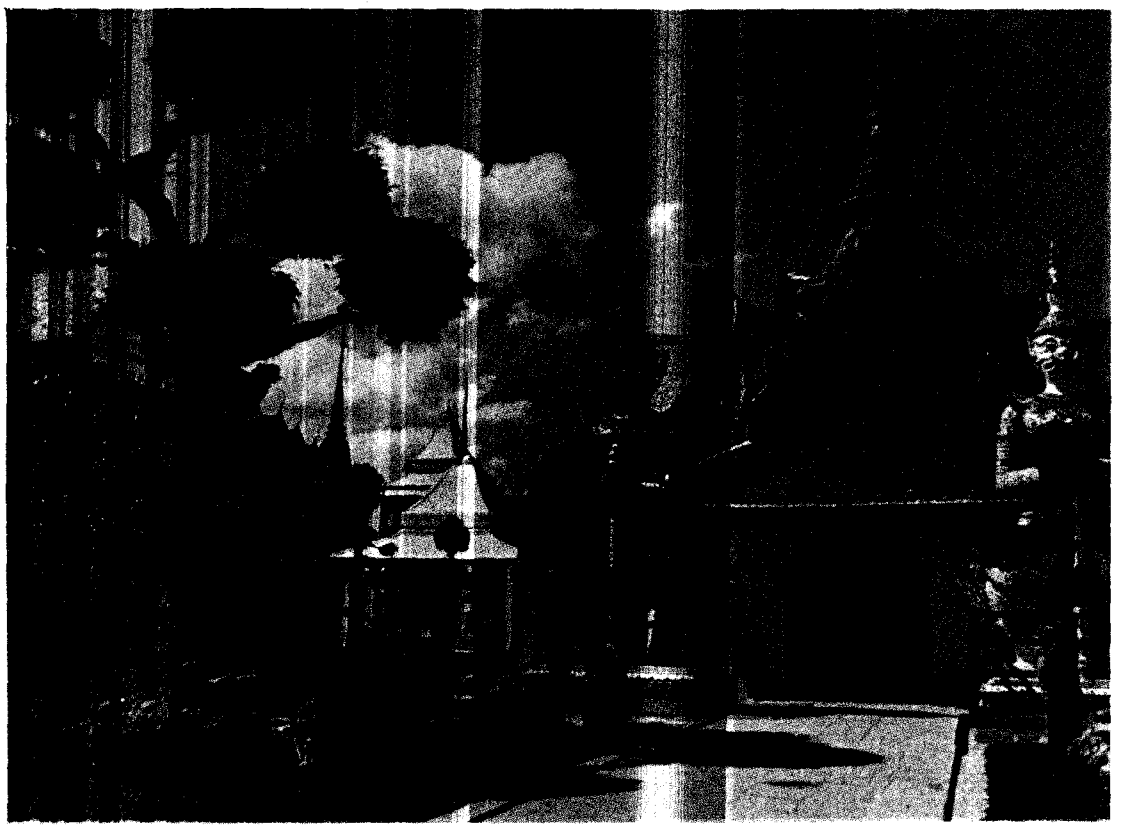
Cheer up, though. It is not, I am prepared to swear, going to happen. In Siam the ferocities of history stop short. This country survived as a buffer state between the old empires of France and Britain, and she is going to hold her own now as a beachhead of the West in Asia. She will survive first because the Americans would no sooner allow Siam to go Communist than the Russians would permit Hungary to go democratic. She will survive secondly because she is, by and large, a happy country, a country of reasonably well-shared affluence, sustained by a generous terrain, fortified by a noble religion. She will survive because her autocracy is moderate and home-grown, cut to the style of the place—severe enough to clamp down on discontents, mild enough to ensure that no violent convulsion is going to sweep the king from his Grand Palace, or hoist the irreverent commissars into the Temple of the Emerald Buddha.

She will survive most resiliently, I suspect, because there is a kind of deep old calculation to her character. Pinning down the Siamese is like tying a reef knot in a nerve, and to every manifestation of the peculiar national genius, every smooth evasion, every shrug and raised eyebrow—to every lighthearted gleam of the Siamese character there is a kind of backhanded strength.

The careful muting of political passions will help Siam to survive, and so will the carefully fostered illusion that all is sweet sensuality, badinage and the ripple of riverside frivolity. "Whither Siam?" you may ask halfheartedly as you tumble into bed; but long before you have devised an answer, the beat of the barges and the soft plashing of the water outside your window will have lulled you delectably to sleep. **THE END**

The land is fertile: Bangkok's bustling river market.

The army is loyal: A full-dress parade for the king.



The traditions are deep: Two demons guard the temple of Wat Arun.

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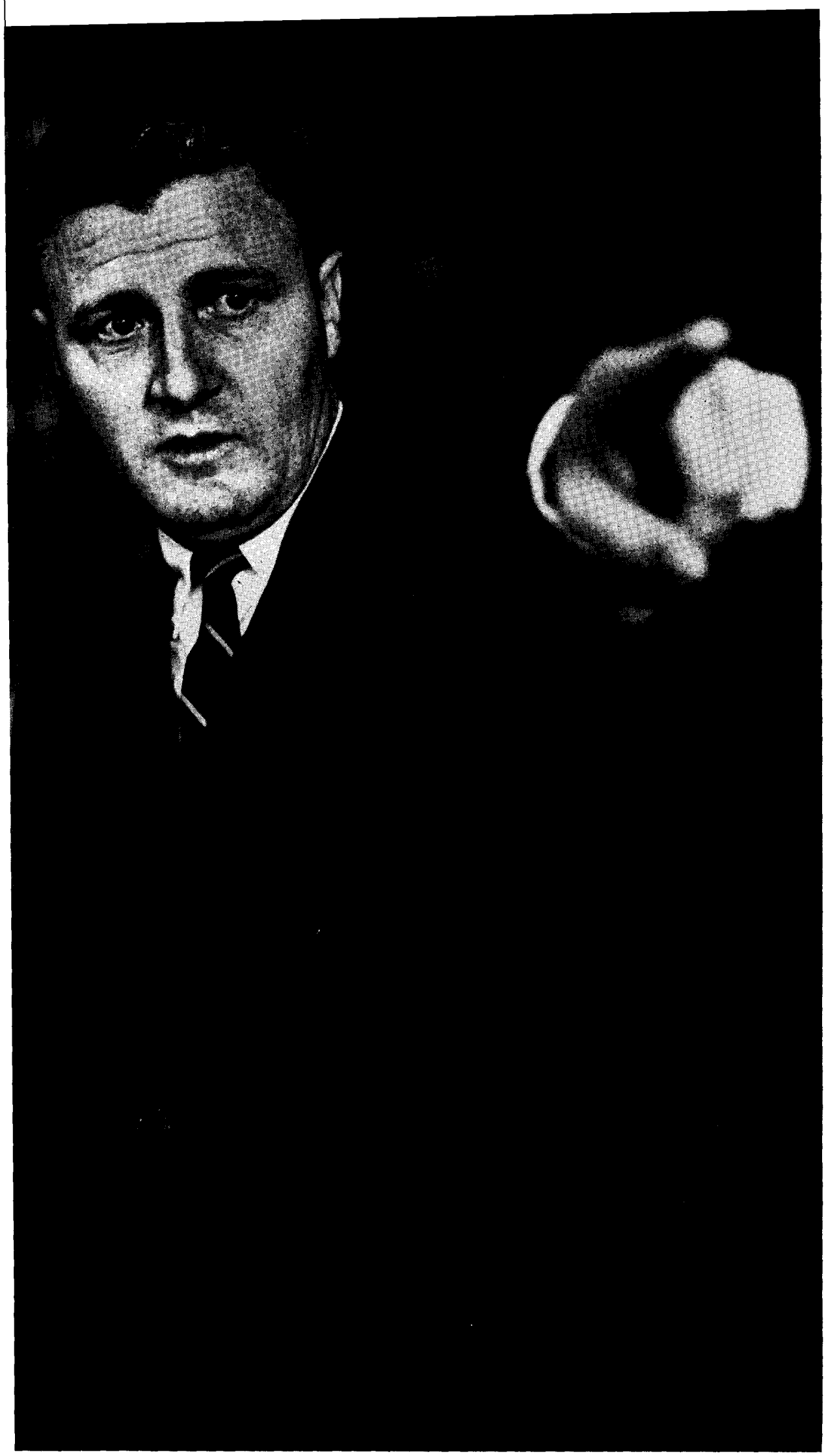

rusader who names names, Hall lectures widely about the danger from groups that have lost faith in democracy.

A Hall target: U. S. Nazis.

Battler Against Bigotry

By ROUL TUNLEY

A fearless one-man task force, Gordon Hall flails the "hate boys" with their worst scourge—exposure.

When America's home-grown Hitler, George Lincoln Rockwell, went to Boston last year to picket the film *Exodus*, he was set upon by a mob and nearly killed. Undaunted, Rockwell returned to Massachusetts a few months later, this time to Newburyport, with the intent of breaking up a lecture on the danger of political extremists, of which he is a leading example. This time he was grabbed by the police and tossed into jail. On both occasions the first person to spring to Rockwell's defense was a man named Gordon Hall.

In view of his support for the Jew-hating Rockwell, *Führer* of the American Nazi Party, some casual readers of the headlines got the impression that Hall was a Nazi himself. Nothing could be further from the truth. Not only are Rockwell and Hall sworn enemies—Rockwell calls Hall a "louse, a creep and a phony"—but it was Hall who was conducting the meeting which Rockwell planned to break up.

"We must deal with the vicious doctrines of rabble-rousers like Rockwell," Hall explained, "but this is best done in the framework of the Bill of Rights and with faith in the democratic process. The mob's stoning of Rockwell and his arrest are in my judgment a weakening of the democratic process. Now might be a time to remind our fellow citizens that the first requirement of a free and open society is that it be a place where it is physically safe to be unpopular."

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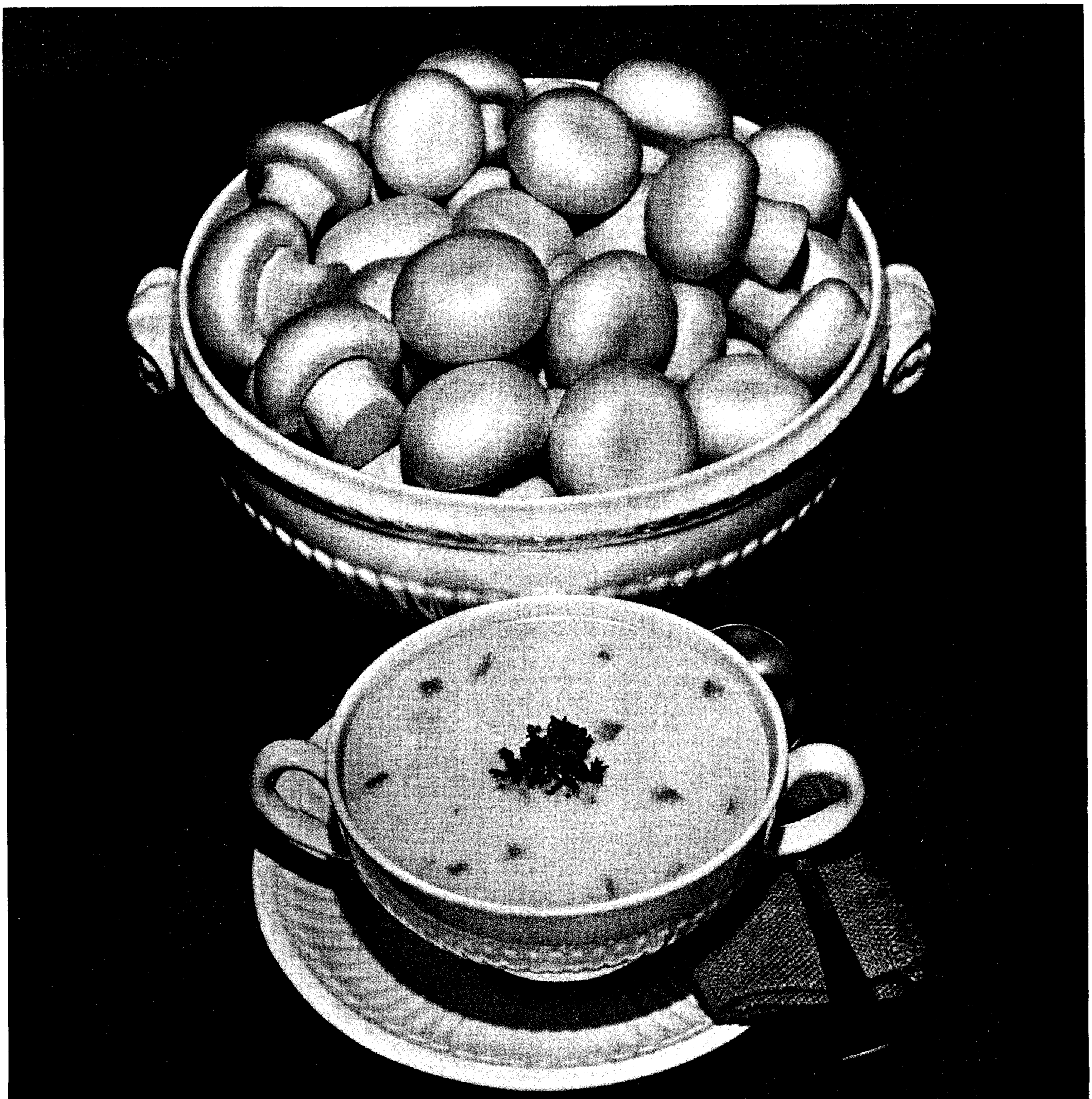

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Hall—who is anathema to both sides—estimates there are 1,000 hate groups of the ultraright, 150 on the far left.

Hall Hall could easily be arrested himself on grounds that his antiextremist talks cause violence. Once after he'd made a talk in an Iowa church, he was beaten up by bullies who shouted at him: "Nigger lover! Jew lover!" At the church he'd been castigating superpatriots, or extreme rightists, who have lost faith in the ability of the Government to handle the menace of Communism. On another occasion extremists destroyed part of a Boston radio station where Hall was making a broadcast. Still another time a big chunk of plaster mysteriously fell out of the ceiling during a Florida talk and crashed a few inches from his head. He and his family have been subjected to constant threats and obscene phone calls day and night.

It can't be said that Hall has exactly become used to this sort of thing, but he *has* been forced to learn to live with it. The profession he has chosen for himself is not a placid one. For nearly 20 years Hall has been a sort of one-man FBI, devoting his time to the investigation of and attack on hate groups. Many organizations have been doing this sort of thing; Hall, uniquely, goes it alone. He has no official backing, no tie-ups, no sponsors, no paid staff, no funds save what he can earn as a lecturer. What he does have is a firm belief in what he is doing, unshakable determination and a great deal of quiet courage.

Exposed: Communist Front

His first onslaughts, coming shortly after World War II, were on the left-wingers, whom he considered an unrecognized threat at the time. In 1950, for example, he became suspicious of an outfit with the jaw-crushing name of The Greater Boston Coordinating Committee to End Police Brutality for Minority Groups. He joined up, attended a few meetings, and satisfied himself that the people behind the movement were local Communists. Having gathered his evidence, he broke the story to the newspapers. The results were immediate: Many respectable people who had been fooled into joining the group dropped their support, the backers were exposed, and the committee died.

An investigator, Hollis Mosher, who had infiltrated the group at the FBI's request, was amazed at Hall's work. "In my five and a half years as an undercover agent for the FBI," said Mosher, "this was the only time that a private citizen has successfully exposed and destroyed a Communist-front organization."

In recent years Hall has been spending most of his time battling the far right. He believes that the country is waking up to the threat of internal Communism, but he is not sure this is true of the threat from the radicals on the other extreme.

Hall finds plenty of work on both sides, of course. He estimates that about 7,000,000 Americans are currently involved in political fringe groups and that the number is still growing. Roughly, he believes, 5,500,000 are on the right, 1,500,000 are on the left. Hall considers the figures conservative, far less than the groups themselves would estimate.

In all, Hall believes there are 1,000 hate groups of the ultraright and 150 on the left. There are important differences in the way right and left operate, however. In general, the rightists direct their venom against a specific racial or religious group—Jews, Catholics, Negroes, or, in the case of the Black Muslims, against whites. But, as Hall explains, the leftists are more likely to attack a system or an idea, which often makes them trickier to combat. Their hate is expressed in attack on such broad targets as war, poverty and imperialism—things most people are opposed to.

Last year Hall had an opportunity to compare the approach of both sides on the same night. He first tried to get into a meeting of the John Birch Society, at which Chief Justice Warren's lynching was demanded. When Hall neared the entrance of the Boston hall, a ticket-taker recognized him and began shouting, "You're a dirty Communist! Go back to Russia where you belong!" A woman took up the cry: "He even looks like a foreigner!" she screeched. In fact, Hall is tall, blue-eyed, clean-cut; he looks more like a true Aryan than Wernher von Braun.

Rebuffed there, Hall journeyed onward to a forum featuring a speech by controversial scientist Linus Pauling. He did get inside this time, but when he refused to applaud Mr. Pauling he was given the bum's rush.

The voice of moderation is apparently the last thing an extremist wants to hear. And since Hall fights for even the most repulsive person's right to be heard—as long as he obeys the law—he's anathema to both sides. I found this out recently when I called on some of our best-known extremists to hear in their own words what they thought of his work.

I started with Commander Rockwell, who has garnered extraordinary publicity, despite a lack of followers. A visitor is likely to get a shock when he first steps inside this man's Arlington, Virginia, headquarters. One is plunged instantly into a darkened room whose dominant feature is a huge, floodlit Nazi flag. The only other important decoration is a painting of Rockwell himself, flanked by two red candles that burn day and night. Young storm troopers in full Nazi uniforms skulk in and out of the room.

Name-Calling by a Nazi

Rockwell, a tall man of military bearing, lost no time in calling Hall several choice names. Hall, he said, was a "coward because he refuses to debate me." Told Hall didn't feel there was anything to debate, Rockwell said this was the case because "Hall is the lowest and vilest man I know." This is pretty low. When I left the storm-trooper barracks, Rockwell yelled after me, "I can't wait to throw Gordon Hall into the gas chamber myself! He'll go out to the music of Muzak!"

A similar tune was played in Union, New Jersey, where Conde McGinley, the aging head of the Christian Educational Association, one of the most virulent hate groups in the country, called Hall, "so low I can't begin to describe him." Asked for details, McGinley said: "You wouldn't print the truth, and so I'm not going to tell you any more."

Robert Welch, the leader of the John Birch Society, has singled Hall out specially in the society's *Blue Book* as one of "dozens of slimy characters at loose in our midst" and devotes pages to him as a "fellow toiler for the Communist cause"—a charge for which there's not a shred of evidence.

Sometimes the invective has its bizarre side, and fortunately Hall has a sense of humor. Once, when he was speaking to a chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution in the Midwest, a woman in the audience asked if she might come up on the platform to make a comment. The hefty, tight-corseted matron climbed onto the platform and went off like a Roman candle. First she knocked over an exhibit of hate literature, then slapped Hall soundly across the face. Simultaneously she fired several verbal volleys about his supposed lack of patriotism. "Now that you have had your revolution, madam," Hall said when the hall had quieted, "would you let me continue with mine?" The woman stalked out of the room.

Smears by Bigots' Press

Hall's platform approach may be mild, yet what he says is extremely unsettling to bigots, because he pulls no punches in naming names and exposing the tricks of the hate boys. One of the ways he does this is to collect their literature. "I do this on the theory that the more I collect, the less they will have to distribute," he says, but this is only part of the truth. From his big bag of bigotry he and his wife Dorothy cull the choicest items and display them during his talks before service clubs, churches, schools and other organizations.

Coming upon this material for the first time is apt to be a shocker for the average American. A recent, typical sampling:

- A pamphlet put out by the Illinois-based Christian Patriots Crusade—hate groups use the word *Christian* with about the same frequency Khrushchev uses the word *peace*—calling for a campaign to save the white race. "The hell-inspired Jews seek to destroy the white race," it says, "because the Jews are behind race-mixing and mongrelization. The trouble-making N.A.A.C.P. is not really a Negro organization; it is under the domination of foul-mouthed, death-breathing Jews. The Jews seek . . . to destroy the white race because they hate all Christians and because the pure white race is the pipeline to Christianity." This tract is accompanied by a picture of a Negro lecherously embracing a blond girl while a caricature of a Jew leers at the spectacle.
- A sheet, published by the White Sentinel, of Fort Lauderdale, Florida, inveighing against the Y.M.C.A., labor-union camps, Scout camps, etc., for countenancing race-mixing in youth organizations. Seeing in this a plot "to mate your lovely child with the evil, apelike body of the Negro," the tract says, "Don't let the devil with the angel's wings carry away your lovely. It is only the lovely they want, and what a howl these hyenas can make of race discrimination when they can't get your lamb in their fangs."
- A copy of *Muhammad Speaks*, the virulent, antiwhite paper of the black supremacists, the Black Muslims. All the news in this paper is slanted to incite the Negro, and this particular issue contained an inflammatory account of the raping of a Negro child by a white man.
- An "exposé" by Harry Hampel, of Dallas, Texas, purporting to prove how Roman Catholics are seeking to enslave the United States.
- An issue of *Common Sense*, Conde McGinley's paper. He calls the Eichmann trial the "world's biggest hoax" and brands Hitler's murder of 6,000,000 Jews "a ridiculous lie." This paper has an audited circulation of 91,500, incidentally.
- A frightening copy of a new magazine called *Kill*, the official publication of the New York City-based American National Party, headed by John Patler. In this, readers are told, "The white man has become master of this planet through killing. His mastery has now been challenged. To this challenge there is but one answer: To survive and remain master he must kill again. Let us show them who is the natural elite, who is the world's greatest killer. White man, unsheath your terrible sword. Slay your enemies. Kill! Kill! Kill!"

Carrying this pastiche of horrors, Hall asked me to accompany him one evening to a typical lecture. It was held at the State College in Boston, and about 200 students attended. Beforehand, the usual things had happened. The two students who headed the committee sponsoring the event—Edward LeClair and Joanne Antonelis—had received telegrams and phone calls saying (1) Hall was a Communist, (2) he'd been dishonorably discharged from the Army, and (3) his wife was a "Nigger." None of these statements had any truth whatsoever. Hall himself got a call saying that if he went to the college, he would be mobbed by 100 persons.

In view of the advance buildup, the meeting went off surprisingly smoothly. There was, in fact, only one incident. A defeated candidate for Congress from the 11th District, Stanley Wallant, a member of the John Birch Society, used the question-and-answer period to make, in effect, a political speech about what he stood for. Hall listened to Wallant for a while, and then finally lost patience and told him to go hire his own hall.

The Dangers of Extremism

Although Hall confesses that at some meetings he's so worked up that it takes him hours to simmer down sufficiently to fall asleep, he was obviously at home with his audience that evening in spite of Wallant. And in addition to identifying and describing the activities of the extremists, he outlined what he considered to be their principal dangers:

1. They have an enormous capacity for troublemaking at lower levels. Although they are in no danger of taking over the Government, they do often capture school boards, service clubs and P.T.A.'s. Several years ago in Los Angeles and Houston they secured so much control that it was impossible to have an intelligent discussion of the United Nations, for example. Often they tamper with schoolbooks and curricula.

2. They muddy the waters of public opinion. Instead of a rational approach

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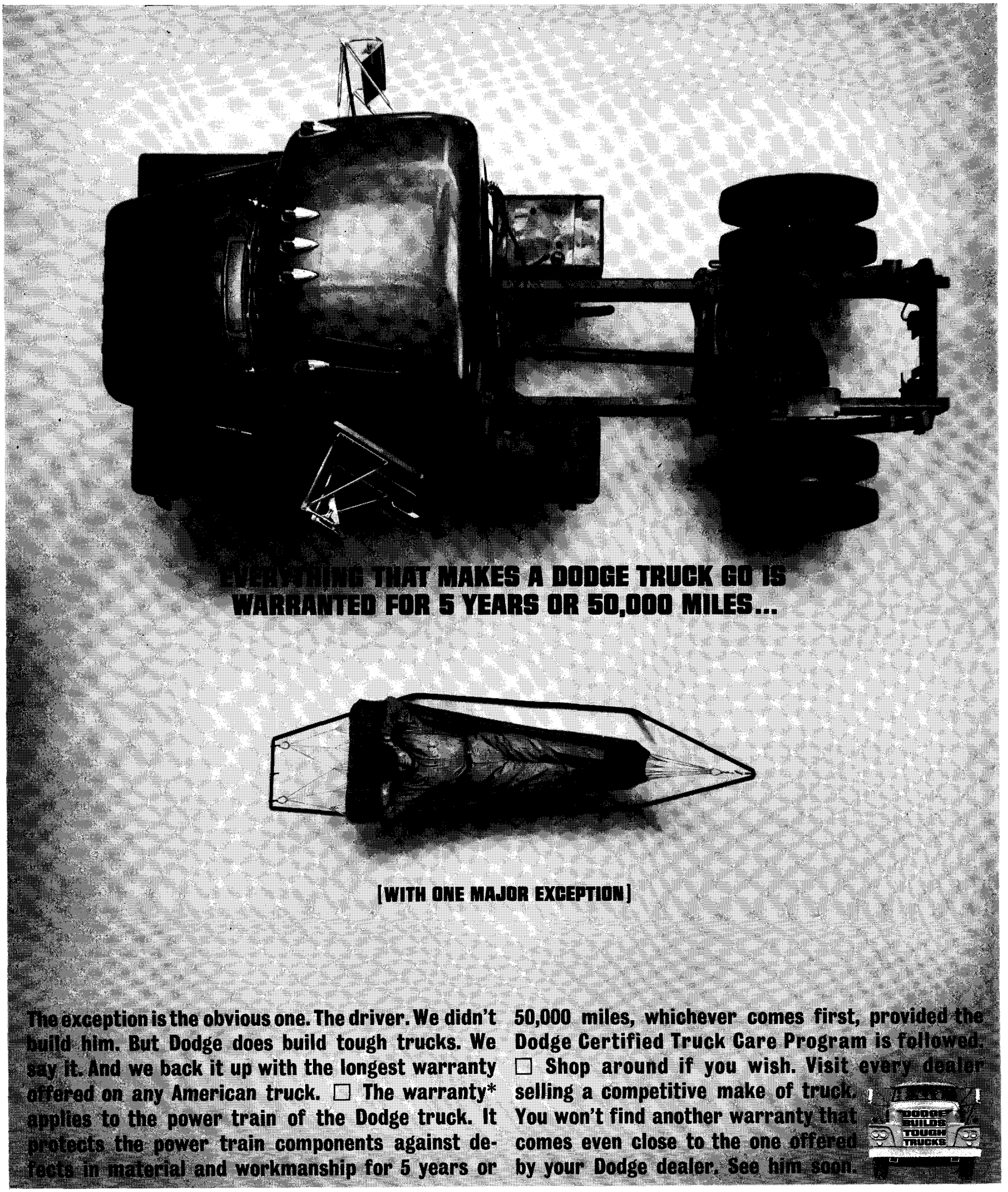
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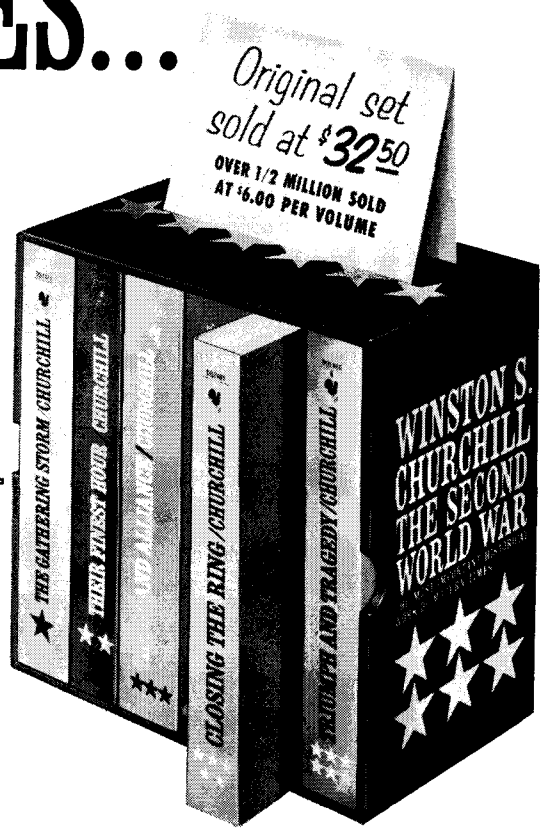
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Hall to pressing problems, extremists appeal to the emotions by flinging slogans—words like "socialism," "Fascism," or "race mongrelization." The real issues get overlooked.

3. The strident voices of these groups confuse lawmakers, who often believe them to be the voices of the people. This makes public leaders timid.

4. Extremist groups often cause physical violence against minorities. Hall cited the tragic case last September of the 17-year-old Falls Church, Virginia, boy who shot and killed a Jewish high-school youth, also 17. The accused, according to police, was an anti-Semite who had been attracted by Rockwell's Nazi movement in the high schools of Virginia.

5. The activities of the extremists hurt our national image throughout the world.

The students were obviously impressed by Hall's summation and gave him an overwhelming ovation. As a matter of fact, some of Hall's most enthusiastic supporters come from the nation's schools and colleges—an ironic twist, since he is a man who never got to college himself. In fact, there is little in his early life to suggest he might become a crusader for social and political sanity.

Born into a poor family in Queens, New York City, Hall was the last of nine children. "I was the last one home," he says. "The others got out fast." His father died when he was a year old, and his mother was an alcoholic. Gordon's earliest memories are of picking his mother up off the floor and putting her to bed. His mother harped that he should get a job, and when he was 15, he left school and went to work as a soda jerk at $12 a week. At 19 he was earning $160 a week as a paymaster at Grumman Aircraft. The war interrupted his career and he soon found himself in the Aleutians with the Army. A skillful basketball player, he was transferred to special services and put in charge of the gymnasium at Adak.

One day he happened to remark that the Negro soldiers, who were then playing on segregated teams, should be allowed to play on white teams. This caught the ear of Dashiell Hammett, the writer, also working on the base. Hammett apparently felt that Hall would make good material for the leftish group he headed. Hall attended many of the bull sessions Hammett and his friends held and was fascinated by their brilliant conversation. Ashamed of his own ignorance, however, he rarely opened his mouth. They talked about the Spanish Civil War, for instance; he'd never even heard of it. But the more he listened, the more amazed he became, for it was obvious his new friends were interested primarily in reshaping America in the Soviet image. One day when Hall again brought up his proposal that the Negroes play on white teams, Hammett said, "It's better to keep them in segregated groups. It dramatizes their position, and is good for agitprop [agitation and propaganda]."

This remark deeply shocked Hall, and it wasn't long before he realized his articulate friends were either Communists or Communist sympathizers. He withdrew from the group and spent most of his time reading. Hall estimates that in 31 months overseas he read at least 1,000 books, a feat that astonishes him now. He didn't know at the time what his career would be, yet he was unconsciously preparing for it.

Coming home, he married his childhood sweetheart, Dorothy Dienst, and got his old job back at Grumman. One day, shortly after telling an executive of the company about his experiences in Adak, the man dropped a pamphlet on his desk with the remark, "This will give you the lowdown on the Commies."

Hall picked up the sheet—the one put out by Conde McGinley—and was astonished by what he read. It was a blood-thirsty indictment of Jews and Negroes, plus liberals in general. Curious to know more about such an operation, Hall went to see McGinley. Without asking any questions, McGinley welcomed him with open arms, loaded him with literature, placed a fatherly hand on his shoulder and said, "We need clean-cut Christian veterans like you to fight the Jews."

When Hall got home, his mind was made up. "Communism is bad," he said to his wife, "but this is just as bad. As far as I can see, there are two extremes worth fighting and I guess that's what I really want to do."

Although determined to quit his job, he admits he was scared. He credits his wife with supplying the encouragement that made him take the plunge. He waited until Christmas ("we needed the bonus," he confesses) to quit Grumman and embark on his new career.

For a while he worked for the Friends of Democracy, an antitotalitarian Group headed by the Rev. Leon Birkhead, doing an investigation of the Gerald L. K. Smith operation. But after several years as an investigator he felt he knew enough about his subject to branch out as a free-lance lecturer.

Career With Modest Pay

It was an audacious thing to do because by then the Halls had a son, Richard, with another one, David, soon to be born. Times were lean. At one time the family income fell to $3,000 a year. Over the years, the financial picture has brightened somewhat, since Hall is now in constant demand as a speaker. At present his lecture dates average about 125 a year. If a group that wants him is worthwhile but poor, Hall will speak for little or nothing, and his family income has never gone above $11,000 a year. Out of this, he must pay all his expenses, including the maintenance of a large file of material on his favorite subject.

If you ask Hall why he devotes his life to such a financially limited career, frequently turning down well-paying jobs, he is hard put to give an answer. He just knows that he has a deep-seated urge to fight injustice, and that he has to do what he does. Someone once suggested that he might have been born with an abnormal amount of the traditional Anglo-Saxon sense of fair play. He shrugged his shoulders, and said maybe that was it. "All I know," he once said to me, "is that I've always had a strangled sensation through my whole system when I heard someone say, 'He's a pretty decent guy for a Jew,' or, 'For a Nigger he did a pretty good job.' This gives me a sense of outrage, and I want to fight back."

Although many people have simila reactions, few would quit their jobs and do what Hall has done. When it is pointed out to him that few people would make a life's work out of this attitude, he says, "Look, few people have a chance to be doing what they most want to do in life and still be able to earn a living at the same time. I think I'm lucky."

Occasionally, though, disturbing things happen that set him wondering—for a

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Hall while at least—whether the satisfaction he gets from his work is worth the hazards. Only a few weeks ago, his older son, Richard, came out of school with some classmates just as a taxi drove up. The driver called to the group, "Which is the Hall boy?" Richard stepped up, and the man said to him: "Hop in! I've been instructed to take you home."

Richard, a bright youngster who is learning to live in the febrile atmosphere of his father's work, was suspicious. His home is just around the corner, and he knew his family wouldn't be sending a cab for him. He refused to get in. A later check with his home and with the school revealed that no one there had ordered the cab.

Gordon Hall believes that one of the groups he has been battling was attempting to get back at him through his child, and the thought shook him more than any previous incident. Yet when a newspaper-columnist friend wanted to print a story about the incident, Hall asked him not to. "I don't want that kind of publicity," he said. "It only serves to draw attention to the dramatic aspects of my private life and diverts people's attention from the message I'm trying to get across."

For a man with such a strong hatred of bigotry, it's curious that Hall is constantly meeting people who want to share their prejudices with him. An incident that occurred when he boarded a plane in Cincinnati is typical.

He sat down next to an attractive woman, and when she smiled at him, a kind of sixth sense told him what was coming. It was so wearying, she sighed, being a buyer for a big department store. She wanted to get away from her job. "Not everybody in my business is nice," she said vaguely. Then, resting a hand on his arm, confided, "Every time you turn around, there's a Jew looking over your shoulder." Hall looked straight ahead. He was weary too. But the woman was determined to keep the conversation going. "What do you do?" she asked brightly.

"I give lectures," Hall replied.

"What do you lecture on?"

"Bigotry."

The lady turned crimson. "I hope you don't think I'm a bigot!" she protested. And before he had a chance to react, she launched into an explanation of how many fine Jews she knew. There were only a few whom she didn't like.

"But you didn't make that clear," interrupted Hall.

Foiling Fellow Travelers

From there on he proceeded to point out patiently that there wasn't a great deal of difference between her attitude and that of an anti-Semite like George Lincoln Rockwell. In fact, the lady got quite a lecture. When Hall told Dorothy about it later in their Boston apartment, he spoke candidly when he said, "I'm afraid I ruined her trip to New York."

In ruining—figuratively speaking—the trip of fellow travelers from one end of the country to the other, one of Hall's most useful weapons has been his extensive file on extremists. The Rt. Rev. Msgr. Francis J. Lally, editor of *The Pilot*, the oldest Catholic weekly in America, calls it "the best library of extremist material I know of." It fills one entire room of the Hall apartment, and since there is no money for file clerks or secretaries, the whole family pitches in to act as office help. Sometimes students act as voluntary data gatherers. One, for example, Lawrence May Jr., went so far as to attend the recent Nazi encampment in England to get material for Hall.

The Hall library is available free of charge to anybody who needs it. It has been used by writers, newspapermen, college students and even the White House. When one of the hate groups—the National States' Rights Party—put out some fictitious material on an earlier "marriage by President Kennedy," a White House assistant, Dan Fenn Jr., who had used Hall's files before, called him to find out what persons were primarily responsible for pushing the story. Hall was able to supply the information. Later the White House denied that there had been an earlier marriage, as did the supposed first Mrs. Kennedy herself.

Because of this and similar incidents in which Hall has helped, Dan Fenn has warm praise for Hall as a man of "usefulness, balance and responsibility." Says Fenn, "He's never rabid, and he never tries to magnify his significance by saying the extremists are taking over the country. He has a sense of proportion."

Too Mild for Own Good?

Hall's low-keyed and nonemotional platform approach has been criticized by some of his friends as too mild for his own good. Many of his supporters think he should beef up his style with public histrionics. But Hall replies that the battle isn't won that way. Democracy, he maintains, is a fragile thing that can easily be destroyed by those who are loud and phonily zealous.

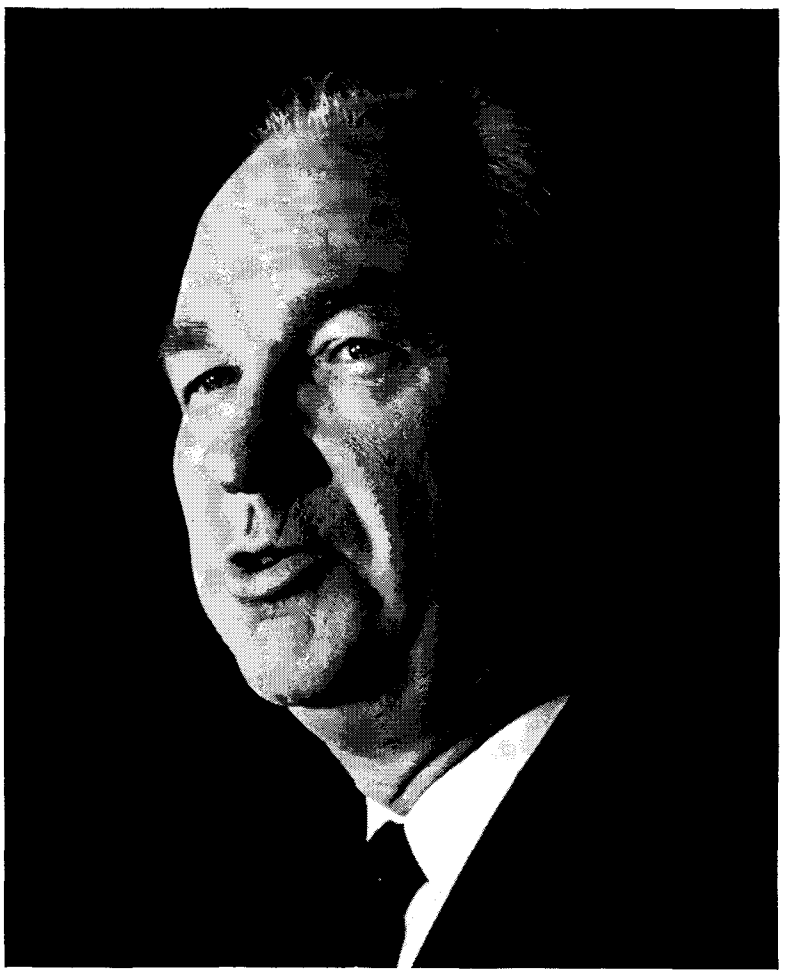
"The important thing," Hall tells students, "is to do your homework. Learn all you can about our form of democracy and learn what makes it tick. Learn, above all, to tell the difference between a liberal and a Communist, and between a conservative and an extremist."

By way of clarification, Hall explains that both liberals and conservatives, unlike extremists on left and right, still have great faith in our system. The ultrarightists, for example, want opponents silenced, want advertising banned in publications that oppose them and want the Constitution modified to suit their ends. Bona fide liberals and conservatives are in the mainstream of American life and want to accomplish their aims through an evolutionary democratic process.

Hall sums up by warning students, "Don't expect laws to protect your way of life. Only education, judgment and political maturity will do that."

He admits that this formula may not be as exciting as knocking people down. He admits, too, that he gets discouraged at times, and is distressed that some people never seem to get the message. Not long ago, after a lecture at a women's club, he was being driven to the station by the president when she asked for advice on how to keep Catholics out of the club. Hall looked at her with exasperation and asked, "Didn't you hear my talk?" Indeed the lady *had* heard his talk, but she didn't think it applied to her. She wasn't even embarrassed. In fact, if anybody had told her she was a bigot, she'd have denied it.

Hall feels that in the long run most Americans get the message—especially if they are nudged, gently but firmly, from time to time. He doesn't expect everyone to agree with him anyway. After all, that's the way of a democracy. **THE END**



Typical of most extremists, John Birch head Robert Welch singles out Hall for wild abuse.

Furious Führer *of the American Nazi Party, George Lincoln Rockwell has been castigated and defended by sworn-enemy Hall.*

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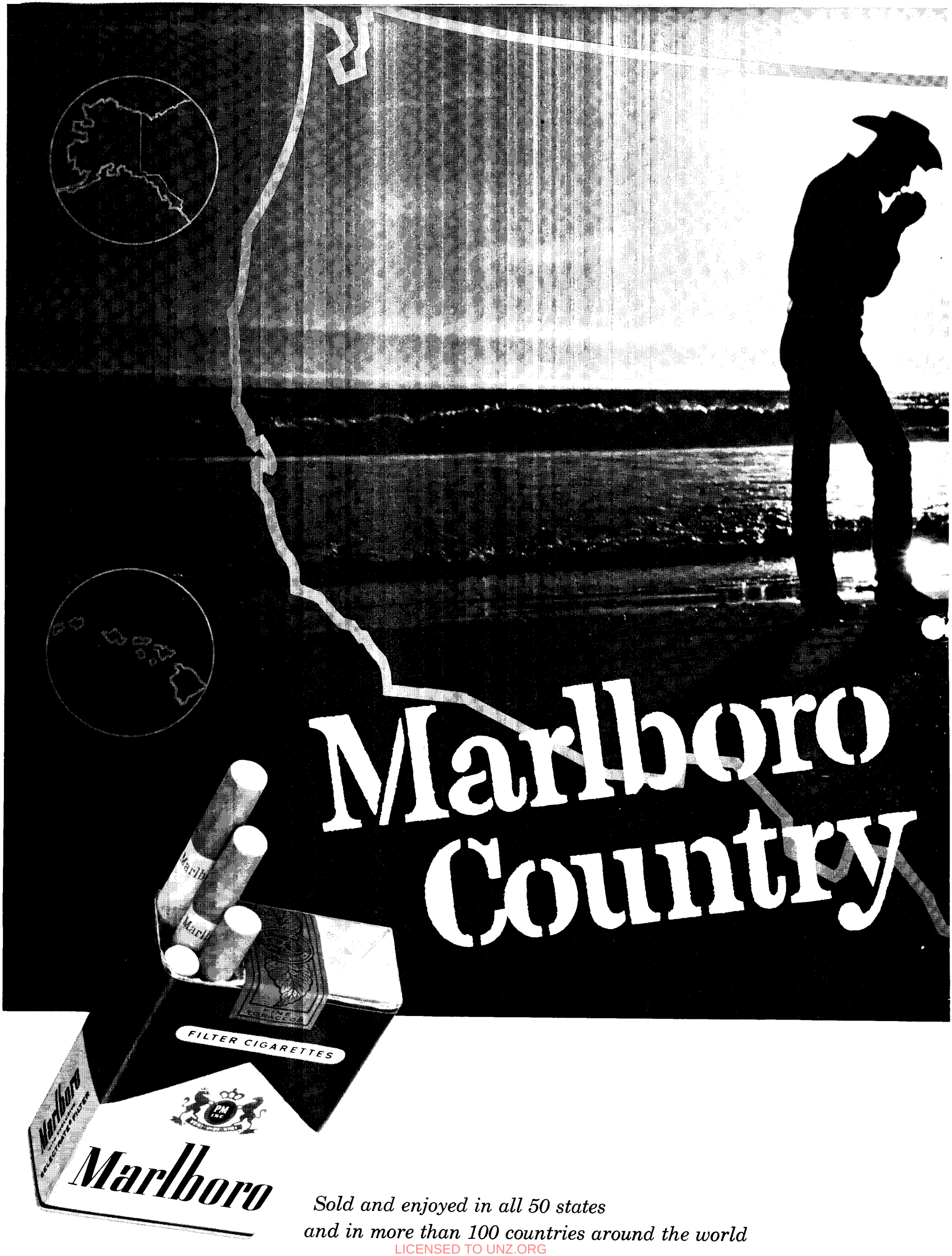

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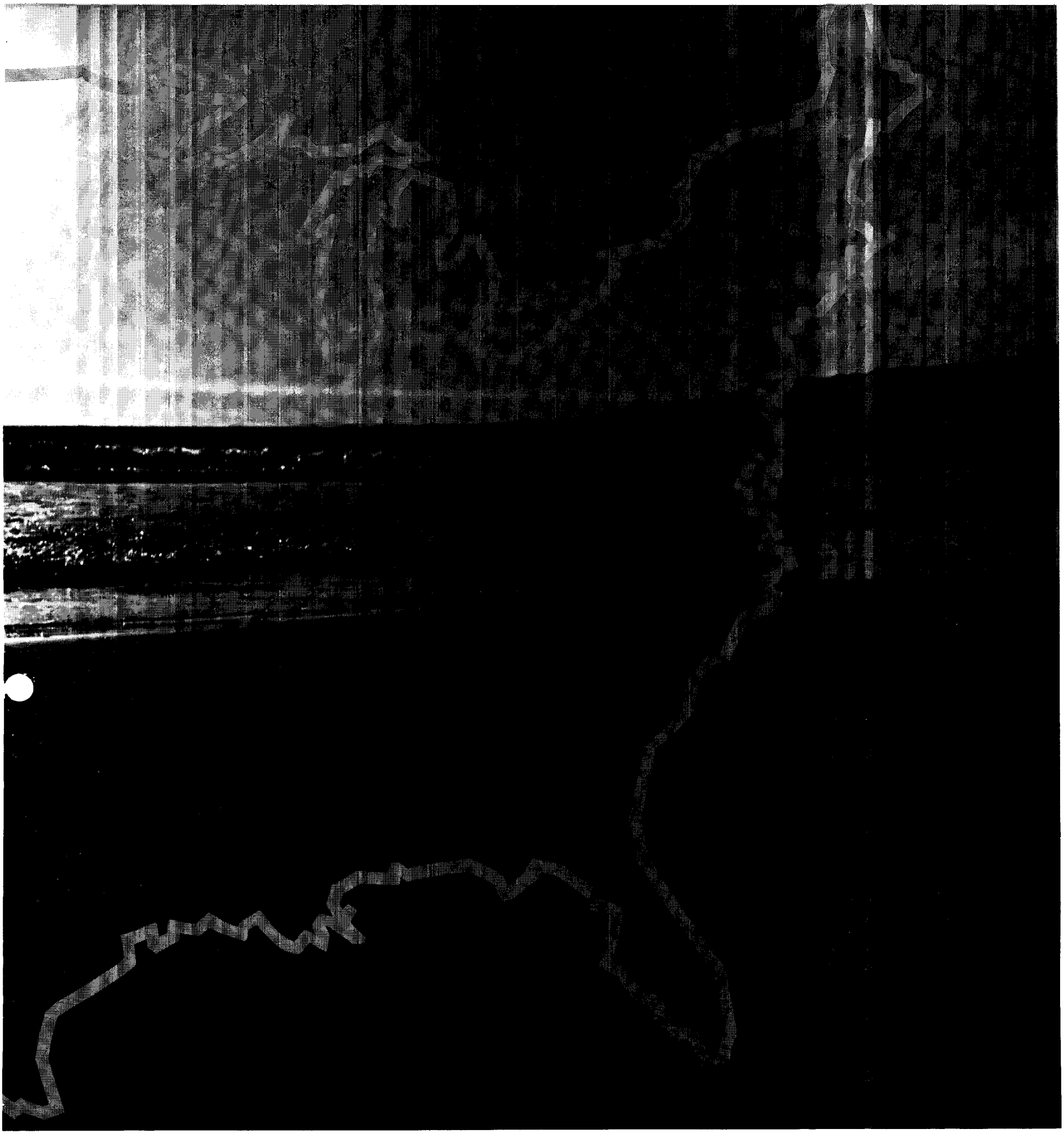

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A NEW PERRY MASON MYSTERY

Complete in this issue

Two girls alike enough to be twins, and one was marked for murder.

The Case of the Mischievous Doll

BY ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Della Street, Perry Mason's confidential secretary, approached his desk and said, "A law office is the *darnedest* place."

"It certainly is," Mason said. "Now what brings forth this observation?"

"A certain Miss Dorrie Ambler. She says she has to see you right away."

"How old?"

"Twenty-three or-four, but she's been around."

"Description?"

"Auburn hair, hazel eyes, five feet three; around a hundred and twelve; figure, thirty-four, twenty-four, thirty-four."

"What does she want?" Mason asked.

"She wants to show you her operation," Della Street said.

"Her *what?*"

"Her operation. She seems to feel that there is going to be some question as to her identity, and she wants to prove to you who she is by showing you the scar of an appendectomy."

Mason grinned. "This would be right down Paul Drake's alley. I take it her figure is one he'd appreciate."

"Leave that to Paul," she said. "He has a keen eye. Shall I call him?"

"Let's talk with our client first," Mason said. "I am anxious to see the mysterious Miss Ambler."

Della slipped into the outer office and returned with Dorrie Ambler.

"So nice of you to see me, Mr. Mason," Dorrie Ambler said in rapid fire.

"You have a problem of personal identification?" Mason asked.

"Yes."

"Why are you so eager to establish your identification?" Mason asked.

"Because an attempt is being made to confuse me with another woman."

"Under those circumstances," Mason said, glancing at Della, "the best thing would be to take your fingerprints."

"Oh, but *that* wouldn't do at all!"

"Why not?"

"I want you to—well, I want to establish my identity with *you*. I want you to look me over, to—" she lowered her eyes "—to even see the scar of a recent operation. When the question of identification comes up they look for scars and—well, I have a scar."

"Then perhaps we can get someone who could be a witness. There's Paul Drake," Mason said. "He's head of the Drake Detective Agency. We'll get him to step in for a few minutes."

The lawyer pulled a pad of paper to him and wrote:

Paul: Della will tell you what this is all about, but I want you to have one or more operatives shadow this young woman. Keep on her trail until I tell you to stop.

Mason handed the note to Della Street and said, "Take this down to Paul Drake, will you please, Della?"

Della Street said, "Yes, Mr. Mason," opened the door and left.

Dorrie Ambler crossed her legs. "I suppose you think I'm being very mysterious, Mr. Mason. But I—I suspect that someone is trying to frame me. I don't want to be a patsy, Mr. Mason."

"I'm sure you don't," Mason said. "And *I* don't want to be placed in a position which might prove embarrassing to *me*. Did you give your address to my secretary?"

"Oh, yes. I'm at the Parkhurst, Apartment 907."

"Married, single, divorced?"

"Single."

"How long have you lived there?"

"Oh, six months, I guess."

"If you have a driving license, may I see it?" Mason asked.

She opened her handbag, holding it in such a way Mason could not see the interior, and extracted a driving license.

The lawyer nodded. "A California license, so it has a thumbprint on it."

"I know."

"We can make a perfect identification from this thumbprint," Mason said.

"Oh," she said, and looked at her thumb. "Are you a fingerprint expert, Mr. Mason?"

"No," Mason said, "but Paul Drake is, and I know a little about it."

A code knock sounded on the outer door and Mason crossed over to admit Della Street and Paul Drake.

"This is Paul Drake, the detective, Miss Ambler," Mason said. "We have a peculiar situation here, Paul. This young woman wants to have a witness who can establish her identity. She wants to go so far as to show the scar of a recent operation for the removal of her appendix."

"I see," Drake said solemnly.

"And," Mason went on, "I have explained to her that it will only be necessary to compare her thumbprint with the print on her driving license."

"Well now," Drake said, "a thumbprint is, of course, identification, but on the other hand if she wants to ——"

"I do," she interposed. "I don't like the idea of being fingerprinted. However, if you would like to, compare my thumb with the print on the license."

Drake took a small magnifying glass from his pocket, moved over to sit beside her. "I have to make a transposition this way," he said, "and it's a little difficult. It would simplify things ——"

"No ink," she said, laughing nervously.

Drake moved his glass back and forth from the thumb to the driver's license, then looked up at Perry Mason and nodded. "All right," he said, "check. You're Dorrie Ambler. But, of course," he added hastily, "we'll check on the operation."

She got to her feet nervously. Then pulled a Zipper at the side of her skirt, slipped her waistband down and pulled her blouse up.

She stood there for a second or two, letting them view her skin, marred by an angry red line, then suddenly pulled the skirt into position.

"Well," Drake said, smiling, "with that thumb and that appendectomy scar I think I can make a pretty good identification if I have to."

"That," she said, "is all I want."

"Just what do you contemplate doing?" Mason asked.

She shook her head. "You wouldn't approve," she said, "and therefore you wouldn't let me do it, but I'm going to force the frame-up into the open."

Abruptly she picked up her handbag, looked at her watch, turned to Mason and said, "I presume your secretary handles the collections."

Mason said to Della Street, "Make a ten-dollar charge, Della, and give Miss Ambler a receipt."

Della said, "This way, please," and led the client out of the office.

Mason and Drake exchanged glances. "You've got a man on the job?" Mason asked.

"Jerry Nelson," Drake said. "He's one of the best in the business."

"Something seems to tell me your report is going to be somewhat out of the ordinary," Mason said. "Let me know as soon as you hear from your men, Paul."

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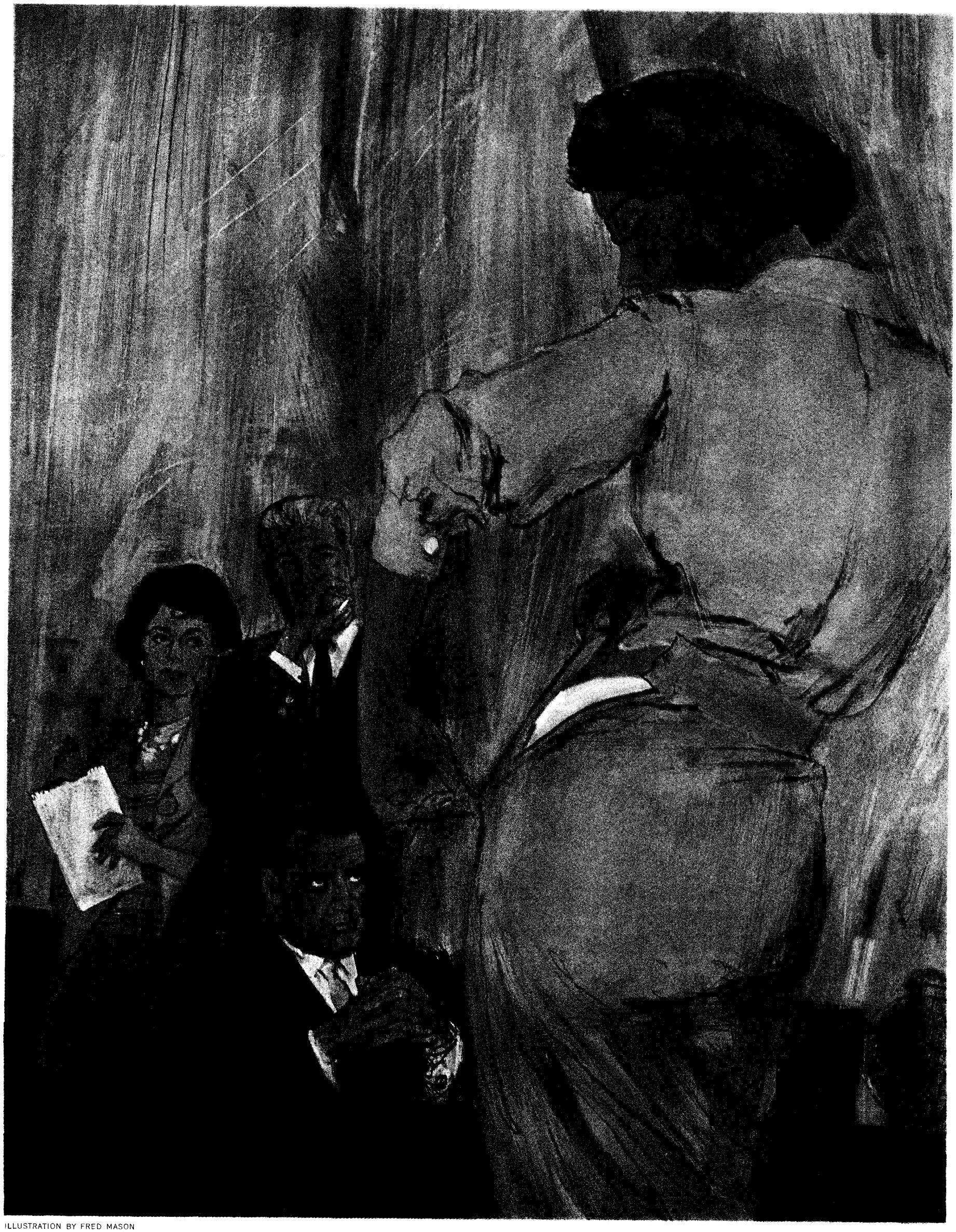

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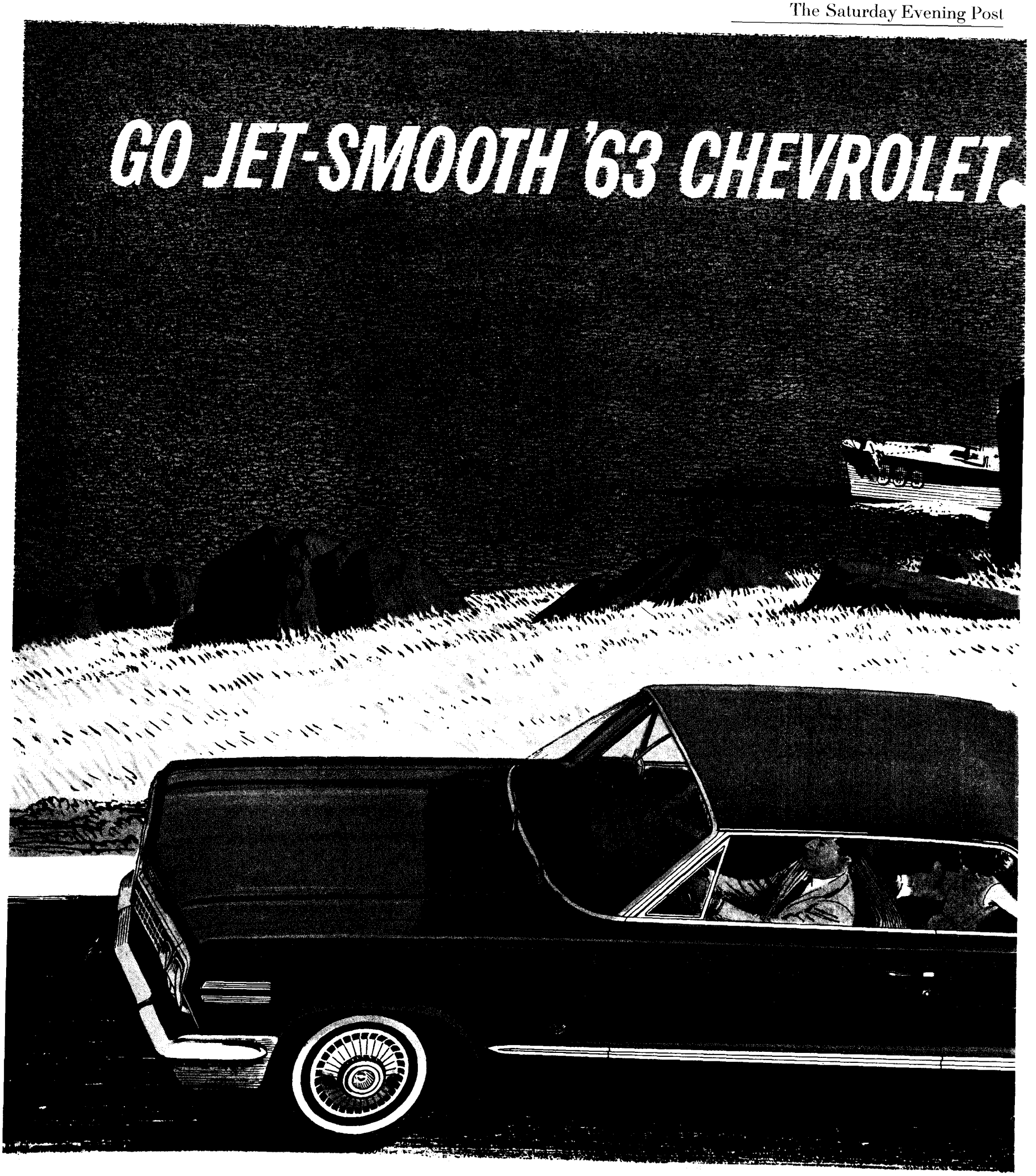

'63 Chevrolet Impala Sport Coupe

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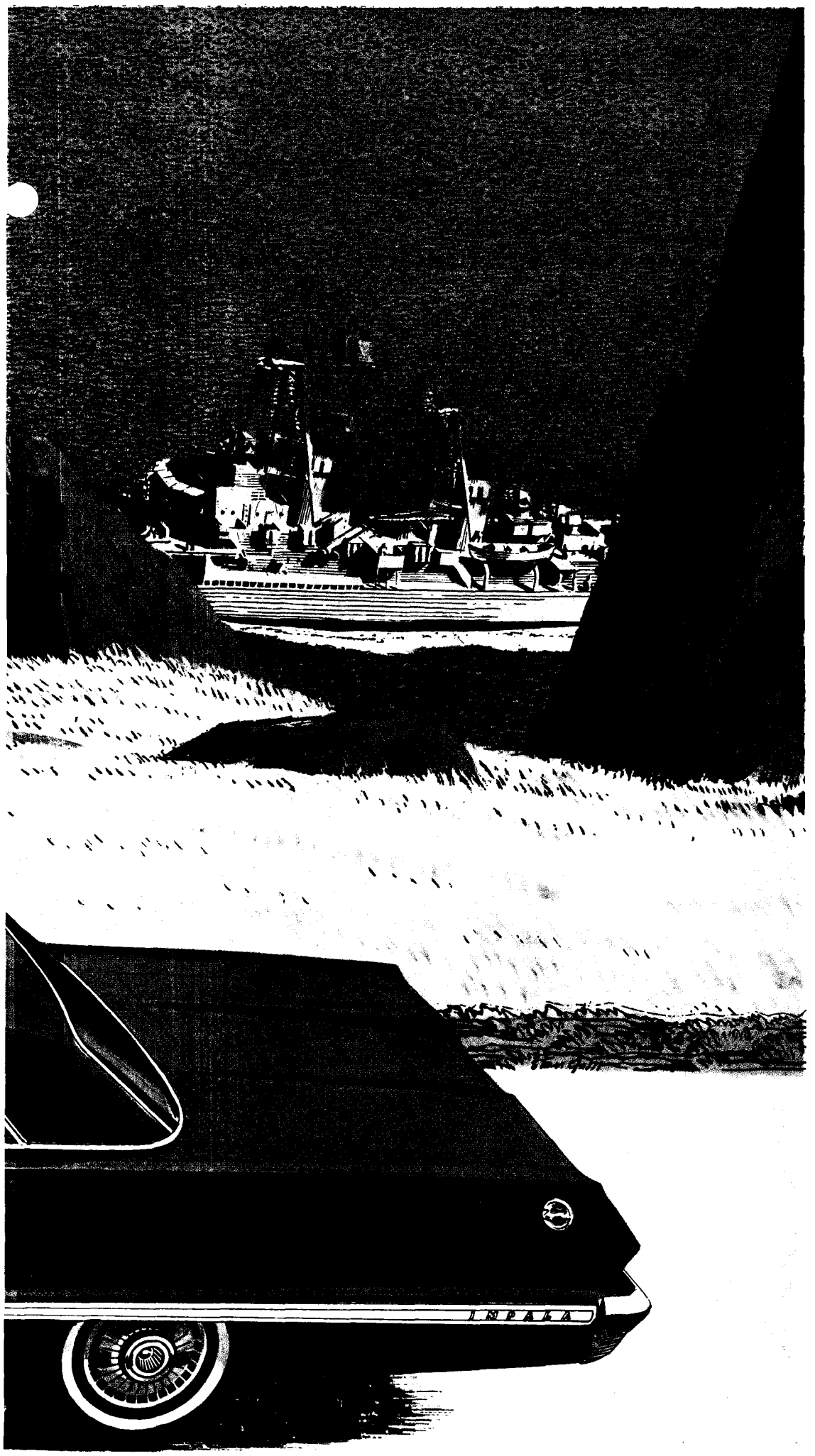

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Mischievous Doll

It was shortly after 1:30 that afternoon when Paul Drake gave his code knock and was let into Mason's private office. A stranger followed him.

"This is Jerry Nelson, one of my operatives," he said. "Jerry, this is Della Street, Mr. Mason's confidential secretary, and Perry Mason." Drake turned to Mason and said apologetically, "I got this over the telephone. It sounded so cockeyed I told Jerry to dash in and report personally. Go ahead, Jerry."

"Well," Nelson said, "I got aboard the elevator here with this young woman. My partner was waiting out in front. She flagged down a cab. I jumped in another cab we had waiting, and my buddy pulled out in his car and we followed the girl. She went right to the airport."

"Then what?"

"Then she just stuck around over an hour," the operative said. "She was waiting for something, and because I thought she might try something I kept my eye on *her* and didn't look around."

"What are you getting at?" Mason said. "What happened?"

"All of a sudden she ran over to the newsstand and shouted, 'This isn't a stickup,' and pulled a revolver out of her handbag. She fired three shots. It was so sudden that it caught me flatfooted."

"Now wait a minute," Mason said. "You say she said, 'This *isn't* a stickup'?"

"That's right. I was only ten feet away and I heard her distinctly."

"Go on," Mason said. "What happened? Did you grab her?"

"Not me. I was like everyone else. Everything stopped."

"And what about the young woman?"

"She ran into the ladies' restroom. A couple of cops came up and about that time the restroom door opened and this babe came out, cool as you please."

"What happened?" Mason asked.

"Well, the officers hadn't seen her when she fired the gun so they didn't recognize her. She walked right past them, and it wasn't until one of the bystanders yelled, 'There she is!' that one of the officers grabbed her. She was indignant and demanded to know what it was all about."

"What about the gun?" Mason asked.

"The gun had been left in the restroom. A woman came out and handed it to the officer. It had been slid across the floor and scared this woman to death. The officer opened the gun and said something to his companion.

"I don't think anyone heard what the officer said except me. I was right at his elbow. He said, 'They're blanks.'"

"Then what?" Mason asked.

"This woman smiled at the officer and said, 'All right, let's get it over with. I just wanted a little excitement.'"

"And she admitted firing the shots?"

"She admitted firing the shots," Nelson said. "That was all there was to it. The officers took her into custody."

Mason looked at his watch. "Well," he said, "we should be hearing from our client within the next few minutes."

Drake said to Nelson, "Jerry, I think that covers the situation. We've done all the damage we can do."

A few minutes before five o'clock Perry Mason said, "Della, I guess our client has decided she doesn't need an attorney—and I'm hanged if I know why."

"Do you suppose the police won't let her get to a phone?"

"I don't know," Mason said. "Let's tune in on the five-o'clock newscast. There might be something."

Della Street brought out the portable radio and tuned it in. After commenting on the international situation and the stock market, the announcer said, "The local airport was thrown into a near panic today when a young woman brandishing a revolver, shouted 'This is a stickup!' and fired three shots before retreating into the women's restroom.

"While police were organizing to storm the citadel, the woman casually emerged. Taken into custody, she said that she had done the act as a prank. One fact that supported her statement was that the revolver was loaded with blank cartridges. Then an inspection of the contents of the woman's purse identified her as Minerva Minden, who has been designated in the past by at least one newspaper as the madcap heiress of Montrose.

"The young heiress, who has made other visits to headquarters, seemed to regard the matter as a lark, but Judge Carl Baldwin took a different view. When the defendant was brought before him, he fixed bail at four thousand dollars.

"A somewhat chastened Miss Minden put up cash bail and left the courtroom. She is to appear tomorrow morning at nine-thirty for a hearing on her application for probation, and for sentencing."

"Well," Della Street said, as she switched off the radio, "would you say our Miss Ambler is a double of Minerva Minden, the madcap heiress?"

Timid knuckles sounded against the door to the corridor. Mason glanced at his watch. "Fifteen minutes past five. Don't open *that* door, Della. Go out through the door from the reception room and tell whoever it is that the office is closed for the day."

Della slipped out and a moment later was back. "Guess who?" she asked. "Dorrie Ambler!"

"Did she see you?"

Della Street shook her head. "I had just started to step out when I saw her."

Mason grinned, stepped to the door and opened it. "Miss Ambler," he said.

She jumped and whirled.

"Come in," Mason invited, holding the door open. "So you're really Minerva Minden, sometimes referred to as the madcap heiress of Montrose."

She met his eyes with a steady, frank gaze. "I am *not!*" she said.

Mason shook his head. "I'm afraid your denial isn't going to carry much weight, but this is your party. One factor in fixing my charges is the ability of the client to pay. Tell me any story you like, but it's costing you lots of money."

"You don't understand," she said.

"I'm afraid I do," Mason told her. "Now I'm going to tell you something else. I hired a detective to shadow you. Now then, Miss Minden, I'd like to know just what your game is."

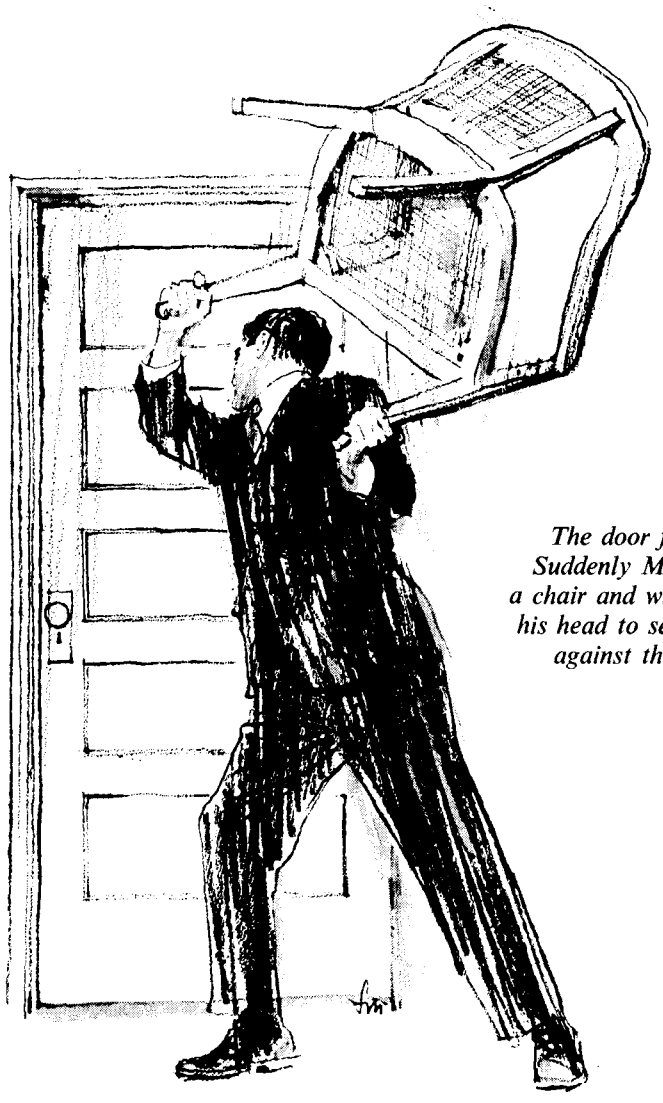
"Look," she said, "I'm *not* Minerva Minden. I'm Dorrie Ambler, and the thing I did this afternoon at the airport was for the purpose of forcing Minerva Minden to tell what was really going on. But she outwitted me."

Mason's eyes showed interest. "Go ahead," he said.

She said, "It all started four days ago when I answered an ad for a young woman between twenty-two and twenty-six years of age, five feet three inches tall, weighing between a hundred and ten and a hundred and fifteen pounds. The ad offered a thousand dollars a month."

"Go ahead," Mason said.

"Someone mailed me a copy of the ad and I applied for that job," she said, "and there was something phony about it. To begin with, I had to go to a suite in a hotel to make application. A young woman sat at a desk, on which had been pasted a sign, PERSONNEL MANAGER.



The door failed to yield. Suddenly Mason swept up a chair and whirled it above his head to send it crashing against the locked door.

"After I'd been there ten or fifteen minutes a door opened and a man said, 'Step this way, please.' He said he was a vice president in charge of personnel. He asked me a lot about my background, all about my parents, where I'd been employed, and so forth. Then he asked me to stand up and walk around."

"And then?"

"Then he asked me how my memory was and if I could give quick answers to questions and a lot of things like that, and then said, 'What were you doing on the evening of the sixth of September?'

"Well, that hadn't been too long ago, and after a minute I told him I had been in my apartment. Then he asked me for my telephone number and told me that I was being considered for the job."

"Did he tell you what job it was?"

"He said it was going to be a rather peculiar job, that the position would be confidential, and that I would be photographed in various types of clothing.

"I suspected right away that I'd be posing in the nude, but he said definitely not, that it was perfectly legitimate. They wanted pictures of young women on the street, and I wasn't to be alarmed if someone pointed a camera at me and took pictures, that it would be done often enough so that I would lose all self-consciousness."

"What did you do?"

"I went home and after a while the phone rang and I was told to come back to the hotel, that I'd been selected."

"Then what?"

"I went to the hotel and everything had changed. There was no woman at the desk, but this man gave me a skirt, jacket and blouse, and told me that he wanted me to wear them until I got used to them. He said that the next morning I was to go to the intersection of Hollywood and Vine and cross the street fifty times. Then I could go home."

"Was somebody in particular there at Hollywood and Vine?"

"Yes, a man with a camera. He took pictures mostly of me but occasionally he took a picture of someone else."

"All right, go on. What happened?"

"I had been told to phone an unlisted number for instructions. I phoned and was told that I had done all that I needed to do for the day."

"Then what?" Mason asked.

"I called the unlisted number again, disguised my voice and asked for Mac. The man said I had the wrong number and asked what number I was calling and I gave him the number. He said, 'Look, this is a detective agency, Billings & Compton. We don't have any Mac working for us.'"

"So then what?"

"Then," she said, "I looked up the address of Billings & Compton Detective Agency and went there for a showdown."

"And what happened?" Mason asked.

"I never went in," she said. "I drove there and was just getting out of my car when I saw my double."

"Now," Mason said, "I'm beginning to get the picture. Just what did your double look like?"

"She looked *exactly* like me. She was dressed exactly the same way."

"And what did you do?"

"I stayed in my car until I saw her get into her car, and I got the license number. It was WBL 873."

"You looked up the registration?" Mason asked. "And the registration was Minerva Minden?"

"Right."

"And then?" Mason asked.

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"Well, I reported for work the next day and I was told to go to Hollywood Boulevard and Western and walk up and down a one-block area for two hours."

"You did it?" Mason asked.

"I only did it for a while. About the third time I was making the trip up Hollywood Boulevard I passed a store and a little girl cried out, 'Momma, there she is now!' A woman ran to look at me and then started following me."

"What did you do?"

"I walked up Hollywood Boulevard just as I had been instructed, and the photographer was there at the corner and took a picture of me. Then I got frightened and jumped in my car and drove away as fast as I could."

"And then what?"

"I was satisfied that I was being groomed as a double, so I decided I'd do something so spectacular that the whole business would be brought into the open."

"So what did you do?"

"From the society page I learned that Miss Minden was taking a plane for New York. I checked her reservation by telephone and went to the airport.

"Minerva was wearing the same clothes that I was and I waited until she went into the women's room. Then I jumped up, yelled this *isn't* a stickup and fired the gun. Then I dashed into the restroom, and went into a stall.

"I felt sure that Minerva would walk into the trap, and of course she did. She came out of the restroom and was promptly identified. When the cops started questioning her, that gave her a clue to what had happened."

"And you thought she'd say that she hadn't done it at all, that it was someone else and the officers would look in the restroom and find you," Mason said.

"Well, I thought that I would have an opportunity to get away in the excitement, but I didn't expect her to catch on and say that *she* had fired the shots."

Mason looked at his client steadily. "She *was* the one who fired the shots, wasn't she, Dorrie?"

"On my honor, Mr. Mason, I was the one who fired those shots. And I can tell you how you might prove it if you have to. I was afraid that if I said this is a stickup, even if the gun had blank cartridges in it I might be guilty of some crime, so I played it safe by shouting at the top of my voice, this *isn't* a stickup.

"Now I think most of the witnesses heard what they thought they would hear, and will claim the person said this *is* a stickup. But if you ever cross-examine them and ask if the woman said this *isn't* a stickup, I'll bet they admit that that's what they really heard."

"Just what do you have in mind?" Mason asked.

She said, "I want you to protect my interests. I'd like to find out what happened on the sixth that would cause someone to go to all this trouble. You had detectives follow me to the airport, and you *know* I fired those shots and then the woman who came out—this Minerva Minden—did some quick thinking and decided to take the blame rather than let it be known I was her double."

"Would you mind letting me compare your thumb with your driving license again?" Mason asked.

She immediately handed over her license and extended her thumb. Mason took a magnifying glass from his desk, studied the thumb and the print.

"Satisfied?" she asked.

Mason nodded.

"Very well," she said. "Now will you try to find out what it is I'm being framed for? I'm so—so frightened."

"I don't think you need to be," Mason told her. "Call that number now and ask what your duties are for tomorrow. Call from this phone so I can listen in."

Dorrie seated herself at Della Street's desk and dialed. Mason picked up the telephone to listen.

A man's voice said, "Yes? Hello."

"This is Miss Ambler—Dorrie. I wanted instructions for tomorrow."

"Tomorrow you simply sit tight," the man said and hung up.

Dorrie Ambler looked over at Mason and slowly dropped the telephone.

"All right," Mason said cheerfully, looking at his watch, "we've got to close up the office and go home, Miss Ambler."

"Suppose there should be some developments. Where can I reach you?"

"I don't have a night number," Mason said, "but if you call the Drake Detective Agency, they'll see that I get it within an hour or so."

"Thank you *so* much," Dorrie Ambler said. "You've taken a tremendous load off my shoulders. Good night. . . . Good night, Miss Street."

She slipped outside into the corridor.

"Well?" Della Street asked.

"Now," Mason said, "we find out what happened at Western and Hollywood Boulevard on September sixth. Unless I'm mistaken, Minerva Minden was driving while intoxicated and became involved in a hit-and-run, and now she wants to confuse the witnesses.

Suddenly a postage meter makes a lot of sense for my office!

"Felt as if I'd mailed a million Christmas cards," grumbles Mr. Jones. (He knows darn well that his mailing list is only 124 names!) But getting out the annual season's greetings makes him realize that sticking stamps and sealing envelopes can be a monotonous, highly unhygienic job. And why both the girls in his office want a postage meter!

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Mischievous Doll

"Telephone the traffic department at Headquarters, Della, and see what they have on file for hit-and-run on the sixth."

Della Street busied herself on the phone, made shorthand notes, hung up and turned to Perry Mason.

"On the night of the sixth," she said, "a pedestrian, Horace Emmett, was struck at Hollywood Boulevard and Western Avenue. He is suffering from a broken hip. The car which struck him was driven by a young woman. It was a light-colored Cadillac. The woman stopped, got out of the car, then changed her mind and drove away. She apparently was intoxicated."

Mason grinned. "OK, Della. We close up and I'll buy you dinner. By tomorrow night we'll have a nice cash settlement from Minerva Minden for our client, Dorrie Ambler, and a very, very handsome cash settlement for Horace Emmett.

"And we'll let Paul have Jerry Nelson cover Minerva Minden's hearing tomorrow and see what the judge does to her for shooting blanks—and better tell Paul to get the dope on that Emmett accident."

At ten o'clock the next morning Paul Drake's code knock sounded on the door of Mason's private office. Della Street opened the door for the detective.

"Hi, beautiful," Paul said, and turned to Perry Mason. "I sent Jerry Nelson down to the hearing on Minerva Minden's peace-disturbance and firearms case, Perry." Drake looked at his watch. "We should be getting a call from Nelson any minute now."

"Wasn't there some litigation over her inheritance?" Della Street asked.

Drake grinned. "There was, and there could have been a hell of a lot more. Old Harper Minden left a whale of a fortune and not a single heir in the world that anybody could find until some investigator dug up Minerva. At the time she was slinging hash and was something of a problem. She was supposed to be wild in those days. Now that she's got money, she's a quote madcap unquote."

"But Harper Minden wasn't her grandfather, was he?" Mason asked.

"Hell, no. There was some sort of a collateral relationship, and actually the bulk of the estate is still tied up. Minerva has received a partial distribution of five or six million but ——"

The telephone rang. Della Street answered, nodded to Paul Drake and held out the receiver. He took the phone. "Hello, Jerry. You seen this gal yet?"

"Have I seen her?" Jerry said. "I'm still gasping for breath."

"She's really a dead-ringer?"

"Well, not exactly a dead-ringer, but it would be easy to get them mixed. Now look, Paul, is there any chance those girls are closely related? Does anybody know whether Minerva Minden had a sister?"

"You think the two women are related?" Drake asked.

"I'd bet on it," Nelson said. "They look alike, they're built the same way, they have the same mannerisms. Their voices are different and the hair and general coloring is a little different, but there's one hell of a resemblance. I don't know what you fellows are working on, but if it ties in with that inheritance, you've struck pay dirt."

"OK," Drake said, glancing at Mason, "keep that angle under your hat. Where are you now?"

"Up at court."

"And what's happening?"

"Oh, the usual thing. The judge imposed a five-hundred-dollar fine on each of the two charges, and he's been busy explaining to her that it was touch and go with him whether to give her a jail sentence as well."

"OK," Drake said, "come on up."

"OK. 'Bye now."

"What do you know," Drake said, looking at Mason.

"Apparently not half enough," Mason said as he replaced his extension telephone in its cradle. "Looks like Minerva Minden wanted a ringer to take a rap for her hit-and-run."

"So what happened?"

Mason told him, "They wanted someone who could wear Minerva Minden's clothes and spend some time walking past the scene of the accident where an identification would be made."

"Of the wrong woman?"

"Of the wrong woman," Mason said. "That would let Minerva off the hook. If they subsequently found out it was the wrong woman, the witness would have made at least one demonstrably mistaken identification. That would weaken the prosecution's case tremendously. If, on the other hand, the charge stood up against the ringer, then Minerva would be in the clear."

Drake grinned. "Now, wouldn't it be poetic justice, Perry, if this babe put an ad in the paper in order to get herself out of a jam and then had to split an inheritance of fifty million dollars."

The telephone rang. Della Street picked up the instrument, said, "Hello," cupped her hand over the mouthpiece and said to Perry Mason, "Dorrie Ambler."

Mason made a motion. "Get the other phone, Paul."

Mason said, "Hello, Miss Ambler."

"Oh, Mr. Mason!" she said, her voice excited. "Could you come to see me at my apartment?"

"Why don't you come here?" Mason asked.

"I'm being watched. I'm pinned down. There are men—a man out in the corridor, ducking in and out of the broom closet. . . . From the window I can see another man watching my car."

"All right," Mason said, "that means the police have got you located and you're going to be picked up on a hit-and-run charge."

"A hit-and-run charge?" she asked.

"That's right. That's what happened on the sixth of September."

"And you mean that was the thing they've been getting ready to frame me for?" she asked indignantly.

"Take it easy, take it easy," Mason said. "Those police officers aren't going to hurt you, but they're going to stick around until they're sure you're up, and then they're going to ask you about the automobile accident."

"What do I tell them?"

"Tell them you were home on the sixth of September and don't tell them anything else. Now, where's your car?"

"At the curb."

"Don't you have a garage with that apartment?"

"Yes, but something happened to the lock on my garage door, and my key won't work."

"All right," Mason said. "Tell me—is your father living?"

"Actually Mr. Mason, I don't know a thing about my family. I was—well, I was put out for adoption. I think I'm—an illegitimate child."

"Stay right where you are," Mason said. "I'm coming to talk to you. I'll have Mr. Drake with me." He hung up.

Drake parked his car in front of the Parkhurst Apartments. He and Mason cautiously emerged.

"See anyone watching the building or spotting a car, Paul?" Mason asked.

"Not yet," Drake said.

"OK, let's go up," Mason said.

They got off the elevator at the ninth floor and advanced to the door of 907. When Mason pressed the button, chimes sounded. Then there was complete silence.

Mason said, "She certainly should be here." He pressed the button again, listened to the chimes, then pressed his ear to the door. "Sounds like something being moved across the floor," he said and banged on the door.

From inside the apartment something fell with a thud. A woman screamed, and the scream was interrupted as though someone had clapped a hand across her lips. Mason flung himself against the door. The latch clicked and the door opened to the end of a chain safety lock. From the interior a door banged shut.

"Come on," Mason shouted at Drake, "all together—let's *GO!*"

The two men hit the door simultaneously. The screws pulled from the safety lock, and the door slammed wide open. Mason and Drake stood for a split second in the doorway looking at a scene of confusion. The door to the bedroom stood open, so that they could see that drawers had been pulled from the bureau, and in the living room a man lay on his back in a grotesque sprawl.

Sounds came from behind a closed door which evidently led to the kitchen. Mason ran to hurl himself against the door. It gave an inch, then closed itself as Mason backed away for another lunge.

"Come on, Paul," the lawyer shouted, "get this door open!" Both men flung their weight against the door. Again it opened an inch and again it closed.

"Somebody's braced against the other side," Drake said. "Watch out! They may start shooting."

"Never mind," Mason said. "Smash it down."

Drake grabbed him and pulled him aside. "Don't be a fool, Perry. We've trapped a killer in the kitchen. Phone for the police."

Mason said, "All right, Paul. Call the police. I'll take a look at this man and see how long he's been dead."

The lawyer moved a step or two, then suddenly hurled himself again at the kitchen door, which yielded slightly, then pushed back shut.

Mason said, "Come on, Paul, give me a hand here."

Drake was at the phone. "Just a minute," he said. "I've got the police." Drake gave his information and hung up.

Mason picked up a chair, swung it high and crashed it against the kitchen door. The panels splintered. He looked inside the kitchen and said, "A big table against the door and mattresses jammed between the wall and the table."

Mason swung the chair again, crashed another panel in the door, then turned and sprinted for the corridor. "There's a back door," he said. "It's open."

He went down an L in the corridor, came to an open door and entered the kitchen.

Drake ran back to telephone the police and said, "Alert the cars coming in that at least one man and a woman—she's probably a hostage—have escaped from the apartment house."

Drake hung up the phone, then went over to the motionless figure on the floor. He felt for the man's pulse. "Faint and thready," he said, "but it's there. Oh-oh, look here."

The detective indicated a small red stain on the front of the man's shirt. He opened the shirt and disclosed a small puncture in the skin.

"The hole made by a twenty-two-caliber bullet," Mason said. "Get on that phone and call an ambulance."

Again Drake went to the phone and put through the call. Then the lawyer and the detective stood for a few moments in the doorway.

A voice in the corridor said, "What's going on here?"

The first policeman had arrived. Mason turned to him. "Evidently there's been a shooting, a kidnaping and burglary. We trapped the people in the kitchen, but they got out through the service door."

The officer moved over to the man on the floor. "You have any description of the people who were in on this?" he asked Mason.

Mason shook his head. "We asked the police to have the dispatcher ——"

"I know, I know," the officer said. "We've got four radio cars stopping everyone coming out of the apartment house. . . . Here's the ambulance now," he said. They heard the sound of a siren.

As Mason and Drake waited in the corridor until stretcher-bearers had taken the man from the room, Lieutenant Tragg of Homicide arrived.

"Well, well, well!" Tragg said. "Usually you're on the other side of the fence, Perry. I understand now you've asked for police cooperation."

"I sure did," Mason said.

"What can you tell us about the case?"

"Nothing very much, I'm afraid," Mason said. "The occupant of this apartment consulted me in connection with a matter that I'm not at liberty to disclose at the moment, but she had reason to believe when she phoned me this morning that she was in danger. She told me that she wanted me to come here at once."

"Why didn't you telephone the police?" Tragg asked.

"She could have called them herself if she wished."

Tragg said, "There's a garage which goes with this apartment, and we're going down and take a look in it. I think you and Drake had better come with us. I don't like to let you out of my sight. Our boys looked in the garage and guess what they found?"

"What?"

"We've been looking for a hit-and-run automobile, a light-colored Cadillac, license number WHW 694, that had been stolen from San Francisco on the fifth of September and was in a hit-and-run accident here on the sixth of September."

"That car was in the garage?"

"That's right. I'd like to have you take a look."

"Then my client's hunch was right," Mason said.

"In what?"

"I don't think I can give you all the details at the moment, Tragg, but the presence of this automobile fits with the reason she came to see me.

"She felt that an attempt was going to be made to tie her in with that—well, she felt it would be with *something* that happened on the sixth of September. She didn't know for sure what it was."

"And you did a little investigating and learned about the hit-and-run?"

"Yes."

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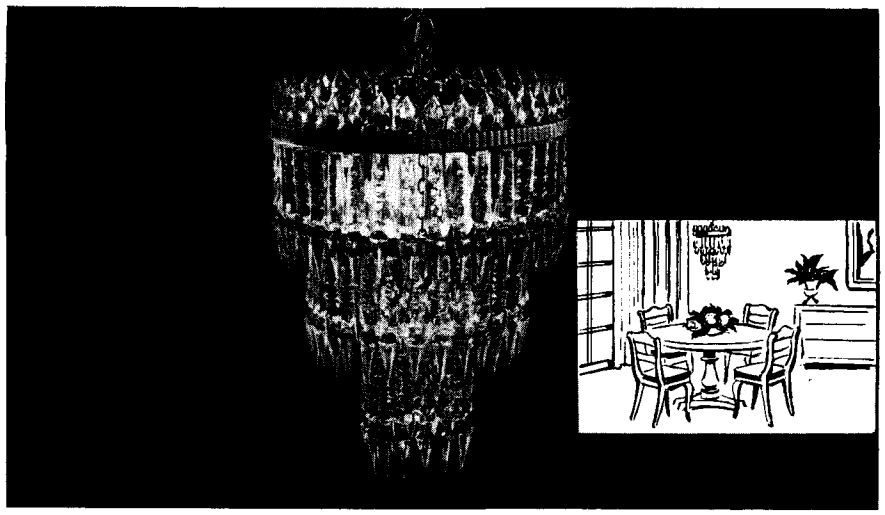

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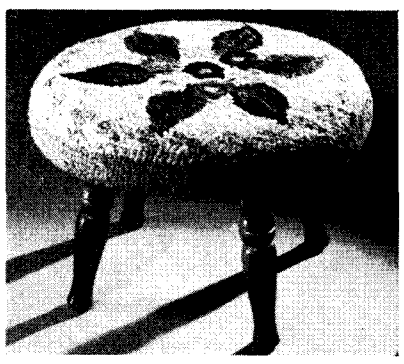

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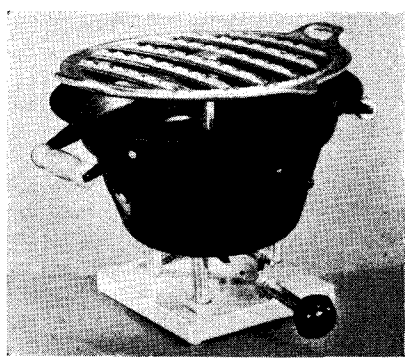
Charming cricket stool for chatty get-togethers or TV viewing... for stretch-out leg comfort. 13" seat has multi-color, hand-hooked type pad. 10" high. Maple-finish legs.

25 Decorative Cricket Stool $5.98



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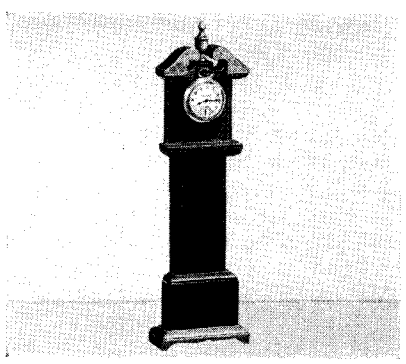
29 "Hibachi" Charcoal-Grill $8.00



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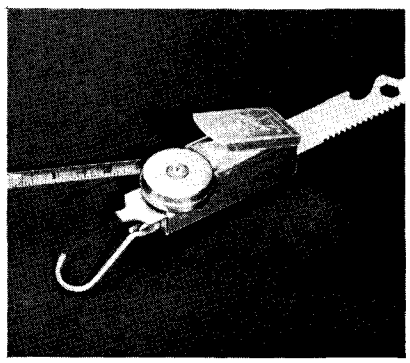

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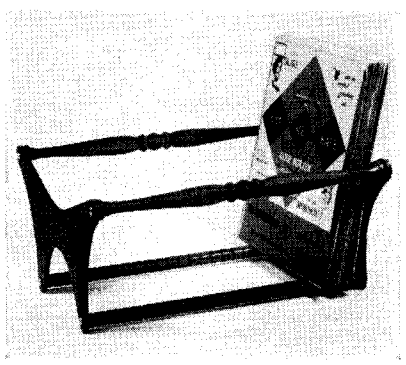
34 "Jiffy Pal" Fisherman's Tool $4



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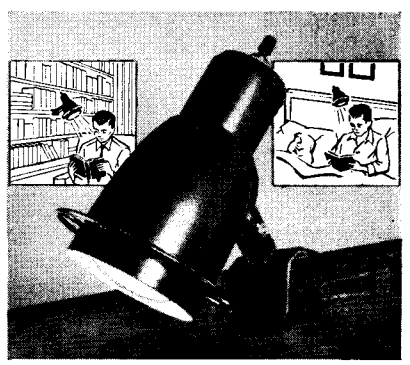

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Mischievous Doll

"And you knew the car involved in the hit-and-run was in this garage?"

"I certainly did not," Mason said.

An officer came up in the elevator, handed Tragg a folded piece of paper. Tragg opened it, read the message, and said, "The man who was removed in the ambulance was dead on arrival, so now we have a homicide."

Tragg led the way to the elevator and on to the garage. He took a key from his pocket, unlocked a padlock and switched on a light.

Tragg said, "Take a look at that right-hand fender, Perry. See that spiderweb? That spiderweb goes from the car to the tool bench, and notice the flies that are in it. It's been there for some time."

Tragg, watching Mason's face, said, "I've been in this business long enough to know that you can't trust a woman, Perry, when she's had time to rehearse her story. Your client may or may not have been abducted. There was a murdered man on the floor of her apartment. She may or may not have been responsible for that, but there's a stolen automobile in her garage that was involved in a hit-and-run." He ushered Mason and Drake from the garage. "How about it, Perry?" he asked.

Mason said, "Tragg, I'd like to cooperate, but I'll have to check on certain information. Everything I feel I can conscientiously give you, I will."

"All right," Tragg said, "if that's the best you can do, that's what we'll have to take."

Mason turned to Drake as soon as Tragg was out of earshot and said, "Get your office, Paul. I want to talk with Miss Minden before the police do."

"OK," Drake said, "but we'd better go down the street before we try to do any telephoning."

Mason said, "She may still be at the courthouse."

"Could be," Drake said, "but I have an idea her lawyer whisked her out of circulation just as rapidly as possible."

"That," Mason said, "makes sense. Let's phone your office and see what the reports are."

They drove half a dozen blocks before finding a gasoline station with a telephone booth. Drake put through the call, came back and said, "Everything checks, Perry. She left the courthouse with her attorney. He put her in his car and drove her to Montrose. Presumably they're both there now. What do we do?"

Mason thought for a moment, then said, "We get busy on the telephone. Let's call Minerva at her place in Montrose and see what we can get."

Mason put through the call and heard a feminine voice saying, "May I help you? This is the Minden residence."

"This is Perry Mason, the attorney," Mason said. "I want to talk with Miss Minden."

"I'm afraid that's impossible, Mr. Mason, but I can take a message."

"Tell her," Mason said, "that I know who fired the shots at the airport and that I want to talk with her about it."

"I'll convey that message to her and call you later at your office. Thank you," the voice said, and the phone clicked.

Mason said, "Paul, if I can talk with Minerva, we may be able to get some information that will save Dorrie Ambler's life. Come on, Paul, let's go."

They made good time over the freeways. The Montrose estate of Minerva Minden was an imposing edifice on a hill, and Drake drove up the sweeping, graveled driveway into a parking place.

There was a broad porch. Mason rang the bell. A burly man who looked more like a bodyguard than a butler opened the door and stood silent.

"I would like to see Minerva Minden's confidential secretary or business manager," Mason said. "I am Perry Mason."

Mason and Drake followed the butler into a library. "Be seated, please," the butler said, and left the room.

A moment later a tall, keen-eyed woman in her forties entered the room. "How do you do, Mr. Mason," she said. "I am Henrietta Hull, Miss Minden's confidential secretary; and this, I suppose, is Mr. Paul Drake, the detective."

Mason smiled. "Would it be possible for us to see Miss Minden?"

"It would be utterly impossible, Mr. Mason. When Miss Minden's attorney learned that you were seeking an interview, he told Miss Minden not to talk with you."

"All right," Mason said. "I'll put my cards on the table. Miss Minden has hired a double."

"Indeed?" Henrietta Hull asked.

Mason said, "We expected Minerva Minden would betray herself at the airport, but she thought fast and decided it would be better to take the responsibility of firing the shots than to expose the fact that she had a double."

"This is a startling statement, Mr. Mason. I trust you have evidence."

"I am making a statement," Mason said. "I would like you to convey it to Minerva Minden. I would also like you to tell her that I suspect the ad by which this double was obtained was designed as bait in a deadly trap.

"I don't know whether Minerva Minden knew that this double of hers was going to be placed in danger, but that young woman is in very great danger. I have been invited to tell the police what I know. I must have an immediate interview with Miss Minden."

"Thank you for coming, Mr. Mason," Henrietta Hull said, and arose abruptly. She gave Mason her hand. Then she turned to Paul Drake. "I'm very pleased to have met you, Mr. Drake."

Mason fitted his latchkey to the door of his private office, entered and was confronted by Della Street. She said, "Why secretaries get gray. Do you realize, Mr. Perry Mason, that you had two appointments I've had to stall off, and if it hadn't been for the noon-hour intervening you'd have had more?"

"They're in the outer office?"

"Yes."

"What else?" Mason asked.

"I believe you know a very dignified woman named Henrietta Hull who is secretary to Minerva Minden?"

"What about her?"

"She called up, said that there was no possibility you could see Miss Minden; that you might care to know, however, that Dorrie Ambler had been followed by a detective agency employed by Miss Minden ever since Miss Ambler had attempted to blackmail Miss Minden into making a property settlement on her."

Mason's unlisted phone rang. He picked up the receiver. Drake's voice came over the line. "We were followed out to Minerva Minden's."

"How do you know?"

"They have a plug they can slip on the end of the exhaust pipe. It releases drops of fluorescent liquid at intervals. By wearing spectacles with lenses that make these drops visible, they can follow a car even if they're fifteen minutes behind it."

"And you know your car was fixed?"

"It was fixed all right."

Mason had finished interviewing his last client when the telephone rang three short bells, signaling that the switchboard operator was holding an important call. Della picked up the telephone, said, "Yes, Gertie," then turned to Mason. "Lieutenant Tragg," she said.

Mason picked up the telephone. "Yes, lieutenant."

Tragg said, "I've given you some breaks today, Mason. I'm going to give you some more."

"Yes," Mason said dryly. "I hope the stuff you put on the exhaust of Drake's automobile doesn't interfere with its operating efficiency."

"Oh, not at all, not at all," Tragg said.

"I presume," Mason said, "you're going to extend some more favors and I'll find that they were simply bait for a trap."

"This is something that you absolutely can't resist, Perry."

"What is it?" Mason asked.

Tragg said, "I felt that you couldn't make time enough to get here so I'm sending an officer. He should be in your office within a matter of seconds."

Tragg hung up. Again the phone rang, a series of short, sharp rings. Della Street picked it up, said, "Yes, Gertie?" then turned to Mason. "A uniformed officer is in the outer office. He has a police car waiting and instructions to get both of us to headquarters—fast."

Mason and Della hurried to the elevator. The officer escorted them to a curb where another officer was at the wheel of a police car. Mason and Della jumped in, and the car whipped out into traffic. As they glided up to police headquarters, the driver said, "Just take that elevator to the third floor. Tragg's office."

The elevator operator was waiting for them. On the third floor an officer jerked his thumb toward Tragg's office. "Go right on in," he said.

Mason followed Della Street into the room and came to an abrupt stop.

"Good heavens, Miss Ambler," he said, "you certainly had me worried. Tell me what happened and. . . ."

Della Street tugged at Mason's coat.

The young woman who sat at Lieutenant Tragg's desk swept Mason with cool eyes, then said in a deep, throaty voice, "Mr. Mason, I presume."

Mason bowed.

"I'm Minerva Minden," she said. "You've been trying to see me and I didn't want to see you. I didn't know that you had enough pull with the police to arrange an interview of this sort."

Mason said, "Actually, Miss Minden, I didn't have any idea that *you* would be here. Lieutenant Tragg called me and asked me to come."

"All right," Mason said, turning to Della Street, "is this the woman who was in our office, Della?"

Della Street shook her head. "There are differences that only a woman would notice," she said, "but there's a startling resemblance."

"I am quite familiar with the resemblance," Miss Minden said. "In case you're interested, Mr. Mason, it has been used to try to blackmail me."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that Dorrie Ambler feels that she is related to Harper Minden from whom I received a large inheritance. She has been after a cash settlement and threatened to put me in such a position that I'd be only too glad to pay through the nose."

"You've seen her?"

"I've talked with her on the telephone and I have—well, frankly, I've had detectives on her trail."

Mason said, "That's not the story I have heard."

"I'm satisfied it isn't," she said. "Dorrie Ambler has arranged a series of circumstances so that she would have a very convincing background against which to reassert her claims. That shooting stunt she pulled at the airport was ingenious. If I hadn't kept my head I would have found myself in a sorry situation.

"Instead of insisting that there was a mistake and getting Dorrie Ambler brought out to claim in public that striking resemblance was due to common ancestors, I accepted responsibility and let myself be booked."

Mason said, "I'm going to put it to you frankly: Did you put an ad in the paper asking for a young woman ——"

"Oh, bosh and nonsense, Mr. Mason," she said. "Don't be a sap. Dorrie Ambler put that ad in the paper herself and gave a detective agency instructions over the telephone at an unlisted number. Quite naturally she was selected for the job.

"The detective agency simply knows that they were to hire any woman who bore a really striking resemblance to a

"I'm an uncle!"

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photograph. And furthermore, I don't think Dorrie Ambler entered the picture under her own power, so to speak. I think that a confidence man or promoter got to nosing around and got her to come here."

"The hit-and-run?" Mason asked.

"I'm not prepared to say about the hit-and-run," Minerva said. "But she *was* teamed up with crooks. You know that because the car was stolen. And the man found in Dorrie Ambler's apartment was the detective who had assisted her in putting her swindle across, Marvin Billings. I make no accusations, but you must admit his death is quite convenient."

Mason said, "Have you ever been operated on for appendicitis, Miss Minden?"

"Appendicitis? No, why?"

"This is very unconventional," the lawyer said, "but it happens to be important. Would you mind turning your back to me and letting Miss Street look to see if there's a scar on your abdomen?"

The girl laughed. "Why so modest? You'd see that much of me in a Bikini."

She arose, faced them, pulled up her blouse, loosened her skirt, slipped it far down and stretched out the skin over the place where a scar would have been. "Satisfied?" she asked.

Before Mason could answer, the door burst open and Lieutenant Tragg hurried into the room. "Well, well, well," he said, "what is this—a strip tease?"

Minerva Minden said, "Mr. Mason wanted to check to see if I had had an operation for appendicitis."

"I see," Tragg said. "Now that we're all here I'll ask a few questions."

"What questions do *you* want to ask?" Minerva Minden inquired.

"In *your* case, Miss Minden," Lieutenant Tragg said, "I wanted to ask questions about a murder and you may be the prime suspect. I feel I should warn you."

"Whose murder?"

"The murder of Marvin Billings."

"You'll have to see my lawyer," she said.

Tragg asked, "Do you know Marvin Billings, the man who was found in a dying condition on the floor of Miss Ambler's apartment?"

"The apartment is one that I know nothing about," she said firmly. "And I have never met Marvin Billings."

"The landlady identified your picture as being the one who lived in the apartment under the name of Dorrie Ambler, and she picked you out of a lineup."

Minerva Minden said, "Well, before she identifies me as Dorrie Ambler, you'd better have Dorrie Ambler in the lineup and *then* see whom she identifies."

"I know, I know," Lieutenant Tragg said. "We're investigating, that's all."

"Well, I'm going to get up and walk out of here. If you want me for anything in the future you can come to my place with a warrant."

"I presume," Mason said to Tragg, "that you wanted to get a spontaneous identification from Miss Street and me and for that reason you arranged that we would walk in on Miss Minden and you could record our remarks."

Tragg said, "And you're quite right. I wanted your reaction when you first entered the room. Now, I take it there is a very strong resemblance between Dorrie Ambler and Minerva Minden." Then, smiling, he said, "All right, school's dismissed."

Minerva stalked toward the door, suddenly whirled, came over to Mason and extended her hand. "I like you," she said, smiled at Della Street, turned her back on Tragg and left the room.

"That was rather rough," Mason said to Tragg.

"It was, for a fact," Tragg said, "but I had to find out for sure about the extent of the resemblance. I'm satisfied it's striking," Tragg said. "What did you think, Della?"

"Her hair isn't quite the same," Della Street said. "She doesn't use the same makeup —— Oh, there are little things that a woman would notice, but the resemblance is really startling. The voices are the big difference. Dorrie talks rapidly and in a high-pitched voice."

"Well, thanks a lot," Tragg said. "I had to do it that way, Perry, because you wouldn't cooperate otherwise. The car will take you back to your office."

Mason and Della Street dropped in at Paul Drake's office on the way back from police headquarters.

"I have news for you, Perry."

"Such as what, Paul?"

"They've found the murder weapon. It's a twenty-two-caliber revolver. It was found concealed in the light-colored Cadillac and it was purchased four months ago by Dorrie Ambler. The fatal bullet matches test bullets from this gun."

"She could have been defending herself when they tried to abduct her," Mason said.

"And killed a blackmailing detective?"

"Stranger things *have* happened," Mason pointed out.

"You think Dorrie Ambler was kidnapped?" Drake asked. "I'm thinking about the time element. They'd have had a deuce of a time getting her out of the apartment house and down the stairs."

"I've been thinking about that, too," Mason said. "I wonder if they didn't keep her right there in the building."

"You mean another apartment?" Drake asked.

Mason nodded, thought for a moment, then said, "Check that and find out who has the apartments rented on the floors below and above. There's just a chance."

As Mason entered the office the next morning, Della said, "Good morning, Chief. I presume you've seen the papers—*you* certainly made the front page."

Mason took the newspaper that Della Street offered him. "Well," he said at length, "it's certainly all in here—not only what she told them but some pretty shrewd surmises. You know, I keep trying to tell myself that it needn't have been an abduction—that this thing could have all been planned."

"Including the murder?"

"Not including the murder," Mason said. "We don't know what caused that murder, but we have a premise to start with. She wanted to have the story of the look-alikes blazoned in the press. She *said* she wanted it because she didn't want to be set up as a patsy in some crime that she hadn't committed.

"Now of course that *may* not have been the real reason. The real reason may have been that she wanted to publicize her resemblance to Minerva Minden and then let the newspaper reporters get the idea they were related."

Della Street nodded.

"But," Mason said, "thanks to the quick thinking of Minerva Minden, the airport episode fizzled out. So, under those circumstances, what would an alert young woman do?"

"Well, I'll be darned," Della Street said. "You think she arranged the whole business? The abduction, the ——"

"The problem of getting the girl out of the apartment house would have been

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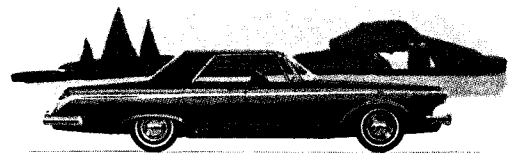

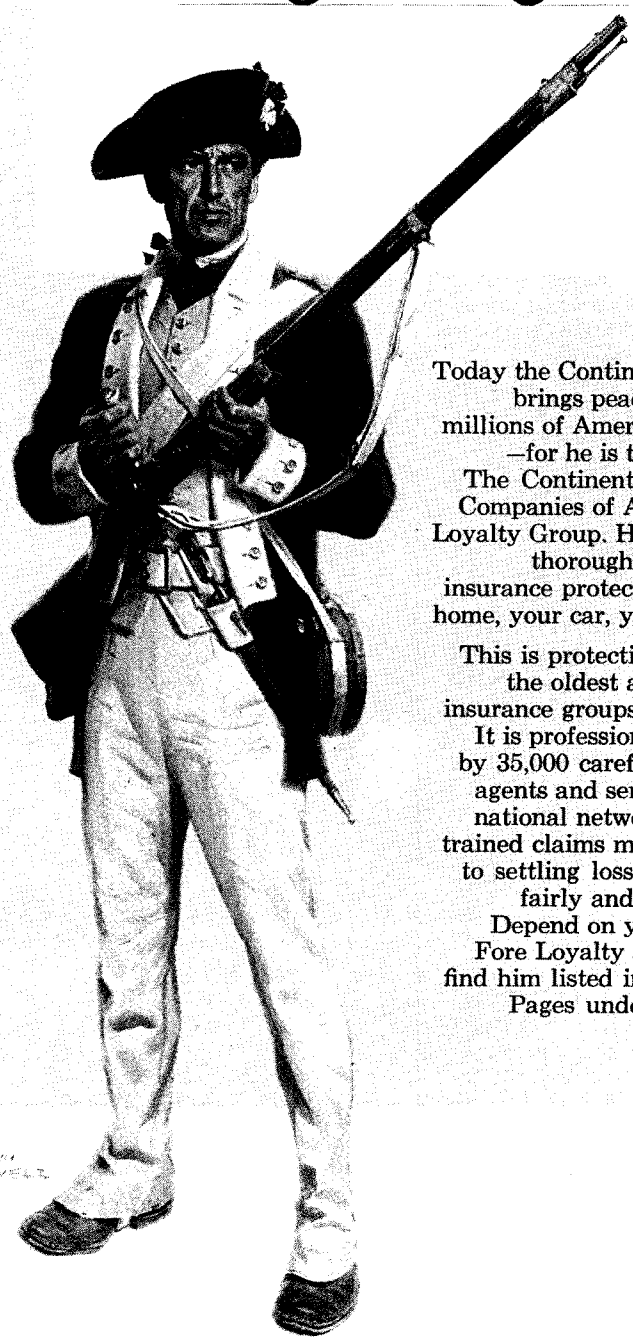

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almost insurmountable. I keep thinking that it was all part of a plan—except the murder. The murder fouled things up."

A code signal was rapped on the door of the private office, and at Mason's nod Della opened the door to let Drake in.

"What's new, Paul?" Mason asked.

"The day before the abduction a man who gave his name as William Camas inquired about vacancies. He was told there was one on the eighth floor, Apartment 805. He looked at it and put down a hundred dollars for an option, with the understanding that in three days he'd sign a lease or forfeit the deposit. The manager gave him the key."

"And what's the condition of the apartment now? What does it indicate?" Mason asked. "Any fingerprints?"

"Don't be silly," Drake said. "You thought of it and the police thought of it. If the police found anything, they're not passing out the information. No one knows if they talked with Camas."

"You couldn't find him?"

"Not a trace," Drake said. "He gave a Seattle address. My men checked it and the address is phony."

Mason said, "Hang it, Paul. I was betting they couldn't have got her out of that apartment against her will. That girl is in danger."

"Not now, she isn't," Drake said. "If anything's going to happen to her it's happened already. If she isn't dead it's because she's being held for ransom or blackmail. There's just nothing you can do, Perry, except wait it out."

Mason was silent for several seconds, then said, "OK, Paul." Drake glanced at Della Street, then left the office.

Mason started dictating. Halfway through the second letter, the lawyer gave up and started pacing the office. "Della, I can't get my mind off —— See if you can get Lieutenant Tragg on the phone."

She went to the telephone and a few moments later nodded to Mason. "He's on the line, Chief."

Mason said, "Hello, lieutenant. Perry Mason talking, and I'm worried about what's happening in the case of Dorrie Ambler. I'm just not satisfied with the way things are going."

"Who is?" Tragg countered.

"What about this Apartment 805?"

"Your client wasn't a victim but an accomplice," Tragg said. "She went from Apartment 907 down the stairs to Apartment 805. She remained there until the heat was off. A witness saw her leave willingly and under her own power."

Mason said, "Frankly, lieutenant, you've relieved me a lot. I have been aware of the possibility that this might be some part of an elaborate scheme."

"Well, Perry, that's a theory the investigators are considering. And of course that leaves us with an unexplained murder on our hands. Now it's possible this whole deal was hatched up simply to account for the presence of a corpse in your client's apartment. If it should turn out that's the case, we wouldn't like it."

"And I wouldn't like it," Mason said.

"Well," Tragg said, "I'll tell you this much. I think you can wash your hands of the case. When your client left that apartment she simply went downstairs and into Apartment 805. Later that evening a woman who has an apartment on the sixth floor saw your client riding down in the elevator. The woman knows Dorrie Ambler and has chatted with her. Dorrie was fond of this woman's dog, and the dog was fond of Dorrie. It's a strange dog. He growls if people move to pet him.

"Now, this woman witness saw that Dorrie Ambler was wearing dark glasses and didn't want to be recognized. But the dog nuzzled her leg and wagged his tail. Then the elevator came to a stop and Dorrie hurried out.

"The woman saw that a man was waiting in a car at the curb, and Dorrie jumped in and was whisked away."

"Fingerprints?" Mason asked.

"None," Tragg said. "That's a strange thing. Both apartments 907 and 805 have evidently been scrubbed clean."

Mason smiled. "Well, lieutenant," he said, "you make me feel a lot better, even if it looks as if I have been victimized."

"All right, Perry," Tragg said.

The lawyer hung up and turned to Della Street. "Well, Della, we can get on with the mail now. I guess our erstwhile client was quite a schemer. You lisened in on Tragg's conversation?"

Della Street nodded. "But if Dorrie Ambler had played it straight and let you present her claim to the estate, she could have shared in millions of dollars. Now she's got herself into a murder."

Mason arose and started pacing the floor. "If it weren't for two things," he said at length, "I'd question the accuracy of Tragg's conclusions."

"What things, Chief?" Della asked.

"First," Mason said, "we know that our client has been scheming to attract publicity. We *know* she wanted to do something to make the newspapers pub-

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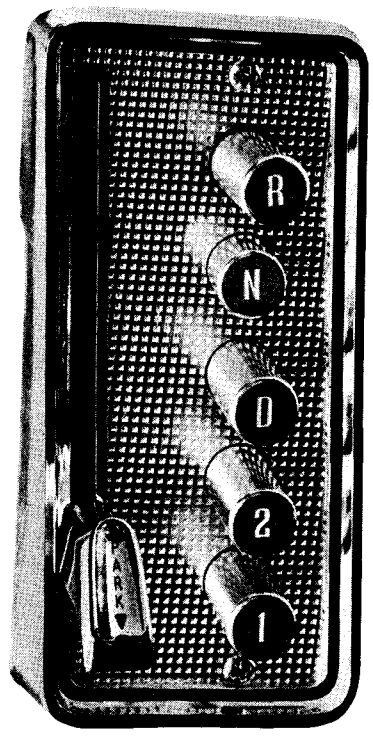

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licize the resemblance between her and Minerva Minden."

"And the second thing?" Della asked.

"The dog," Mason said. "Dogs don't make mistakes. Therefore our client was alive well after the supposed abduction.

"So, realizing now that Dorrie was merely trying to inveigle me into her scheme, that she was free to call me long after her supposed abduction, and didn't do so, I can forget her. Now, thanks to a little dog, I can quit worrying. Let's get back to that pile of mail."

Della Street, entering from the outer office, paused in front of Perry Mason's desk. When the lawyer looked up she said, "It's been ten days since Dorrie Ambler disappeared, and you've managed to forget about it and get yourself back to a working schedule."

"Well?" Mason asked.

"Now," she said, "Henrietta Hull is in the outer office."

"Bring her in, Della. I want to talk with her."

Della Street left the office and a few moments later returned with Henrietta Hull striding along in her wake.

"We've met," Henrietta Hull said, marching across to Mason's desk and giving him a firm grip with a bony hand. "Minerva has been taken into custody. They picked her up at three o'clock this morning for questioning. She said if I didn't hear from her by nine o'clock this morning I was to give you a check for twenty thousand dollars as a retainer."

"You write checks on her account?"

"Certainly. I'm her manager."

Henrietta Hull calmly opened her purse, took out an oblong of tinted paper.

"I have tried to explain to you," Mason said, "that I have represented Dorrie Ambler and I'm afraid there is going to be a conflict of interest."

"For your information, Mr. Mason, Dorrie Ambler is a fraud and a cheat. She lied to you all the way through. You don't owe her anything."

Abruptly Paul Drake's code knock sounded on the door of the private office.

Mason said, "Excuse me a moment," crossed the office, opened the door a crack and said, "I'm busy, Paul. Can it wait?"

Drake said, "It *can't* wait."

Mason hesitated a moment. "Come in," he said. "You've met Miss Hull."

Drake entered the office, said, "I don't want to interrupt, Miss Hull. But I must see Mr. Mason to give him some information at once."

"I think you'd better talk right here," Mason said.

"All right," Drake said. "Dorrie Ambler is dead. She was murdered. Her body has been found, and police have what they consider an airtight case against Minerva Minden."

Mason stood frowning for a moment, then said to Henrietta Hull, "Miss Hull, your employer is in a serious predicament. Did you know Miss Ambler was dead?"

"I knew the police said . . . that they had discovered her body, yes."

"Is Minerva guilty?"

"She is *not* guilty," Henrietta Hull said with firm conviction.

"How do you know she isn't?"

"Because of what I know of the case. Dorrie teamed up with a couple of crooks. They killed her. Now they want to blame that murder on Minerva. Minerva is not guilty of anything. Does all this make a difference about your taking Minerva's case? She wants you as her attorney."

Drake cleared his throat, caught Mason's eye, shook his head.

"Why not, Paul? Come out with it," Mason said.

"All right," Drake said. "Police have got the case against her wrapped up. Her accomplice has confessed."

"Who was it?" Mason asked.

"The man she hired to accompany her to Dorrie Ambler's apartment and abduct her."

"Do you know the details, Paul?"

"Only generalities. This fellow's name is Dunleavey Jasper. He says that Minerva told him that Dorrie Ambler stood in the way of her keeping exclusive control of her fortune, that she wanted Dorrie out of the way, and she wanted Jasper to help her.

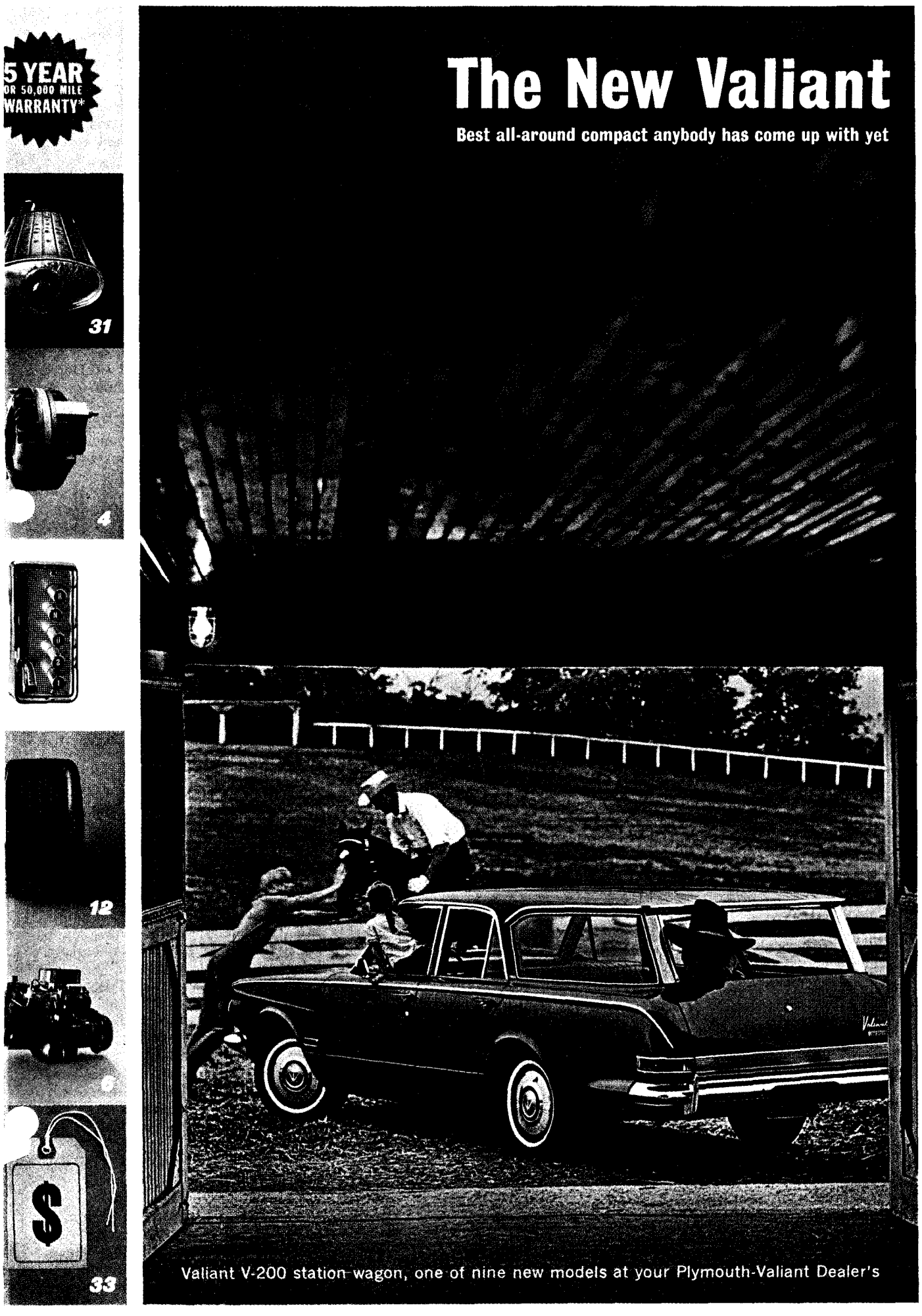
"Jasper has a long criminal record. Billings tried to blackmail Minerva, not Dorrie Ambler. He wound up with a fatal bullet in his chest."

"And they've arrested Minerva Minden for the murder of Dorrie Ambler?"

Drake shook his head. "They're going to prosecute her first for the murder of Marvin Billings. The Ambler murder depends on circumstantial evidence, but they've got several admissions and an eyewitness in the Billings murder."

Mason reached a sudden decision. He said, "I'll represent her on the murder of Marvin Billings. If that's the murder she's being charged with, I'll be her attorney in that case."

"Fair enough," Henrietta Hull said. "Consider yourself retained, Mr. Mason."



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Mischievous Doll

Perry Mason, seated in the consulting room in the jail building, looked across at Minerva Minden and said, "Minerva, I am going to ask you one question. Did you murder Marvin Billings?"

"No."

"At the moment that's all I want to know," Mason said.

"All right," she told him. "Now I have a confession to make to you. I ——"

Mason held up his hand. "I don't want to hear *any* confession."

"This isn't what you think it is. It doesn't relate to ——"

"How do you know what I'm thinking?" Mason interrupted.

She said, "Because this is something that would never have occurred to you. It's about another matter entirely."

Mason said, "Hold it, Minerva. You've told me that you're innocent of the murder on which you're to be tried. Now then, any communication made by a client to an attorney is privileged, but if you tell me that you have committed some crime, particularly if it's a different crime from the one you're charged with, the situation changes. I am your attorney, but I am also a citizen. If I know that you have committed a serious crime, I put myself in the position of being an accessory."

She thought that over for a few seconds, then said, "I see."

Judge Everson Flint glanced at the deputy district attorney who was seated with Hamilton Burger at the prosecutor's counsel table. "The peremptory is with the people."

"We pass the peremptory," the deputy announced.

Judge Flint looked at the defense table. "The peremptory is with the defense, Mr. Mason."

Mason arose and made a gesture of acceptance. "The defense," he said, "is completely satisfied with the jury."

After the jury had been sworn, Colton Parma, the deputy, at a nod from Hamilton Burger, the district attorney, arose to make the opening statement.

"This is going to be a very brief opening statement, if it please the court, and you, ladies and gentlemen of the jury," he said. "We propose to show that the defendant in this case, who inherited a fortune from Harper Minden, had reason to believe that there were other relatives who were entitled to share in the estate; specifically, a young woman named Dorrie Ambler, who was the daughter of the defendant's mother's sister.

"The sister had died unmarried. We will show that the defendant had unearthed evidence that Dorrie Ambler was actually the daughter of her mother's sister, born out of wedlock, and that she and the defendant *had the same father*.

"We are simply setting forth the facts in order to show the state of mind of the defendant. The defendant was at the Montrose Country Club attending a dance on the night of September sixth and had several drinks. She had an altercation with her escort and left the country club in anger.

"We expect to show that the defendant found an automobile in the parking place that had the motor running. It was a Cadillac, license number WHW 694 and had been stolen in San Francisco, although the defendant couldn't know that. The defendant drove away in this stolen car. At the intersection of Western Avenue and Hollywood Boulevard she went through a stop signal, struck a pedestrian, jumped out of the car, then changed her mind and drove away.

"We will show that the defendant concocted a brilliant scheme for absolving herself of liability. She hired a firm of private detectives and placed an ad in the newspaper, offering employment to a young woman who met a certain physical description. Dorrie Ambler answered that ad. Her resemblance to the defendant was so striking that it aroused the defendant's suspicion.

"We will show that the scheme was to have Dorrie Ambler walk by the witnesses who had seen the hit-and-run accident. The defendant hoped Dorrie Ambler would be identified by those witnesses.

"Once they had made a mistaken identification, the defendant felt that she herself would be immune from subsequent prosecution. However, when she saw how much Dorrie Ambler resembled her, the defendant realized that the newspapers would find out that the two girls were closely related.

"It was at this point that the defendant entered into a conspiracy with one Dunleavey Jasper, who had tracked her down, and as a result of that conspiracy ——"

"Now, just a minute," Mason said. "We dislike to interrupt the prosecution's opening statement but the prosecution is now bringing in evidence of other crimes with the purpose of prejudicing the jury. We ask the court to instruct the jury to ignore those remarks."

"We know exactly what we are doing," Parma said to Judge Flint. "We are entitled to introduce evidence of *any* crimes as motivation for the murder with which this defendant is being charged."

Judge Flint said to the jury, "It is the law that a defendant being tried for one crime cannot be presumed guilty because of evidence of other crimes. Such evidence is admissible for the purpose of showing motivation. The prosecutor says that is the case here. I warn you that you are not to pay any attention to evidence of any other crimes alleged to have been committed by this defendant, except for the purpose of showing motivation for the murder of the decedent, Marvin Billings." He turned to the prosecutor. "Proceed, Mr. Deputy, and please be careful to limit your remarks."

"I am virtually finished, your Honor." Parma turned to the jury. "We expect to show that Dunleavey Jasper traced the stolen car to the possession of the defendant, that the defendant learned Dunleavey Jasper had a criminal record and that the car was stolen; that she thereupon conspired with Jasper to abduct Dorrie Ambler so that she could be removed as a possible applicant for a share of the Minden estate, and to make it seem that Dorrie Ambler had been the hit-and-run driver.

"We expect to show that in the course of this conspiracy Marvin Billings found out what was happening. The evidence will show you he was playing both ends against the middle. So Marvin Billings went to the apartment of Dorrie Ambler and arrived at the moment when Miss Ambler had been given a drug and had been spirited to another apartment on the floor below. Billings sounded the door chimes. After a moment's hesitation the defendant opened the door, trusting to her resemblance to Dorrie Ambler to carry off the scene.

"At first Billings was deceived, but as he kept talking to the defendant he realized the impersonation. Then he tried blackmail, and the defendant shot him with a twenty-two revolver.

"Shortly after the shooting of Billings the chimes on the apartment door sounded again. We expect to show you that the persons then at the door were Perry Mason, the attorney for the defense, and Paul Drake, a private detective.

"The conspirators got out the back door of the apartment. When Mason and Drake entered the apartment they found Marvin Billings in a dying condition.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am not going to weary you with details. I have told you the general nature of the case so you can understand the evidence you will hear. You will hear the confession of one of the members of this conspiracy and you will hear evidence of admissions made by the defendant herself.

"So far as this trial is concerned, you must determine just one thing. That is, whether the evidence in this case proves the defendant guilty of the crime of murder, the killing of Marvin Billings. We shall ask for a verdict of guilty, a verdict of first-degree murder."

Parma turned and walked back to his seat at the prosecutor's table.

"Do you wish to make an opening statement, Mr. Mason?"

"No," Mason said.

"Call your first witness," Judge Flint said to the prosecutor.

"I will call Emily Dickson."

Mrs. Dickson, a rather attractive woman in the early forties, took the oath and seated herself on the witness stand.

"What was your occupation on the sixth of September?" Parma asked.

"I was resident manager of the Parkhurst Apartments."

"Did you know Dorrie Ambler?"

"Yes."

"Miss Ambler had an apartment in the Parkhurst Apartments?"

"She did."

"Where was it?"

"Apartment 907."

"Now I ask you if you also rented Apartment 805 prior to the twelfth day of September, and if so, do you know the name of the tenant?"

"I do now. His name was Dunleavey Jasper."

"*When* did you rent him Apartment 805?"

"On the eleventh of September."

"I will have further questions to ask of this witness upon another phase of the matter," Parma said, "at a later date."

"Very well," Judge Flint said, turning to Mason, "cross-examine."

"Can you describe Dorrie Ambler?" Mason asked.

"Yes. She was almost the exact image of the defendant there at your left."

"Would it be possible to confuse the defendant with Dorrie Ambler and vice versa?"

"It would be very possible."

"When you first saw the defendant, you identified her as Dorrie Ambler, didn't you?" Mason asked.

"Yes, I did. I told them that was Dorrie Ambler that they had in the show-up box and then they convinced me ——"

"Never mind what they convinced you about," Mason said. "Did you identify the woman in the show-up box as being Dorrie Ambler?"

"At first I did. Yes."

"Oh, you made two identifications?"

"Well, first I identified her as Dorrie Ambler and then I identified her as Minerva Minden."

"Despite the fact you had never seen Minerva Minden?"

"I had seen her picture in the newspapers. That was why the police called on me in the first place. I rang them up and told them that the picture in the paper of Minerva Minden was actually the picture of Dorrie Ambler, who had rented an apartment in my building."

"When did Dorrie Ambler rent the apartment from you?"

"In May."

"And how do you know it wasn't the defendant, Minerva Minden, who rented the apartment from you?"

"Because at that time I had never seen Miss Minden."

"Thank you," Mason said. "No further cross-examination."

Parma said, "You may step down, Mrs. Dickson. Now then, I am going to call Lieutenant Tragg to the stand briefly, for a matter of identification."

"Very well. . . . Lieutenant Tragg to the stand," Judge Flint ordered.

Tragg was sworn and testified that he had gone to Apartment 907 at the Parkhurst Apartments in response to a call, that he had found there a man in a dying condition; that the man was subsequently identified as Marvin Billings, a private detective, that Billings was dead on arrival at the hospital.

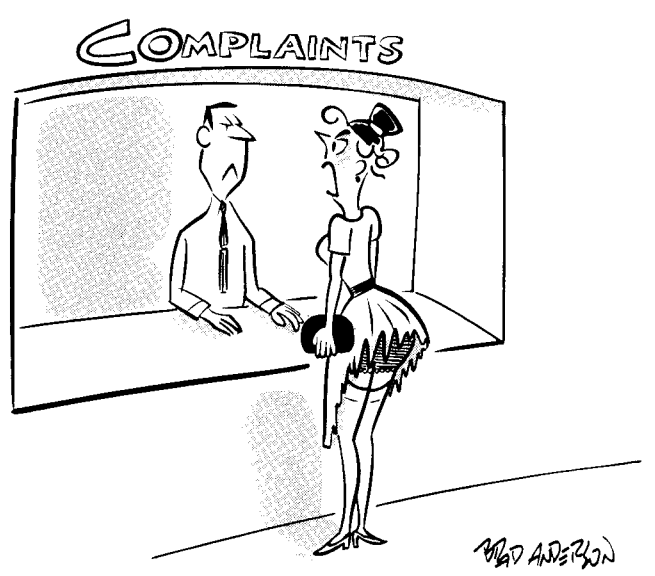
"Thank you," Parma said. "You may cross-examine."

"No questions," Mason said.

"Call Delbert Compton," Parma said.

Compton, a heavyset man in his early fifties, eased himself into the witness chair and surveyed the courtroom.

"Your name is Delbert Compton, you reside in this city and are the junior



"I'd like to report an elevator door that closes too fast."

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Mischievous Doll

partner and manager of the Billings and Compton Detective Agency?"

"Yes, sir."

"You handle office work, and your partner, Marvin Billings, was in charge of outside operations?"

"Yes, sir."

"If the court please," Hamilton Burger said, getting to his feet, "I think my associate is hesitant about pointing out that this man is a hostile witness. I would like to have the court rule him a hostile witness and give permission to ask leading questions."

"He has shown no hostility so far," Judge Flint said. "When the matter reaches that point, if it does, you may renew your motion. . . . Go ahead, Mr. Parma."

"During September were you employed by the defendant in this case?"

"Well—I suppose so —— Yes."

"Who employed you?"

"Her representative, Henrietta Hull."

"And what was the purpose of the employment?"

"I was told to put an ad in the paper for women of a certain description."

"Then what did you do?"

"I had one of my operatives rent a suite in a hotel and interview applicants."

"What instructions were you told by Henrietta Hull to give your operative?"

"She didn't tell me."

"She didn't tell you what to do?" Parma asked.

"I didn't say that. I said she didn't tell me what to tell my operative."

Parma looked at Judge Flint somewhat helplessly. "All right," Judge Flint said, "take your ruling. Ask leading questions."

"I'll put it this way, Mr. Compton," Parma said. "Didn't Henrietta Hull, acting on behalf of the defendant in this case, advise you in general terms to arrange an elaborate setup for interviewing applicants, that you were to hire the person who had the closest resemblance to a certain photo?"

The witness hesitated.

"Answer the question," Judge Flint said sharply.

"Well . . . yes."

"Didn't you hire a woman named Dorrie Ambler, and didn't she telephone you each day to get instructions?"

"Yes."

"And didn't you, following instructions given by Henrietta Hull, get this woman to walk up and down Hollywood Boulevard near the Western Avenue intersection to see if a witness, Mrs. Ella Granby, would identify her as the person driving the hit-and-run car?"

"I didn't tell her all that."

"But you did tell her to walk up and down Hollywood Boulevard near the intersection of Western and to report to you anything that happened?"

"Yes."

"And she did report that a woman had made an identification?"

"Yes."

"Cross-examine," Parma snapped.

Mason said, "How did you know Henrietta Hull was the representative of the defendant?"

"She told me so."

"In person or over the telephone?"

"Over the telephone."

"Then you have never seen Henrietta Hull. Is that correct?"

"That is correct. I talked with her over the telephone."

"You received pay for your work?"

"Yes."

"In the form of a check?"

"In cash."

"But if you have never met Henrietta Hull she couldn't have given you the cash."

"She sent it to me by messenger."

"How much?"

"Thirty-five hundred dollars."

Mason held his eyes on the witness. "For all you know, Mr. Compton," he said, "you were hired, not by the defendant, *but by Dorrie Ambler.*"

"What?" the witness asked, startled.

"Mr. Compton, if Dorrie Ambler had wanted to attract attention to her remarkable similarity to the defendant in this case, and if she had told you she was Henrietta Hull and had asked you to put that ad in the paper and to hire Dorrie Ambler when she showed up to apply for the job, was there anything in the facts of the case, as you know them and as covered by your testimony, which would have negatived such an assumption?"

"Objected to," Parma said, "as calling for a conclusion of the witness and assuming facts not in evidence."

"Sustained," Judge Flint said.

Mason, having made his point so that the jurors could get it, smiled at the witness. "You don't *know* that the person you were talking with on the telephone was Henrietta Hull, do you?"

"No, sir."

"Did you ever at any time during the employment call Henrietta Hull?"

"No, sir. My instructions were to never call her."

"Given to you by someone who, for all you know, could have been Dorrie Ambler or any other woman?"

"It was only a voice over the telephone," Compton said.

"And from time to time this same voice would call you and give you instructions as to what you were to do?"

"Yes."

"You never met the defendant prior to her arrest?"

"No."

"You never called the defendant to find out if she had authorized Henrietta Hull to make you any such proposition, and you never called Henrietta Hull?"

"That's right."

"No further questions," Mason said.

Hamilton Burger rose to his feet. "Call Dunleavey Jasper."

Dunleavey Jasper, a rather slender young man in his early thirties who managed to convey the impression of slinking as he walked forward, was sworn and took the witness stand.

"Now, your name is Dunleavey Jasper," Hamilton Burger said. "Where do you reside, Mr. Jasper?"

"In the county jail."

"You are being held there?"

"Yes."

"You are charged with crime?"

"Yes."

"Do you know the defendant?"

"Yes, sir."

"When did you first meet the defendant?"

"Around the ninth of September."

"Did you know Dorrie Ambler?"

"Yes, sir."

"How did you get acquainted with Dorrie Ambler?"

"She stole my get-away car, a Cadillac automobile, license number WHW 694."

"This was *your* get-away car?"

"My partner and I stole it in San Francisco for a getaway."

"Who was this partner you refer to?"

"A man named Barlowe Dalton."

"Where was the car when it was taken from you?"

"At the Montrose Country Club. My partner and I had intended to get in the cloakroom and strip it."

"And what happened?"

"A woman stole our car."

"Can you explain that?"

"This woman was at the dance. She was intoxicated. She had a fight with her escort and walked out on him. She jumped in our get-away car, which was standing there with the motor running, and drove away."

"Then what did you do?"

"Well," the witness said, "we *had* to find that car in a hurry because we had left over ten thousand dollars in the glove compartment."

"Where did this money come from?"

"We had held up the branch bank in Santa Maria and had taken about eighteen thousand bucks."

"Go ahead."

"Well, we had to find the car, so we asked around. I talked to some guys here that I'd pulled jobs with before and found out that the car had been in a hit-and-run accident. Then we got a tip that the car was stashed in Dorrie Ambler's garage, and we found the car. But the money was gone, so we started shadowing Dorrie Ambler.

"So we decided to find out when she would be away long enough for us to make a complete search. We had some difficulty picking up her trail, but we finally did."

"Where did she go?" Burger asked.

"She went to the office of Perry Mason," the witness said.

"And then?" Burger asked, as the jurors leaned forward in tense interest.

"And from there to the airport, where she waited until the defendant went into the women's room. At that time she approached the newsstand, said, 'This *isn't* a holdup,' fired a gun three times and ran into the women's room."

"Then what happened?" Burger asked.

"Shortly after that the defendant emerged and was arrested. At first she had us fooled, but there was a difference in voices. So after the police took the defendant away we waited, and sure enough Dorrie emerged from the restroom."

"What did you do then?"

"Followed Dorrie Ambler back to her apartment. By that time we had learned the woman arrested was Minerva Minden; so we decided we might be on the track of something big."

"And what did you do then?"

"When the defendant was released on bail we contacted her."

"And what happened?"

"We tried for a shakedown, but she got smart and suggested that we go to the police. Well, we couldn't afford to have the police nosing around. The next thing I knew *she* suggested that she wanted Dorrie Ambler kidnaped."

"Did she say why?"

"She said Dorrie was trying to bring about some situation where she would be mistaken for the defendant, and it would cost her a lot of money to buy Dorrie off. So then we told the defendant Dorrie had grabbed ten grand from us and that we'd decided to get it back—and one thing led to another and finally the defendant asked us if we could get Dorrie—well, out of the picture."

"And what did you and your partner say to that?" Burger asked.

"Well, we said we could if the price was right. She offered us fifty grand, and gave us five grand as a guarantee."

"Go on," Hamilton Burger said.

"Well, we started making plans."

"Now, when you say *we* started making plans, whom do you mean?"

"Well, there was the defendant, Minerva Minden; my partner, Barlowe Dalton, and me."

"And what did you decide on? What did you actually do?"

"I found a vacant apartment on the eighth floor of the Parkhurst Apartments. It was almost directly under Apartment 907 where this Dorrie Ambler lived."

"You rented that apartment?"

"Yes, sir."

"What name did you give?"

"The name of William Camas."

"Then what did you do?"

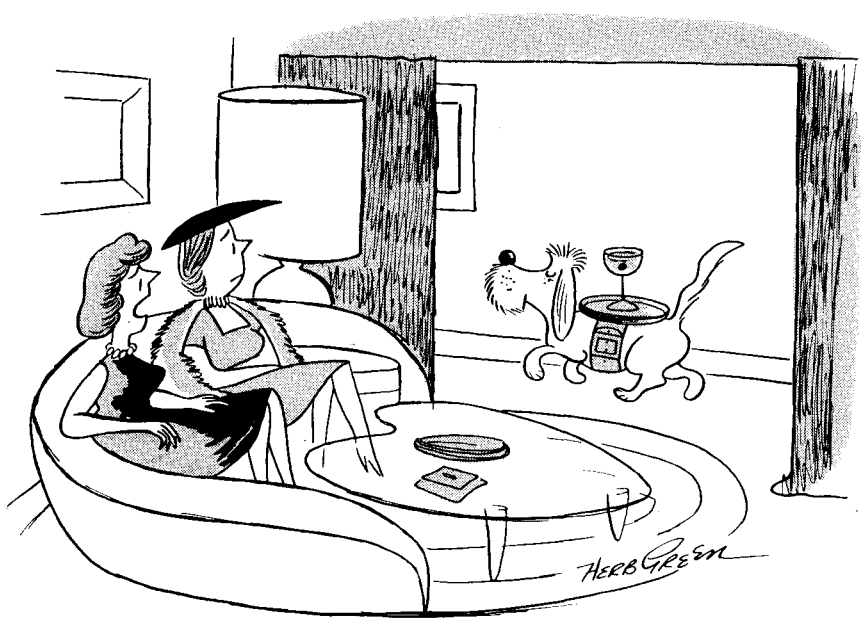
"Well, it was all fixed up with the defendant that right after the court hearing she'd rush out to the apartment house and we'd put our plan in operation and get rid of Dorrie Ambler."

"All right, what happened?"

"Well, we knocked on the back door and said we had a delivery, and Dorrie Ambler opened the door and we grabbed her right then. We put a gag in her mouth and a gun in her back and hustled her down to Apartment 805. Then we put her out with a shot of morphine."

"Then what?"

"Shortly after that the defendant showed up, so we went upstairs and took



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

". . . and all along I thought he was training him to hunt."

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"Mason switched slides," Burger argued. "It is a fraud upon this court and I demand that Mason be searched."

Dorrie Ambler's apartment to pieces, looking for the ten grand."

"Did you find it?"

"No."

"Very well. Can you tell us what happened then?"

"Then I told the defendant that while we kept looking we'd better arrange for a getaway."

"What did you do?"

"I started barricading the door between the kitchen and the living room so we could open it ourselves but hold off anyone that came in the front door—and that was when the doorbell rang and this man Billings was there."

"All right, go on."

"Well, I'm getting just a little ahead of my story. The defendant also searched the apartment for something. She didn't tell me what, but she had found a twenty-two-caliber revolver."

"And then?"

"Well, then is when the doorbell rang and this Marvin Billings was there and the defendant went to the door and tried to shoo him away."

"What happened?"

"He just pushed right in and wanted to know what was going on. And the defendant, pretending to be Dorrie Ambler, said that somebody had been searching for something and that was when Billings tried to put the bite on her."

"What happened?"

"Well, he told her he knew what she'd been up to; that he was declaring himself in on the gravy and he said something about not being born yesterday, and—well, then's when she said, 'You may not have been born yesterday but you're not going to live until tomorrow,' and I heard the sound of a shot and the sound of a body falling."

"What did you do?"

"I ran out and said: 'You've shot him!' And she said, 'Of course I've shot him. The blackmailing rat would have had us all tied up in knots if I hadn't shot him. But they'll never pin it on me. It's in Dorrie Ambler's apartment and everyone will think she shot this guy and left town.'"

"And what happened?"

"Well, almost immediately after that the chimes rang and I grabbed the mattress and rushed into the kitchen and we barricaded the kitchen door. Then we waited a minute to see what would happen. That's when the defendant lost her head and started to scream. I had to grab her and put a hand over her mouth."

"Where was your partner, Barlowe Dalton, at that time?"

"He was down in 805 riding herd on Dorrie Ambler."

"Go on; what happened?"

"Well, the people at the door turned out to be Perry Mason and this detective, Paul Drake. They smashed their way into the apartment, and then the defendant and I slipped down the stairs and holed up in Apartment 805 with Barlowe Dalton and Dorrie Ambler. Dorrie Ambler was unconscious by that time."

"Go on," Hamilton Burger said. "What happened after that?"

"Well, we hung around there until quite late, and then the defendant said she'd put on Dorrie Ambler's clothes and go out, and if the coast was all clear she'd blink her car lights at the curb and we could take Dorrie out."

"Was Dorrie conscious by that time?"

"She was conscious but groggy."

"So what happened?"

"Well, the defendant went out. She left us a gun—a thirty-eight."

"Did you have any talk with her about what happened after that?"

"She said that she got in the elevator with some woman and a dog, who was already in the elevator. She said the dog pushed his nose against her skirt and leg and wagged his tail. She said it really gave her a bad time."

"Do you know what happened with Miss Ambler?"

"Not of my own knowledge, only what Barlowe Dalton told me."

"You didn't stay with Dalton?"

"No, he took care of Dorrie, and I went over the apartment with an oil rag, covering every place where fingerprints might have been left. We'd done the same in Dorrie Ambler's apartment as we were searching it."

"Now then," Hamilton Burger said, "a question which you can answer yes or no: Did Barlowe Dalton tell you what he had done with Dorrie Ambler?"

"Yes."

"Did you subsequently communicate to the police what Barlowe Dalton told you? I am not asking what Barlowe Dalton told you. I am asking you simply what you did."

"I told Lieutenant Tragg what Barlowe Dalton had told me."

"Where is Barlowe Dalton now?"

"He is dead."

"When and how did he die?"

"He was killed when a policeman caught him in a holdup."

Hamilton Burger turned to Perry Mason and bowed. "You may cross-examine," he said.

Minerva Minden grabbed Mason's coat sleeve, pulled herself close to his ear. "That's a pack of lies," she said. "I never saw this man in my life."

Mason nodded, got to his feet and approached the witness. "How do you know that your partner, Barlowe Dalton, is dead?" he asked.

"I saw him killed."

"Where was he when he was killed?"

"At the Nu-Cash Supermarket."

"And what were you doing there?"

"We were holding up the place."

"Your partner was killed and you were taken to jail?"

"Yes."

"And how long after you were taken to jail was it that you told the police all you knew about the defendant and Dorrie Ambler?"

"It was—well, it was a couple of days."

"Have you previously been convicted of a felony?"

"Yes, sir."

"How many times?"

"Three times."

"You knew that you'd go up for life as a habitual criminal?"

"Yes," Jasper answered.

"You knew that you had conspired with the defendant to commit a murder as well as a kidnapping?"

"Yes."

"You knew that you were an accessory after the fact in the murder of Marvin Billings?"

"Well—all right, I suppose I was."

"Because of your predicament, didn't you finally offer to give a confession on a crime they were very anxious to solve, if they would give you immunity from prosecution on all of these other charges?"

"Well—not exactly."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that they told me that I had better come clean and throw myself on their mercy, or it would mean that I got life as a habitual criminal and they'd see that I served every minute of it, unless I

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cooperated and helped them clear up a bunch of unsolved crimes."

"And *did* you get the promise of immunity from prosecution?"

"In a way, yes."

"Now just a minute," Mason said. "Wasn't it a conditional promise of immunity? Didn't the district attorney say to you in effect that if your story resulted in proving a murder and bringing the murderer to justice, that then you would be given immunity provided your testimony was of material help?"

"Well, something like that."

"So," Mason said, leveling his finger at the witness, "you are charged with a crime which with your record will probably mean a life sentence, and you have made a bargain with the district attorney that if you can concoct a story which will convince this jury that the defendant is guilty of first-degree murder, you can walk out of this courtroom and resume your life of crime; on the other hand, if your story isn't good enough to convince the jury, then you don't get immunity."

"Now, just a minute, just a minute," Hamilton Burger shouted, getting to his feet. "That question is improper, it calls for a conclusion of the witness, it's argumentative ——"

"I sustain the objection," Judge Flint said. "Counsel can ask the question in another way."

"The district attorney told you that if your story resulted in clearing up a murder you might be given immunity?"

"Well, nobody said that in so many words."

"I'm saying it in so many words," Mason said, turning on his heel. "That's all the cross-examination I have of this witness at this time."

Hamilton Burger, his face flushed and angry, said, "I'll recall Lieutenant Tragg to the stand."

"You have already been sworn, Lieutenant Tragg," Judge Flint said. "Just take the stand." Tragg settled into the witness chair.

"Lieutenant Tragg," Burger said, "I will ask you if, following a conversation with Dunleavey Jasper, you made a trip to the vicinity of Gray's Well by automobile?"

"I did."

"And what did you look for?"

"I looked for any place where the road ran near a sloping sand dune where one man could drag a body down the slope."

Mason interrupted. "I object, if the court please, to the last part of the witness's statement as a conclusion of the witness, not responsive to the question and having no bearing on the facts of the case as we have those facts at present."

"The objection is sustained. The last part of the answer will go out," Judge Flint said.

"And what did you find?" Hamilton Burger asked, smiling at the knowledge that the jury had got his point.

"We found a sand hill where there were faint indications that something had disturbed the surface, and at the bottom of the sand hill we uncovered the decomposed body of a woman."

"I will ask you this, Lieutenant Tragg. Did anything about the body give any clue to its identity?"

"Well, the tips of the fingers were badly decomposed but by pickling the fingers in formaldehyde and hardening them, we got a fairly good set of fingerprints."

"Now then, Lieutenant Tragg, did you make prints of the thumbs of this body?"

"We did. As best we could."

"I am going to ask if you found any other physical evidence on the body."

"We found a purse containing a receipt for rent of Apartment 907 at the Parkhurst Apartments, made out in the name of Dorrie Ambler. There were other receipts too. We also found a key to Apartment 907."

"Did you find a driving license made to Dorrie Ambler?"

"Yes, but not on the body. The driving license was in the possession of the defendant at the time of her arrest, tucked in her purse."

"And did that driving license contain the thumbprint of the applicant?"

"It contained a photocopy of it."

"And did you subsequently compare the thumbprint of the cadaver with the thumbprint on the driving license of Dorrie Ambler?"

"I did."

Burger introduced a photographic enlargement of the thumbprint taken from the driving license. Then he introduced a photograph of the thumbprint of the body Lieutenant Tragg had found.

"Now then, Lieutenant Tragg," Hamilton Burger said, "pointing to these two enlarged photographs which are on easels standing where the jurors can see them, can you point out any similarities?"

"Yes sir, I can. I have listed six points of similarity."

"Will you take this pointer and indicate them on the easels?"

Lieutenant Tragg pointed out the various similarities.

"Were you able to form an opinion as to the age and sex of the decedent?"

"Oh, yes. The body was that of a female apparently in her early twenties."

"Did you find anything else near the body of this woman, Lieutenant Tragg?" Burger asked.

"We found a thirty-eight-caliber revolver with one discharged shell and five loaded shells. It was a Smith and Wesson with a two-inch barrel, Number C-48809."

"Did you subsequently make tests with that gun in the ballistics department?"

"I did."

"And what did you find?"

"The test bullets and the fatal bullet showed identical striations. The bullets had been fired from the same gun."

Lieutenant Tragg presented photographs of the fatal bullet and the test bullet, which were accepted into evidence with Mason's consent.

"You may cross-examine," Hamilton Burger said abruptly.

Mason approached the witness. "Lieutenant Tragg, was the body you discovered that of Dorrie Ambler?"

Lieutenant Tragg hesitated. "I think that it ——"

"I don't want to know what you *think*," Mason interrupted. "I want to know what you *know*. Was the body that of Dorrie Ambler or not?"

"I don't know," Tragg said.

"You didn't get enough points of similarity from the fingerprint to establish identification?"

"Well . . ."

"Be frank, lieutenant," Mason interrupted. "It takes a minimum of twelve points of identity to establish positive fingerprint identification, does it not?"

"Well, no, it does not," Tragg said. "We have had many cases where we could make identification from less."

"How many?"

"Well, sometimes nine or ten points are enough."

"You don't consider that six points of similarity in prints are quite enough to prove identity?"

"Not by themselves. There are, of course, other matters. When you consider the probabilities of six points of similarity in the fingerprints where it was impossible to obtain a completely legible impression, where you consider rental receipts in the name of Dorrie Ambler, where you consider the key to the apartment being found in the purse of the decedent, when you consider the age, the sex, the size, the coloration of the hair; and put all those together, we have a strong mathematical probability."

"Exactly," Mason said. "You have a strong mathematical probability of identity. Yet you can't testify that the body was that of Dorrie Ambler."

"I can't swear to it positively, no, sir."

"That's all," Mason said.

Judge Flint said, "Court will now take a recess until tomorrow morning at nine-thirty. During that time the defendant will be remanded to custody, and the jurors will not discuss the case among themselves or permit it to be discussed in their presence." Judge Flint rose and left the bench.

Back in his office Mason paced the floor while Della Street watched him with anxious eyes.

"Della," he said, "get Paul Drake on the line, tell him I want to know every circumstance connected with the holdup of the bank at Santa Maria. Have him fly an operative up there. I want the operative to be back here in court by morning. Tell Paul to spare no expense.

"Also tell him I want a complete report of all unsolved stickups between San Francisco and Los Angeles on the fifth, and sixth of September. He can start collecting those by calling police chiefs at the various cities."

"But, look here," Della Street said, "you can't get around Jasper's testimony about the gun, and all the conversations and the place where the body was found unless you . . ."

"The murder of Dorrie Ambler doesn't mean anything in *this* case," Mason said, "unless the jury believes Minerva told them to murder her. If I can open up a doubt on that one point, then I can blast Jasper's testimony. The death of Dorrie Ambler doesn't mean a thing unless Minerva Minden *told* them to kill her.

"Even if Minerva Minden had killed Dorrie Ambler, it wouldn't have anything to do with *this* case unless it corroborated Jasper's testimony, and if he is lying about being told to murder Dorrie Ambler, then he could be lying about the murder of Billings."

Della Street shook her head. "You could never get a jury to believe that. They'd convict Minerva anyway."

"If I play this right," Mason said, "the judge is going to have to instruct the jury to return a verdict of not guilty."

Hamilton Burger was on his feet as soon as court convened the next morning. "If the court please," he said, "I have one more piece of evidence. I have here a certified copy of the firearms register showing the purchase by Minerva Minden of a thirty-eight-caliber Smith and Wesson revolver, Number C-48809. This is a sales record kept in accordance with law and is, I believe, prima-facie evidence of the matters therein contained. I offer this in evidence."

Paul Drake, accompanied by Jerry Nelson, hurriedly entered the courtroom and caught Mason's eye. The lawyer said, "May I have the indulgence of the court for a moment, please?" And as Judge Flint nodded, Mason moved over to join the detectives.

Drake said in a low voice, "Nelson has all that's known on that Santa Maria bank job, Perry. There were three persons on it, two in the bank, one driving the get-away car. Witnesses got a partial license number and description. It's the same car as the hit-and-run car and ——"

"The driver," Mason interrupted, "was it a woman?"

Drake's face showed surprise. "How did you know? Yes, it was a woman."

"Any other jobs?" Mason asked.

"Yes, a liquor store stickup in Bakersfield. It's probably the same gang again—a light-colored Cadillac and a woman getaway driver."

"Thanks," Mason said. "That's all I need."

He turned to face Judge Flint. "If the court please, before the prosecutor calls his next witness I have a question or two in regard to fingerprints which I would like to ask of Lieutenant Tragg on cross-examination. I ask the court to be permitted to resume my cross-examination."

"The court will permit the motion. Lieutenant Tragg to the stand for further cross-examination."

As Tragg stepped forward Mason nodded to Della Street, who opened a leather case, took out a folding tripod, placed it in front of the witness, put a small projector on the tripod and erected a screen.

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"This is to be a demonstration?" Judge Flint asked.

"I simply want to project a fingerprint so that I can get it to an exact size," Mason said, "and question Lieutenant Tragg concerning points of similarity."

"Very well, proceed."

Mason turned on the projector, experimented with a spot of light on the screen, then said, "Lieutenant, I am going to take a print of the defendant's thumb on this specially prepared glass slide."

Mason went over, extended his hand, and Minerva Minden put out her thumb. Mason pressed the thumb against the slide, then said apologetically to the court, "I may have to repeat this. I am not an expert in taking fingerprints."

He went to the projector, put in the slide, focused it, and said, "I'm afraid I have smudged this one."

He took another slide from his pocket, again took a thumbprint, then returned to the projector.

"All right, I'll arrange it so the three prints are as nearly the same size as possible; that is, the print on the left, which is the thumbprint of Dorrie Ambler; the print in the center, which is the dead woman's; and over on the right, this print which I am projecting."

"Now, just a minute," Hamilton Burger said, getting to his feet. "This projection is an evanescent bit of evidence which we can't identify. The other prints are enlarged photographs which can be introduced in evidence."

"Well," Mason said, "you can have this slide introduced in evidence, put in an envelope and then marked as an exhibit."

"Very well," Judge Flint said, "let's proceed."

"Now then, lieutenant," Mason said, "these prints are all about the same size. I call your attention to this projected print and ask you if you can find points of similarity between that and the print of the dead girl. Just approach the exhibits and indicate for us any points of similarity you can find."

Tragg looked at the fingerprints thoughtfully, then said, "I'll just trace out these points, if I may, because once the projection is removed there will be nothing to indicate the points of similarity."

"That's quite all right," Mason said. "There's a sheet of white paper on which I am projecting this fingerprint."

Lieutenant Tragg took a pen from his pocket, traced lines, studied the print, made still more tracings. Finally, he backed away from the print.

"Now, how many points of similarity have you discovered, lieutenant?"

"Six," Lieutenant Tragg said.

"The exact number that you had discovered with the print of Dorrie Ambler," Mason said. "I think, lieutenant, that is rather a dramatic demonstration of the fact that an absolute identification cannot be made from six points of similarity. You have now established that this defendant is the dead woman you discovered."

Mason switched out the light in the projector, removed the slide and said, "Now, I believe that this slide was to be marked for identification." He put the slide in an envelope and handed it to the clerk.

Hamilton Burger studied the tracings of lines which had been made by Lieutenant Tragg. He beckoned, and Tragg, on his way from the witness stand, paused to confer in whispers with the prosecutor.

Now that the projection had been removed, the six points which Lieutenant Tragg had traced on the paper showed out with startling clarity.

Suddenly Hamilton Burger pushed Lieutenant Tragg back, jumped to his feet, said, "Just a moment, lieutenant. Return to the stand. . . . Now, your Honor, look at that paper screen with the marks on it and then look at the photograph of the fingerprints of Dorrie Ambler. Not only did Lieutenant Tragg find six points of similarity between the projected print and the print of the dead woman *but they're exactly the same points of similarity as shown on the Dorrie Ambler fingerprint.*"

"I'm afraid I don't understand," Judge Flint said.

"Well, I understand," Hamilton Burger said. "That print on the screen wasn't the fingerprint of the defendant at all. Perry Mason took her thumbprint, pretended that it had been smeared, went back to take another print and had an opportunity to juggle slides. The fingerprint he projected was a fingerprint of Dorrie Ambler which he had made into a slide by some photographic process which would duplicate the appearance of a freshly made fingerprint.

"I demand that Mr. Mason be searched. I want that other slide taken from his pocket before he has a chance to destroy it. This is a fraud upon the court, an attempt to conceal evidence, and a criminal conspiracy."

"Now, just a minute," Judge Flint said. "We're going to go at this in an orderly manner. Mr. Clerk, you will put that slide back in the projector. . . . Mr. Mason, the court is going to ask you to take the other slide from your pocket, and hand it to the court."

Mason put his hand in his pocket, handed a slide to the court.

"Now then," Judge Flint said, "let's have that slide which was marked for identification put back on the screen."

The clerk focused the projector.

Hamilton Burger turned to Tragg. "Now, lieutenant," he said, "forget all about the print of the dead woman. Look at the projected print and the photographic print of Dorrie Ambler and mark with this crayon the points of similarity you find in *those* prints!"

Lieutenant Tragg went to the exhibits, started tracing ridges with red crayon. After a few minutes he said, "I have already found more than eighteen points of similarity. Twelve points are sufficient to make an absolute identification."

"And that means?" Judge Flint asked.

"It means that the projected print is not the print of the defendant at all, but is the print of Dorrie Ambler."

Judge Flint turned to Perry Mason. "Mr. Mason," he said, "you stand charged before this court with a very grave offense, an offense which could well lead to disbarment proceedings. Now then, Mr. Mason, I am going to ask you how it happened that in pretending to take an imprint of the defendant's thumb you substituted a slide with the imprint of Dorrie Ambler."

"I simply suggest," Mason said, "that to avoid any confusion Lieutenant Tragg take a fingerprint of the defendant's thumb. Then we will project that on the screen, and Lieutenant Tragg can see how much similarity he finds between that and the print of the dead woman."

"I would like very much to have that done," Hamilton Burger said.

"Very well. You may proceed," Judge Flint said.

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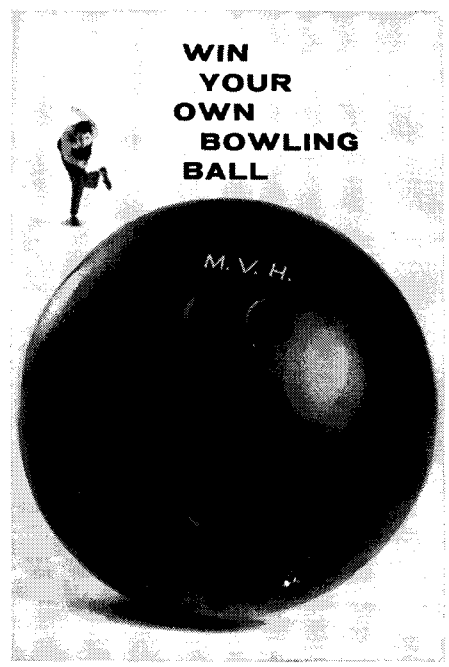

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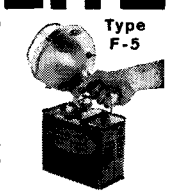

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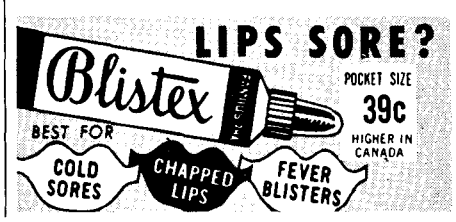

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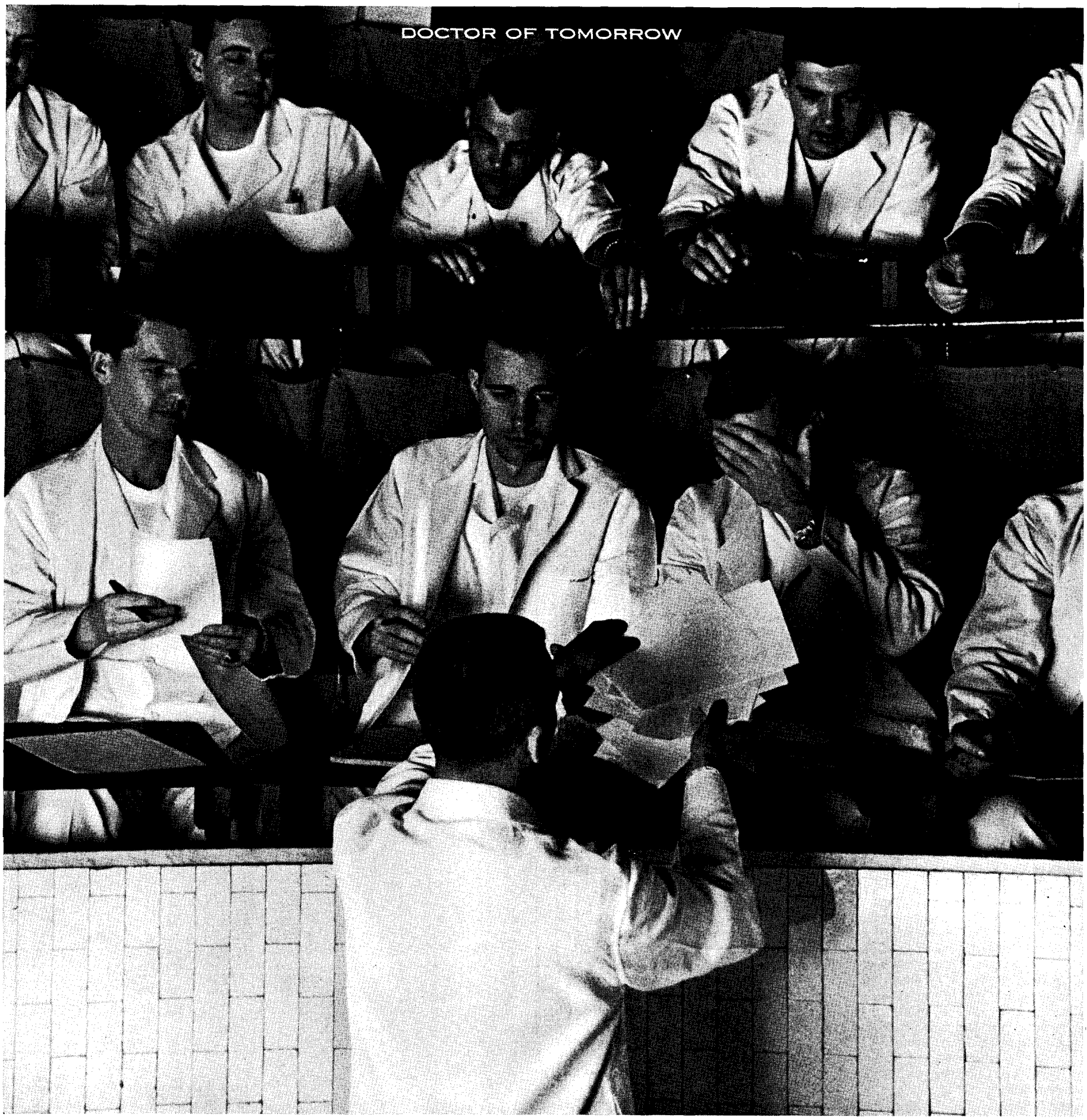

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Mason handed a slide to Lieutenant Tragg, who took a magnifying glass from his pocket, looked at it, then approached the defendant, took her thumbprint, returned to the projector, removed the slide, and inserted the slide of the thumbprint he had just taken.

"Now then," Mason said, "perhaps the lieutenant will tell us how many points of similarity there are between *that* fingerprint, the fingerprint of the dead woman and the fingerprint of Dorrie Ambler."

Lieutenant Tragg adjusted the focus, then approached the projected print. Suddenly he stopped. "They coincide," he said.

"What coincides?" Hamilton Burger snapped at him.

"The points of similarity which I have traced on the paper in red and in green coincide with the pattern now projected."

"Now, just a moment!" Hamilton Burger shouted. "I insist that we have this disposed of in the absence of the jury."

"We've had the rest of it in the presence of the jury," Judge Flint said. "I think we'll clear up this entire situation before the jury. . . . Now, lieutenant, exactly what is the meaning of this?"

"I don't know," Tragg said.

"I suggest," Mason said, "that it means the fingerprint which I put on the screen *was* the fingerprint of the defendant and that the prosecutor's charge that I had juggled slides and all of his remarks concerning misconduct were unjustified. These accusations were made in the presence of the jury and constituted misconduct on the part of the prosecutor."

"Now, let's get this straight," Judge Flint said. "Lieutenant, is it true that there are eighteen points of similarity between the fingerprint of the defendant and the fingerprint of Dorrie Ambler?"

"Yes, your honor."

"And what does that mean?" Judge Flint asked.

"It means," Perry Mason said dryly, "that either the science of fingerprinting is breaking down or that this defendant and Dorrie Ambler are one and the same person, in which event there never was any Dorrie Ambler, and the testimony of the witness, Dunleavey Jasper, that he saw the two women together is perjury.

"The court will notice that other witnesses have testified to the resemblance of Dorrie Ambler and the defendant, but no witness who had seen them together could be produced because there was only one person. Therefore the testimony of Dunleavey Jasper that he saw them together is ——"

Judge Flint shouted, "Bailiff, apprehend that man! Keep him from leaving the courtroom."

Jasper, halfway through the swinging door, was grabbed by the bailiff. The courtroom was in an uproar.

Judge Flint shouted, "The spectators will be seated! The jurors will be seated! Court will take a fifteen-minute recess."

As court was reconvened amidst a breathless hush of excitement, Mason got to his feet. "If the court please," he said, "it appearing that there never was any such person as Dorrie Ambler, and in view of the fact that the prosecutor now knows a confession of perjury has been obtained from Dunleavey Jasper, I move the court to instruct the jury to return a verdict of not guilty and discharge the defendant from custody."

"Does the prosecutor have any statement?" Judge Flint asked.

Hamilton Burger dejectedly got to his feet. "As far as the present motion is concerned, I will verify that Dunleavey Jasper has made a confession."

"I think," Judge Flint said, "that it would clarify matters if the general substance of that confession were a part of the record. Would you care to make a statement, Mr. Prosecutor?"

"It seems," Burger said, "that Dunleavey Jasper, Barlowe Dalton, and a young woman named Flossie Hendon, stole a Cadillac car and started south.

"Afterward they committed other crimes, among them the holdup of the branch bank at Santa Maria. Ten thousand dollars from this robbery was placed in the glove compartment of the stolen automobile.

"They went to the Montrose Country Club to rob the cloak room. They left their getaway car with Flossie Hendon at the wheel. But she succumbed to the urge to look in at the country club.

"Minerva Minden had apparently forfeited her driving license for drunk driving some months earlier. To obtain another license, she had established a dual identity, taking the name of Dorrie Ambler and renting the apartment in the Parkhurst Apartments.

"When she went to a country-club dance and had an argument with her escort, she ran out of the club to find a taxicab. She saw the stolen Cadillac with the motor running, jumped in and took off. Presumably she became involved in a hit-and-run accident, and put the car in the garage at the Parkhurst Apartments. From there on the situation seems to have been deliberately obscured.

"Quite naturally the three criminals wished to recover the ten thousand dollars in the glove compartment. They traced the automobile to Dorrie Ambler, eventually traced Dorrie Ambler to the Parkhurst Apartments, and went there to search the apartment after having rented Apartment 805 as a base. While they were in Apartment 907, Marvin Billings caught them red-handed. Barlowe Dalton shot him with the twenty-two-caliber revolver they had found in the apartment, where they had also found the thirty-eight revolver.

"It was at that time that Perry Mason and Paul Drake came to the door of the apartment and heard Flossie Hendon, a young delinquent who had joined the two hoodlums on their career of crime, scream because the murder of Marvin Billings frightened her.

"So Jasper says his partner, Barlowe Dalton, took her for a ride and killed her. Of course, now that Dalton is dead, Jasper glibly puts all the murders on his shoulders.

"Later, Jasper was apprehended after Barlowe Dalton was killed and conceived the idea of getting immunity for himself by confessing to the kidnaping of Dorrie Ambler and involving Minerva Minden.

"In the meantime the defendant, going to the apartment she had rented under the name of Dorrie Ambler, learned of the murder and left the building in a state of some excitement."

Hamilton Burger paused, then said, "If the court please, we felt that Dunleavey Jasper was telling the truth. We were willing to give him immunity on a relatively minor crime in order to convict a murderess.

"I have made this statement so that the record may be cleared. We are going to proceed against Dunleavey Jasper for the crimes he has admitted, and I think we will proceed against him for murder, both the murder of Marvin Billings and the murder of Flossie Hendon."

Hamilton Burger, with what dignity he could muster, turned and stalked from the courtroom, leaving to his associates the unpleasant task of remaining through the final stages of the case.

Judge Flint said, "The jurors will be instructed to return a verdict of not guilty in this case of the People of the State of California versus Minerva Minden."

Mason, Della Street and Paul Drake sat in the lawyer's office. "When," Della Street asked, "did you realize there weren't two women?"

"I first suspected it when Minny Minden showed us there was no appendectomy scar on her abdomen," Mason said.

Della Street glanced at Paul Drake. "I don't get it," she said.

Mason said, "When I asked Minerva if she had the scar of an appendicitis operation, she promptly uncovered the right spot. She showed none of the normal hesitation or confusion that a person *without* such a scar would have about where the scar ought to be. The way she handled it was just too pat."

"Now I get it," Della Street said, "but what was the scar she showed us when she first came to the office?"

"Tinted transparent tape and collodion," Mason said. "Remember her shyness? She backed into a corner away from the windows, bared herself for a moment and then, overcome by modesty, covered herself again. She didn't give any of us a really good look. Tinted tape and collodion look like a surgical scar from a distance."

"But why in the world didn't you call the attention of the court to what you had learned?" Drake asked.

"Because if I had," Mason said, "Minerva Minden would have been convicted of the murder of Marvin Billings.

"After all, Dunleavey Jasper only needed to state that, regardless of the lies he had told as to the first part of what had happened, actually Minerva Minden had killed Marvin Billings.

"Remember also that Flossie Hendon was killed with Minerva's gun. I had to manipulate things so that the ending came in such a manner that Jasper would cave in all the way."

"But now the district attorney will prosecute Minerva on a hit-and-run charge," Drake said.

"He won't prosecute her," Mason said.

"What makes you think he won't?"

"Because," Mason said, grinning, "she is going to make a voluntary appearance before the judge who had placed her on probation for her previous violations of the vehicle code. She is going to confess to her part in the hit-and-run accident and take her medicine.

"The judge will, of course, revoke her driving license for a long period and order her to make a generous settlement on the victim of the hit-and-run. She tried to confess to me on several occasions, but I headed her off. I had to."

"Why?" Drake asked.

"Because," Mason said. "I am an officer of the court. I didn't want her to confess to the hit-and-run crime until I had secured her release on this murder charge. I didn't want to have any confirmation from her own lips of what I suspected to be the case."

"But why did she take these elaborate precautions to fool us?" Della Street asked. "Why all the business of the blank cartridges at the airport and the phone call from her apartment?"

"Because," Mason said, "she had found the ten thousand dollars in the glove compartment, had learned that the car was a stolen one operated by crooks, and so she had to have Dorrie Ambler vanish into thin air in order to get the crooks off her own neck. Therefore, she put the ad in the paper, answered it herself, victimized the firm of detectives and would have been able to fool everyone if it hadn't been for the murder of Billings."

Della thought for a moment, then asked, "How could Jasper have known all those facts?"

Mason grinned. "Tragg's interview with us in the room at police headquarters—it was bugged—and the subsequent story in the newspapers. Jasper is smart. He desperately wanted immunity for his crimes. You can also bet that the police questioning gave him enough leads so he could build a pretty convincing story. Naturally the police were anxious to have all the details explained, and Jasper, having rented Apartment 805 and studied the tenant of 907, knew a lot of details he could use to make his story convincing."

The phone rang. Della Street answered it, said, "Henrietta Hull wishes to know how much your fee is going to be."

Mason grinned. "Tell her it's one hundred and fifty thousand dollars and that she shall make the check payable to the Children's Hospital. After all, I don't think Minerva should get off *too* easy." **THE END**

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Somehow it never occurred to me that I'd be an insignificant cog in a great machine up here too."

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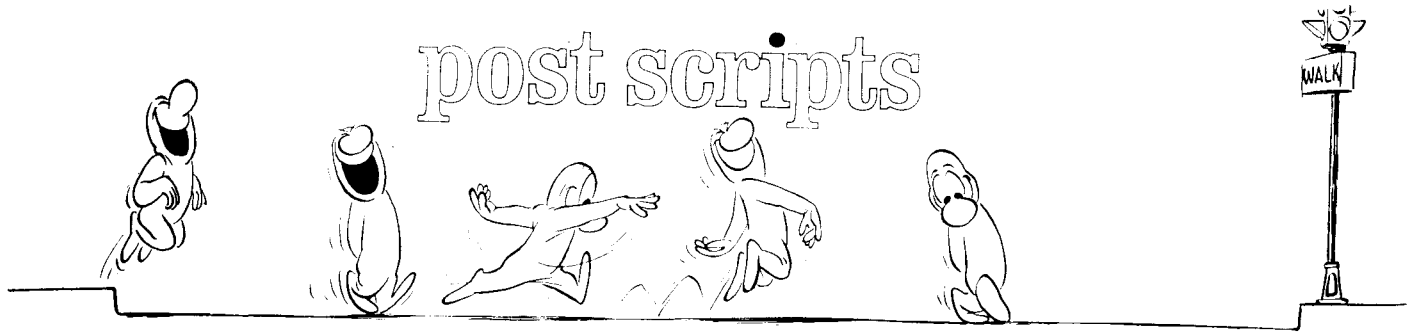
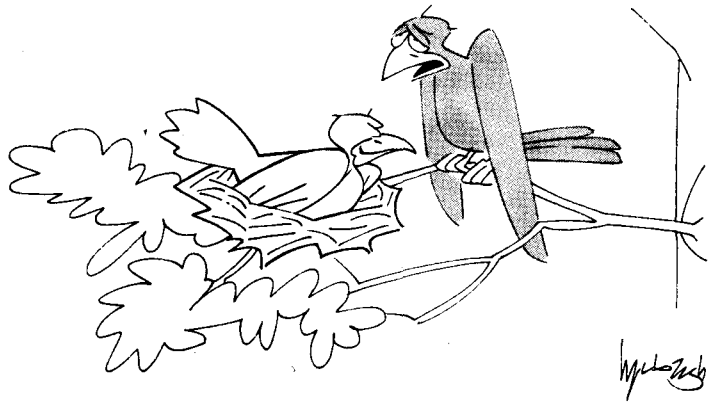
post scripts



"Oh, go ahead—join a monastery. See if I care."



"So this is what I migrated 11,000 miles for."

I THINK MY WIFE GOT SICK
ON PURPOSE!

The things that grandma did by hand
  Are being done, at present,
By automatic gadgets planned
  To make the housework pleasant;
And women now, as free as birds,
  No longer take a beating ——
Or so I claimed, last week, in words
  Which I'm at present eating.

HAL CHADWICK

"Careful—it could be a trick."

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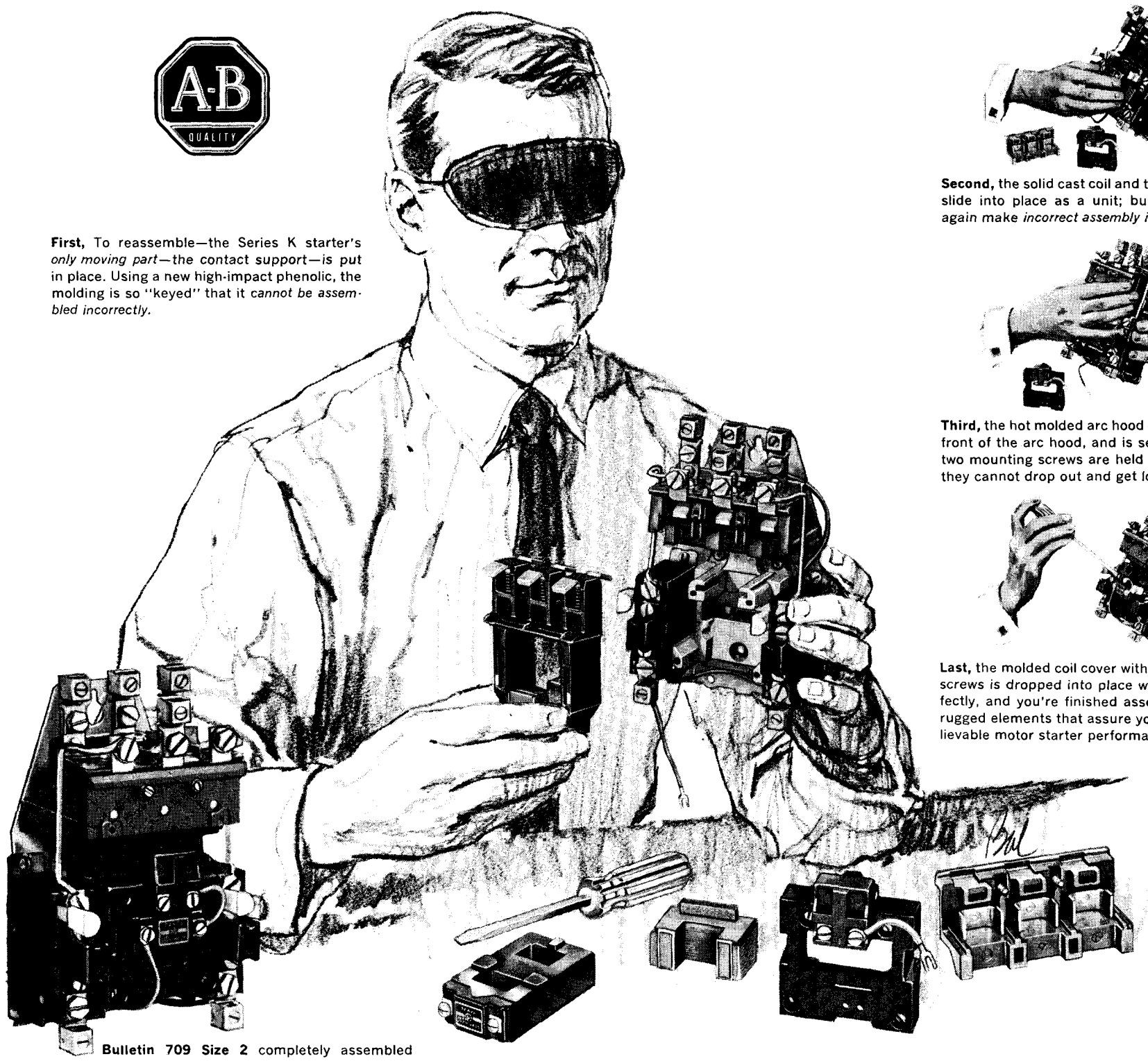
Bulletin 709 Series K Motor Starter

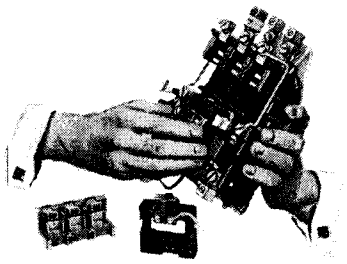
blindfold test

takes less than 4 minutes to disassemble
takes less than 5 minutes to reassemble

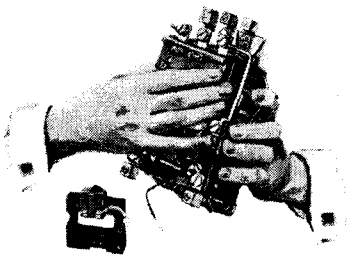
This is *not* a phony test. The Bulletin 709 Series K starter has only six basic parts—no loose nuts, bolts, washers, shims, etc. All six parts are so keyed that it is impossible to make a mistake in assembling them. ▪ Believe it or not, the Series K starter is so simple that *you* can do the blindfold test in the minutes mentioned. Consider all the possible trouble that's been eliminated by this simplicity . . . all the extra starter life that's been added. ▪ Except for size, these six basic parts are identical for all ratings. When you know one rating—all seven are an open book to you. ▪ Try the blindfold test on any other starter. You'll remember your experience! ▪ For more information on many other features of this complete Series K line, please write for Publication 6100. Or, see your local A-B appointed distributor. He can answer all your questions. Allen-Bradley Co., 1200 S. Third St., Milwaukee 4, Wisconsin. ▪ In Canada: Allen-Bradley Canada Ltd., Galt, Ontario.



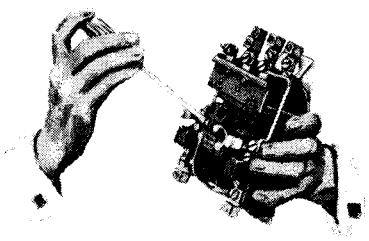
First, To reassemble—the Series K starter's *only moving part*—the contact support—is put in place. Using a new high-impact phenolic, the molding is so "keyed" that it *cannot be assembled incorrectly.*



Second, the solid cast coil and the magnet yoke slide into place as a unit; built-in "barriers" again make *incorrect assembly impossible.*



Third, the hot molded arc hood cover fits on the front of the arc hood, and is self-aligning. The two mounting screws are held captive, so that they cannot drop out and get lost.



Last, the molded coil cover with its four captive screws is dropped into place where it fits perfectly, and you're finished assembling the six rugged elements that assure you almost unbelievable motor starter performance.

Bulletin 709 Size 2 completely assembled Series K across-the-line starter, without enclosure. Rated 15 hp, 220 v; 25 hp, 440-550 v.

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The Champion Who Can't Beat A Memory

Emile Griffith remains agonized by Paret's death but says that "someday it will be all right."

By JIMMY BRESLIN

Probably someday Emile Griffith will get over the Benny Paret fight. Maybe it will be this Saturday when he defends his welterweight title against Jorge Fernandez in a nationally televised fight in Las Vegas. He does not like Fernandez, and anger should help him. But nobody knows. Certainly Emile doesn't.

"I cannot call the shot," he tells you. "It is my mind, you know. I just have to get over it myself. Someday it will be all right."

Last March Griffith caught Paret against a corner of the ring at Madison Square Garden, and he fatally injured Paret with his fists. Since then Griffith has been trying to get this out of his mind. But each time he fights, somewhere along the way his mind makes him see Paret instead of the opponent, and then Emile stops throwing punches.

Some nights, particularly before a fight, Griffith goes to bed and begins to think of "the late Benny," as he refers to Paret. Then all he can do is turn on the portable hi-fi next to his bed and listen to it until morning.

He's the Brooding Kind

The big trouble is that Griffith is unusually sensitive for a professional prizefighter. He comes from the Virgin Islands, and he still has much of the casual island way of life in him. He is bright and likable and seems younger than his 24 years. When music plays he laughs and snaps his fingers and does a little dance step. But he also gets upset easily. If somebody gives him a clap on the back as a greeting, Griffith broods. He is certain the greeter actually wanted to hurt him. A minor exchange of words can cause him to walk off in a huff.

This is what Emile Griffith is like, and it makes the Paret problem all the more terrible for him. Most fighters are cold and unimaginative about their trade. It was Sugar Ray Robinson who expressed this best. After Jimmy Doyle died following a 1947 fight with Robinson, a district attorney asked Robinson at the inquest, "Isn't it true that you deliberately tried to get Mr. Doyle into trouble?"

"Getting a man in trouble is my business," Robinson answered.

Griffith cannot think this way. You could see that back in October when Emile boxed Don Fullmer in a 10-round nontitle fight at Madison Square Garden. It was the first time Griffith had fought in New York since the Paret death. He had to go back into the same building and the same ring, and he did not want to do it.

In the morning Griffith read the papers in his room in the Henry Hudson Hotel. All mentioned that he was returning to the Garden for the first time since Paret. All the stories mentioned that Paret's widow Lucy, who had been pregnant when her husband died, had given birth to a son earlier in the week. They also carried the latest report on Alejandro Lavorante, a heavyweight who was still in a coma after being knocked out in a fight a couple of weeks before.

"Why do they have to keep writing about it?" Emile said.

After a while he put on a narrow-lapeled gray suit and a financial-district tie and went to the weigh-in. Don Fullmer, the opponent, seemed wary of Griffith when they got to the scales. Emile didn't notice. He was too deep in his own thoughts.

At 2:30 Griffith and his managers, Howard Albert and Gil Clancy, and I went to a restaurant on 14th Street, and while Emile was waiting for his steak he closed his eyes and put his head down into his hands. He stayed that way, with the others trying to think of the right thing to say. "Do you know a good joke?" Clancy asked.

"I'll pay the check," I said.

Griffith picked up his head at this. Then Clancy and Albert started talking to him about a trip they had taken to the Virgin Islands, and that kept Emile's head out of his hands until the steak came.

Prayers and Nervousness

After the meal Clancy, Albert and Griffith walked up 14th Street and went into St. Bernard's Roman Catholic Church and said prayers. Across the street was Redden's Funeral Home. Two years before, Tommy Pachecho, a little preliminary fighter who had been killed in the ring, was buried out of Redden's, and a lot of the fight mob showed up. You hoped that Griffith wouldn't remember.

Back in the hotel suite Griffith started to take out his nervousness on little things, such as a pair of athletic socks that were on the bureau in the bedroom.

"These are no good," he was saying. Albert came over to look.

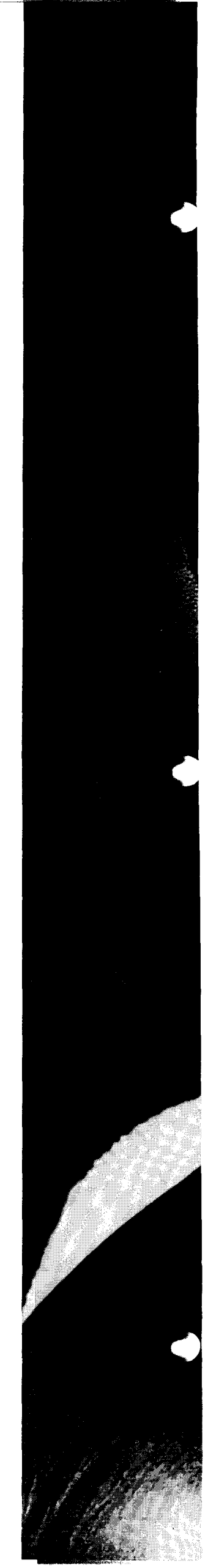
"See, they have knots inside them," Griffith said. "They will hurt my feet when I am fighting. Get better socks."

"You forget about the socks," Albert said. "We'll get better."

Gil Clancy came into the bedroom. He was taking off his shirt. "All right, Emile," he said. "Get yourself some sleep now."

The fighter nodded. He put down the socks and left for his own room. Albert and Clancy went into the sitting room of the suite. Albert is 40 and has red hair. Clancy has close-cropped dark hair and a lantern jaw. He is a 39-year-old Irishman who talks fast.

Clancy was saying, "After the Paret fight we had to have Emile go in for his title right away. I know Emile has pride.



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"In life a champion does not quit. He stays, and he takes everything that goes with staying. Fighting is his trade."

He loves that title. I figured he would fight to protect it. But if we had him in just another fight that didn't mean anything, who knows what would have happened?"

"That's why Dupas was perfect," Albert said.

They were talking about Ralph Dupas of New Orleans, who is not a hard puncher. Emile took him on in his first fight after Paret. Emile won easily, but he complained of seeing Paret instead of Dupas.

Usually managers do not share in any ordeals of their fighters. But Albert, who owns a millinery business, and Clancy, who was a high-school gym teacher, are not ordinary managers. When Griffith got to the top, they shared his joy, and when the Paret tragedy came, they found themselves going through the wringer with Emile.

Griffith never had any thought of being a fighter before he met them. Emile was one of eight children who were born at St. Thomas in the Virgin Islands and raised with a looseness attributable to poverty. Emile's father left St. Thomas and went to New York to work as an auto mechanic. His mother remarried and took four of the children with her to Puerto Rico. Emile and the three others were raised by a grandmother in a three-room house. When Emile was nine his grandmother became ill, and an aunt took care of the children. The aunt hit him with a strap a lot, Emile recalls, and he began to stay away from home.

Fighting Just to Eat

"I know she would never feed me," he says. "There was this home for boys on a road a mile outside of town, and all the other boys said that the people fed you if you were in there. So I started to stay out until very late at night and get into many fights. I thought then they would make me go to the home and I would get fed. I began to walk out to the home and ask the man at the door to let me in. Then one day he took me inside.

"I stayed there for four years. I was 14 years old when my mother sent for me. She was living in New York. So I came to Harlem."

Emile attended Frederick Douglass Junior High School. His mother held a job in a hat factory run by Howard Albert's father, and a cousin of Emile's also worked for Albert. When Albert was looking for another boy, the cousin produced Emile. So Griffith left school and took a $40-a-week job in the shipping department.

He brought with him a calypso approach to the daily rush-rush of New York's garment center. To Emile it was natural that a delivery should take a half hour, even if the place was next door.

Meanwhile Albert had been impressed by his new delivery boy's shoulders and chest and the light-footed way he walked around. He asked Griffith if he'd ever thought of doing any fighting. Griffith said no. While Emile slept one day, Albert ripped out an application blank in the New York *Daily News*. The application was for the *News*'s Golden Gloves tournament, and Albert filled in Griffith's name and weight—135 pounds at the time—and sent it in.

Egged on by the Girls

A week later Griffith received a letter giving the date of his physical examination for the boxing tournament. He said he wasn't going to go, but Albert let the girls working in the plant see the letter, and they kept after Griffith so much that he finally took the physical.

Albert loved it. As a kid he had boxed a little in the Bronx. After the war, he came back and went into the millinery business, but he'd never gotten boxing out of his system. Albert gave Griffith some training himself, turning one of the rooms in the plant into a little gym, but for expert instruction he soon turned Emile over to Gil Clancy, whom he had come to know through amateur fights around New York. Besides working in the New York school system, Clancy has been a boxing instructor for years. This made him especially valuable at St. Clair McKelway Junior High School, where he taught until last year. The school sits in the cruel Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn, and a physical-training teacher there has to help classroom teachers with the sullen bums who pass as students. Clancy, a stiff puncher, could do this well.

Clancy comes out of the Rockaway Beach area of New York. His neighborhood was called Irishtown, a jumble of bungalows and ramshackle summer saloons. The kids there learned to use their fists and drink beer at an early age.

Clancy began hanging around amateur fights and then took a job as a boxing instructor for the Police Athletic League while he was studying physical education at New York University. He was assigned to run a gymnasium in the tough south side of Jamaica, Long Island. There he found his first fighter, Ralph (Tiger) Jones, who was often seen as a television main-eventer. Clancy lacked the connections in professional boxing to go on with Jones, although he did retain a small percentage of his purses.

After graduation from college, Clancy began teaching and, in the evenings, working as a boxing instructor at a Manhattan gymnasium. This is the place where Emile Griffith came to start his career as a fighter and where he works out today.

In the beginning Emile wasn't too anxious to show up. Albert let Emile out of work at 4:30 each day so he could be at the gym by five. But on Emile's first day in the gym he was put in with Roger Harvey, a professional with some experience, and Harvey punched his head off. The next day Emile walked the 12 blocks to the gym in Virgin Islands style. It took him an hour and a half. Clancy made him get in with Harvey again, and Griffith got another beating.

Harvey began to enjoy it. "I'll see you tomorrow," he told Emile. "Be on time, boy." Emile walked to the gym even more slowly the next day.

But after a while Griffith was fighting him evenly. Pretty soon it was Griffith who was saying, "I'll see you tomorrow."

"There was no one day or one thing he did that showed you what he was going to be," Clancy recalls. "It was a gradual thing. The kid just came along. He had speed, and he could belt and take a belt. And he learned well."

After Griffith picked up all the amateur titles around, short of the Olympics, Clancy and Albert put him into professional ranks in 1958. In three years and twenty-five fights Emile Griffith was welterweight champion of the world.

Bright New Managers

In the past, amateur handlers such as Emile's were never around when a fighter made it as a pro. Frankie Carbo, a retired gunman from Albert Anastasia's combination of hired killers, ran boxing for many years. Then Anastasia was murdered and the law moved in on Carbo, who is now in Alcatraz. This opened professional boxing to people who had never been in it.

Unfortunately many of the newcomers were starry-eyed businessmen whose utter ignorance of boxing made them far more dangerous to fighters than any gunmen. Albert and Clancy were different. Albert was wise enough to stick to the money side, making sure that Griffith paid his taxes and invested in mutual funds. Clancy handled the boxing. And Clancy is much brighter than the average fight man—and just as tough.

So Emile Griffith came to the top under as clean and sound a managerial setup as the sport could offer. He won the title in April of 1961 in the first of three meetings with Paret. In a return match in September, 1961, Griffith lost back the title on a disputed decision. Paret promptly tried to win the middleweight championship from Gene Fullmer. He was badly beaten and stopped in 11 rounds. Benny's manager then signed to fight Griffith for the third time, in Madison Square Garden.

Paret, pushed on by his manager, Manuel Alfaro, made nasty cracks about Griffith's singsong voice and calypso swagger. This infuriated Griffith, and after the fight he sat in his dressing room and sobbed, "I wanted to kill him. I hated him so much for what he said, I wanted to kill him."

Then he realized that this was exactly what he had done, and Emile became a frightened boy. He stayed this way for weeks. At night, when he would finally fall asleep, he would see Paret walking toward him in a dream, and Emile would say, in the dream, "Hello, Kid, how are you?" Then he would reach out for Paret's hand, but he would never get it, and he would wake up and remember that Paret was dead.

Two weeks after the fatal fight Howard Albert's 39-year-old wife, Irene, who had been badly shaken by what had happened, contracted chicken pox and died in two days. She left two children.

It was a bad time for Gil Clancy too. In the corner before the 12th round, the one which finished Paret, Gil had held his left hand in Griffith's face and said, "This round, Emile. He goes in this round. And I want you to do it like a real professional. Start with a left hand. Then I want you to be a cold, cruel, calculating killer. Understand? A killer. I don't want you to lose your head and do it sloppy. I want you to be a killer. I want to see him go down. And I want him to stay down."

Then the bell rang and Griffith went out, caught Paret with a left hook and came into Benny just the way Clancy had directed. During the next ten days, with Paret lying in a coma before he finally died, Clancy kept thinking about what he had said to Griffith. Now there was absolutely nothing wrong with the words themselves. This is the language of contact sports. Even your high school football coach will tell his kids they have to "kill the passer" when they rush him. But this time a way of talking turned into reality. And Clancy, who comes with the softness of the Irish, took it hard. He went around looking shell-shocked.

The three of them talked about getting out of boxing. But this was life, not a story. When some guy with thick glasses sits down to write about this business, he has the fighter quit after he kills somebody in the ring, and everybody who sees the movie or reads the story figures that, yes, this is the way it should go. In life a welterweight champion does not quit. He stays, and he takes everything that goes with staying, because fighting is his trade. And if he grows to dislike his trade he is stuck, just like all the other people in this world who hate the work they are doing.

Agonizing Memories

So at nine o'clock the night of last October 6, after his day of tortured waiting at the hotel, Emile Griffith lay out on a padded rubbing table in his dressing room at Madison Square Garden waiting to fight Don Fullmer. Suddenly Emile went into the bathroom and stood by the sink. Albert went in with him.

"I'm afraid," Emile said.

"What are you afraid of—a guy like Fullmer?" asked Albert.

"No, I'm afraid of Paret," said Emile.

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"Well, you're fighting Fullmer tonight."

Griffith went back and stretched out on the table and looked up again at the harsh light.

Albert stayed in the bathroom and tried to light a cigarette. His hand was shaking.

At last somebody opened the door and said it was time to get into the ring. Clancy put his arm around Griffith and walked him out of the room. There was noise from the crowd but Emile didn't hear it. Getting into the ring, Emile turned around and slipped through the ropes backward. In his corner he looked at the canvas. He was not going to let himself look at the neutral corner over to the left, the place where he had caught Paret and beaten him.

In the first round Fullmer, moving around the ring, gave ground as Griffith came to him in a crouch. When Fullmer stopped going back, he was in the Paret corner. He stood there waiting for Griffith to charge. But Griffith did not come in.

"I do not see Fullmer there," Emile said after the fight. "I saw the late Benny, and I could not get myself to go in there."

For the rest of the fight it was the same. Every time Fullmer moved into the corner, Griffith stopped and wouldn't move until Fullmer got out of there. Fullmer did nothing but hold and run, and Griffith chased him on only three sides. The spectators were booing and walking out. Griffith won the decision by a big margin, but none of the fans cared.

Griffith Thinks Too Much

Later the fighter's family and a lot of other people jammed into the hotel suite and milled around a case of Scotch. It was too noisy for Griffith, so at 1:30 in the morning he walked up to an all-night lunch counter and sat down next to a couple of bus drivers. None of the food interested him.

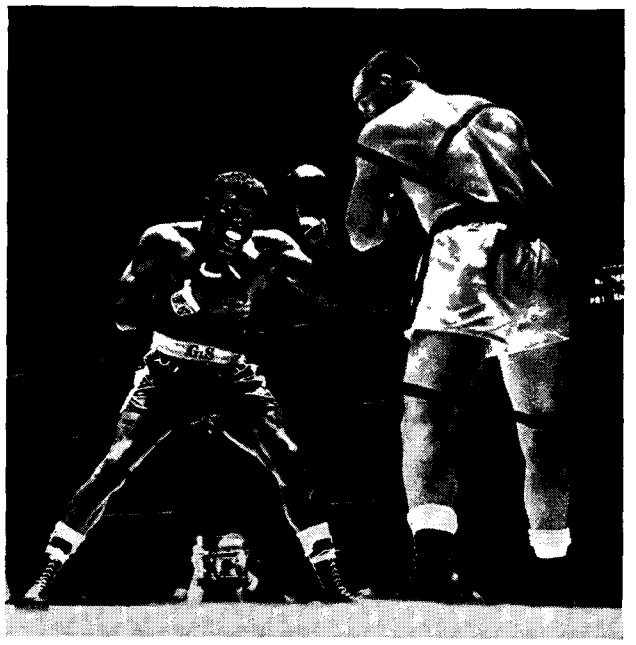
"I don't go to bed at all tonight," he said. "I should be in a hot bathtub right now. So I will just stay around, and when everybody goes I'll listen to some music. Maybe I'll go to a show or something later. Tomorrow, or maybe the next day, I'll go to sleep then."

Clancy and Albert did not give him much time to mope around. Four days later they had him on a plane to Vienna, Austria, where he decisioned Ted Wright in 15 rounds. He looked a great deal better against Wright than he had against Fullmer. The strange surroundings took his mind off Paret for a while, and he threw a lot of punches at Wright.

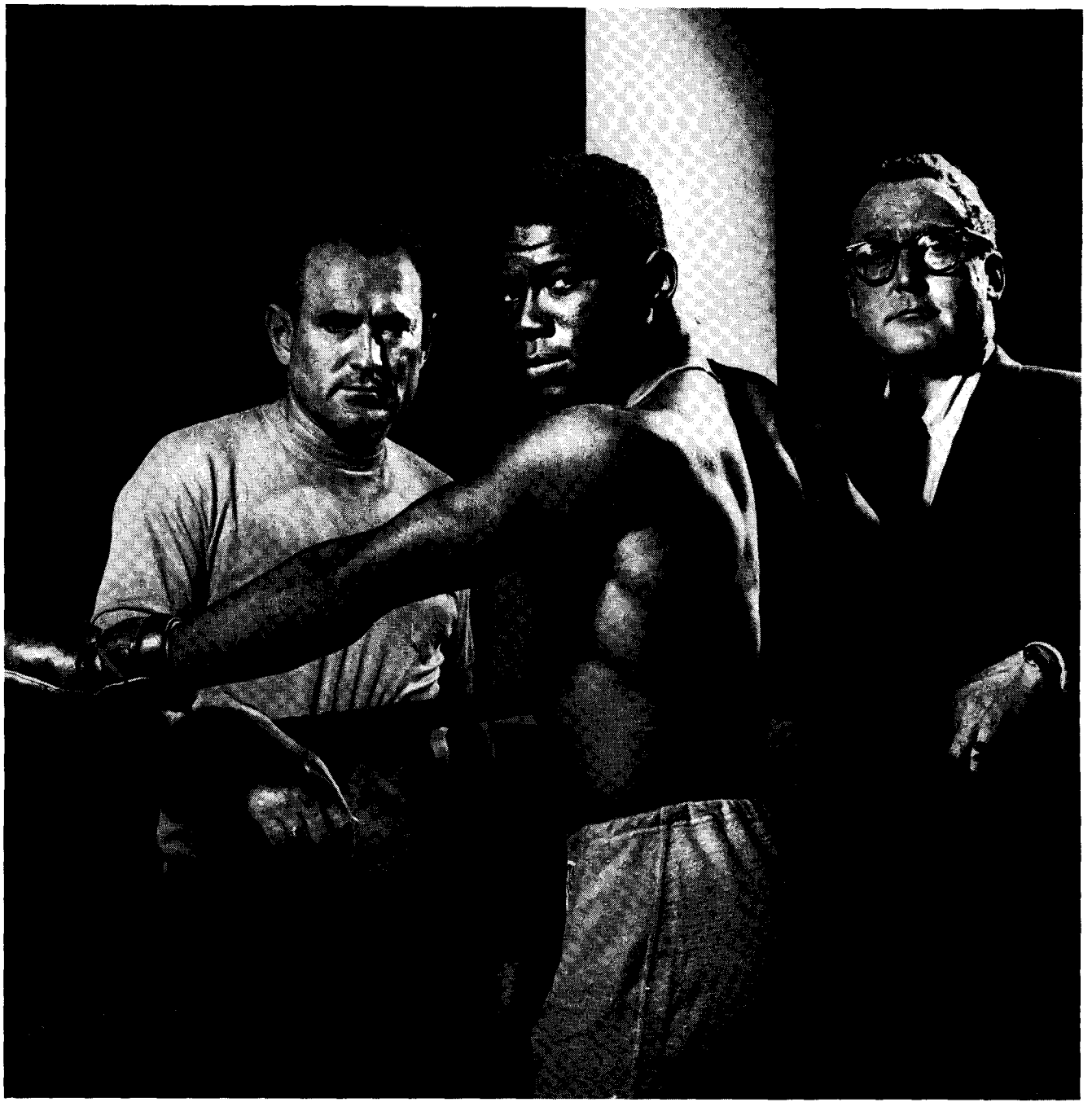
But the big fight—the title defense against Fernandez on Saturday night—is in this country, where Griffith thinks too much. After Fernandez there will be somebody else. That's the way life is now for Emile Griffith.

"I will be better," he says. "Just time. I need time." **THE END**

Referee Ruby Goldstein holds off Griffith as Benny Paret buckles to the canvas in their title fight last March. Paret never regained consciousness.



In same Madison Square Garden ring seven months later, Griffith would not follow Don Fullmer (right) into the corner because "I saw the late Benny there."



No ordinary managers, Gil Clancy (left) and Howard Albert have shared the ordeal with Emile.

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Christmas Feast for Gourmets

A new-style holiday meal awaits Americans who are ready for a break with the traditional fare.

By ESTHER SOLOMON

The very spirit of the celebration of Christmas depends on both unchanging tradition and surprise. This year the surprises might be in the dinner menu as well as in the packages under the tree. The Yule feast used to mean a round table, large enough to seat a dozen cousins and strong enough to hold a giant turkey, two kinds of potatoes, mashed yellow turnips, creamed onions, a boat-sized gravy boat, preserves and pickles still cold from the pantry, and bread hot from the oven. There were pies waiting on the sideboard and seconds waiting in the kitchen. There was plenty. And it was good! But the tastes of many Americans, whetted by Lucullan adventures here and abroad, are ready for a new-style Christmas banquet. We suggest one approach guaranteed to provide a gustatory delight. The detailed recipes below are your passport to a Gourmet Christmas, *Joyeux Noel!*

FRUITS D'AUTOMNE

A warm way to welcome your guests is with hot roasted chestnuts.

Ingredients

- 2 lb. chestnuts
- 2 tbsp. vegetable oil

Directions: With a small, sharp knife, make a cross on the mound side of each chestnut. Coat chestnuts with two tablespoons of oil in a large flat pan. Set in a 300-degree oven for 30 minutes.

SOUPE DE POTIRON

Cream of pumpkin soup is a recipe of old France. It is surprisingly simple to make, especially if you make the purée ahead of time.

Ingredients

- 4 lb. pumpkin (pick one with bright color)
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 2 egg yolks
- ⅔ cup cream
- salt
- dash of cayenne pepper
- 3 tbsp. butter

Directions: The day before: Cut pumpkin in half and scoop out the seeds. Don't peel. Cut coarsely and put in a pot. Just cover pumpkin pieces with boiling water. Salt. Cook without a pot lid, until tender—about a half hour. Purée pumpkin by forcing through a sieve or use a food mill or blender. Continue boiling the pumpkin liquid until it reduces to 4 cups. Thin the purée with this reduced liquid. Add sugar. Save purée for the next day. Just before serving: Reheat the pumpkin purée. In a large bowl beat the egg yolks and cream together. Very gradually add the hot pumpkin mixture to the eggs and cream in the bowl, stirring with a whisk. Return to pot. Taste for salt and pepper and add butter. Reheat, being careful not to reach even the simmer point in order to prevent curdling. (Note: To save time you may substitute eight cans of pumpkin, and proceed from "Just before serving. . . ."

BALLOTINE DE DINDE

Ingredients

- 10–12 lb. turkey
- 3 black truffles (1 small can)
- ½ cup shelled and skinned pistachio nuts
- 6-oz. piece of cooked ham
- 6-oz. piece of cooked smoked tongue
- 1 cup dry port wine or cognac
- pepper and salt
- ½ lb. butter
- ¾ lb. veal and ¾ lb. pork ground together very finely
- 3 eggs
- 2 onions, chopped
- 1 clove garlic
- 2 tsp. salt
- dash of pepper
- pinch of allspice
- ½ tsp. ground thyme
- needle, white thread, butcher's twine

Directions: The day before: put out all your ingredients. Dice the truffles, shell pistachio nuts, cut ham and tongue into finger-shaped pieces. Put pork and veal mixture into a large mixing bowl. Add lightly beaten eggs, thyme, allspice, salt, pepper, crushed clove of garlic, ¾ cup of port or cognac. Mix till light. Gently sauté the onion in a quarter of a pound of butter. Take almost ten minutes to do this, cooking onions so gently that they only yellow and do not brown. Add onions and butter to the bowl. Mix thoroughly. This is the stuffing. Put boned turkey flat on the table, skin side down. Season the meat side (inside) with pepper and remaining wine. Spread a layer of stuffing inside the turkey. Then sprinkle pistachio nuts, truffles, ham and tongue over it. Repeat both steps twice. Sew up turkey. Tie in four places as you would a rolled roast, making sure stuffing does not go to the ends. Salt, pepper and brush the skin with melted butter. Store in refrigerator until four hours before dinner. Christmas Day: Roast turkey breast-side up in a 350-degree oven, allowing 20 minutes per pound. Keep basting top and sides to insure even browning. Serve with natural pan gravy. Serves 8–10 easily. If you wish to serve a wine with the dinner, Chassagne Montrachet 1959 is recommended. It is a mildy sweet white wine that will suit most palates. (*Note:* The pâté maison used for stuffing the ballotine makes a delicious stuffing for a turkey that has all its bones.)

FONDS D'ARTICHAUT CLAMART

Ingredients

- bowl of cold water with juice of a lemon added
- 8 artichokes
- ¼ cup flour
- 4 tbsp. lemon juice
- 3 tsp. salt
- pkg. frozen tiny peas
- 4 tbsp. butter

Directions: The day before: Remove leaves of artichokes with your hands. (You do this by holding the artichoke, stem side up, snapping back the leaf and pulling it off.) Take off half of the leaves of the artichoke in this manner. Cut off the rest with a sharp knife. Trim the artichoke bottom and sides evenly. Drop artichokes into cold water and lemon juice until ready to cook. Mix flour with one quart of cold water, lemon juice and salt, in an enamel pan. Bring to boil. Simmer for five minutes, stirring all the time. Cook artichoke bottoms in this liquid (called a blanc) for 30 minutes. When artichoke bottoms are tender, remove the choke with a spoon. Return bottoms to pan and store in refrigerator.

Christmas Day: Take artichoke bottoms out of the pan. Rinse off the flour-water mixture. Heat gently in a little melted butter. Cook peas according to directions on package. Drain. Add butter, salt and pepper. Fill with peas. (*Note:* It is possible to buy good artichoke bottoms in a can. Omit day-before directions. Change Christmas Day directions to: Take artichoke bottoms out of can and rinse—proceed from there.)

TOMATES À LA PROVENÇALE

Ingredients

- 8 tomatoes
- ½ cup white bread crumbs
- ¼ tsp. salt
- dash pepper
- 1 clove garlic (crushed)
- 4 tbps. chopped fresh basil or parsley
- 4 tbsp. butter

Directions: The day before: Cut off a thick slice of tomato from stem end. Turn upside down and gently squeeze out tomato juice and seed. Mix bread crumbs with seasoning and herbs. Fill each tomato with some of this mixture. Dot top of stuffed tomato with butter. Place tomato in a greased oven-proof pan. Store in refrigerator. Christmas Day: Fifteen minutes before dinner put tomatoes into a 400-degree oven.

DÉLICES DU POTAGER

A green salad cleans the palate before the cheeses and dessert are served.

Ingredients

- 2 heads of bib or Boston lettuce
- ½ lb. Belgian endive
- 1 bunch watercress
- ⅓ cup of vegetable oil
- 2½ tbsp. red wine vinegar
- 1 tsp. salt
- ¼ tsp. coarse ground Java pepper
- ¼ tsp. dry mustard
- clove of garlic
- 1 tbsp. chopped chives (optional)

Directions: A few hours before dinner wash and dry the salad greens. Break into bite-sized pieces with your fingers. Store in refrigerator. Combine oil, vinegar and seasonings. Reserve chives until later. Just before serving, use two forks and a light touch to toss the salad and dressing and chives together.

FROMAGES ASSORTIS

Ingredients

- 3 wedges of cheese (Brie, Roquefort and La Grappe)
- 1 loaf French bread
- sweet butter

Directions: Arrange cheeses decoratively on a tray or bread board. Pass with bread and butter. If you wish, serve a glass of red wine. Nuits St. Georges 1959 is recommended.

MERINGUE GLACÉE

A memorable dessert that is light enough to follow a Christmas dinner is suggested. You may also use peach ice cream and peach slices, or other combinations.

Ingredients

- 1 cup of sifted granulated sugar
- 4 egg whites
- pinch of salt
- ¼ tsp. cream of tartar
- ½ tsp. vanilla or almond extract
- 1 qt. strawberries
- 1 qt. ice cream
- 1 cup red currant jelly
- 2 tbsp. cognac

Directions: Cover cooky sheet with greased, unglazed brown paper. Beat egg whites until foamy. Add salt, cream of tartar and continue beating until peaks form. Add sugar very slowly, beating until sugar is dissolved. Add the vanilla. Drop by mounded teaspoonful onto brown paper. Bake in a 250-degree oven for 1½ hours. At the end of the time, turn off oven, open door and allow meringues to cool in the oven. Leave on paper until ready to use. Christmas Day: Hull the strawberries. Melt the currant jelly and cognac over a low fire. Put ice cream on the dish, surround it with strawberries. Pour warm sauce on the berries and top with meringues. THE END

From the roasted chestnuts to the meringue glacée, this Christmas dinner is a feast for the eye as well as the appetit

Photograph by George Lazarnic

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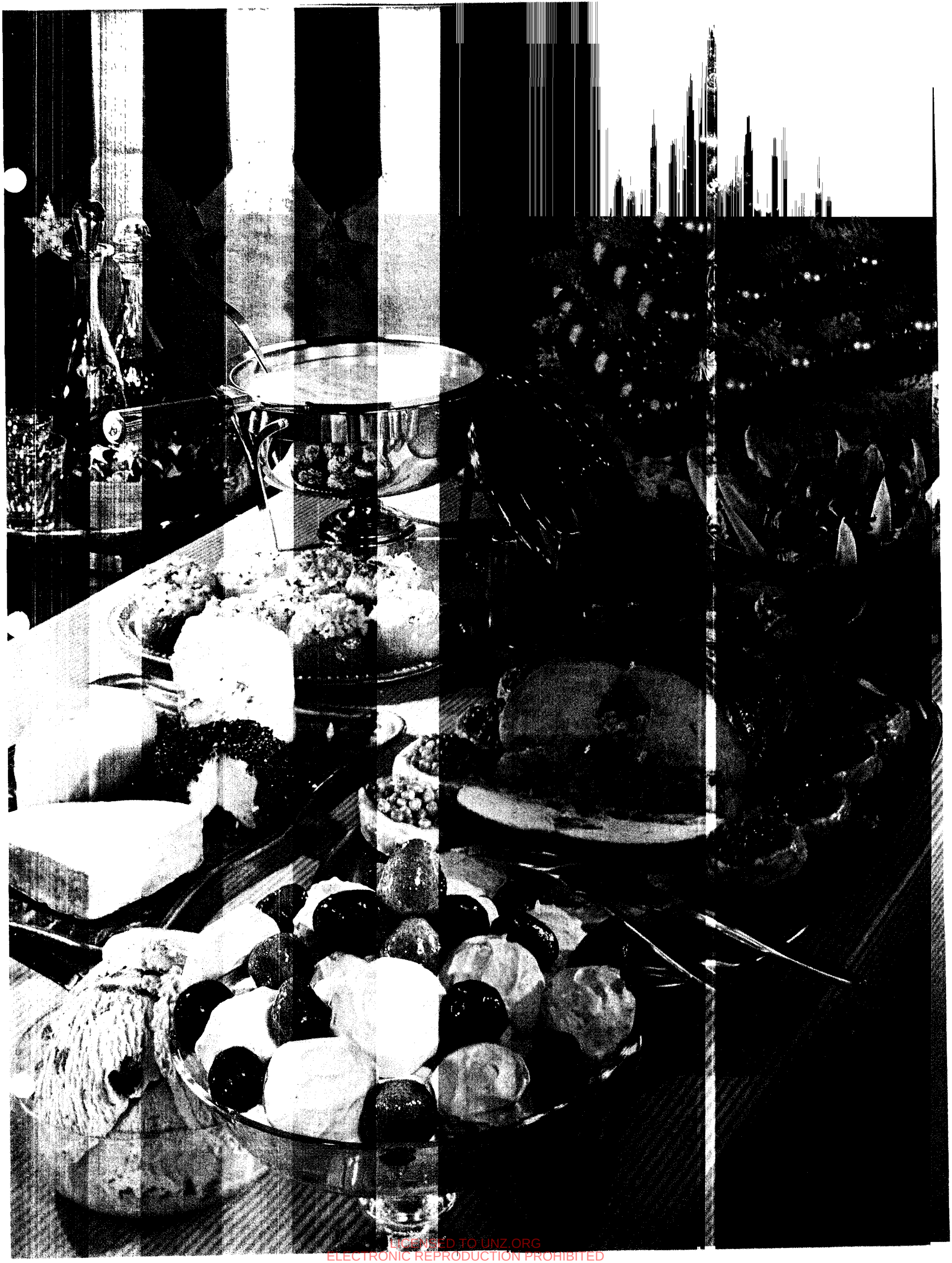

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Bad Drivers Cost You Money

Auto-insurance buyers are becoming outraged about paying for accidents they don't cause. What can they do about it?

Not long ago Miss Libby X, a schoolteacher of middle age and sedate habits, attended a good-bye party for the departing principal of her school in an East Coast state. Touched by the impending loss of a colleague, she overtoasted the principal's success in a better job. Driving home that evening, Miss Libby hit another car. Her insurance company paid her victim $1,600.

At approximately the same time as Miss Libby's accident, a teen-age boy named Freddie sideswiped another car in rural Ohio. Bodily injuries of the couple in the other car were not serious, and Freddie's insurance company got out of it at a cost of only $2,100.

These accidents were only two out of about 3,000,000 involving bodily injury in the U.S. in 1962. And the two insurance companies which settled the claims paid out $3,500 more than the two policyholders had paid in. Your insurance premiums helped to make up the difference.

It takes all the premiums everyone pays, and a little more, to subsidize the costs of those accidents incurred by only one fifth of us. In a sense, your insurance premiums are your share of the $8,000,000,000 a year it costs to pay the highway damage bill in the United States. Your share of the burden, for the most part, is based on your age, sex and the general driving experience of the community in which you live.

What Makes the Rates Differ

A serious effort has been made to force those who have accidents to pay for them and to hold down the insurance premiums for those who do not have accidents. The system used in grading drivers may be severe. Match your insurance bill against that of a Manhattan male who is unmarried and under 25 years of age. He pays a basic liability premium of $432, fixed by the major source of such ratings, the National Bureau of Casualty Underwriters. For that annual premium he receives insurance protection only against damage he might do to other humans or their property, a combined maximum obligation of $25,000.

The cost of the Manhattanite's insurance is affected by the fact that his hometown is thick with people, traffic, accidents, liberal juries and other hazards, including some garage owners who are willing to pad repair bills. Contrast the young man of Manhattan with a middle-aged rural Coloradan whose family includes no one under age 25 and who drives his car only for pleasure. In rural Colorado, as in all the West, an accident is more likely to be fatal than in the slower-paced East, but there are relatively fewer accidents and more realistic juries to make awards to victims.

This Coloradan pays only $22.50 for the same liability and property-damage protection which costs the Manhattanite almost 20 times as much.

A fundamental difference between the two cases above is that the Manhattan man is young and unmarried. Insurance companies assume that a married young man stays home nights, while the unmarried young man may be out roaring around the roads, perhaps with a few drinks under his belt. He may be racing, or at least driving belligerently, and showing off to a girl. The fact is, unmarried males under 25 are involved in a terrifyingly disproportionate number of accidents.

"The thing that frightens me," an insurance-agent friend said to me recently, "is the casual attitude of these young fellows toward their cars, their responsibilities, their money and even their accidents. They drop into the office and say, 'Well, I scraped another jockey last night. Looks like about five hundred bucks' worth of metalwork. The car's over at Joe's. How do I collect?'

"They live in fear of losing their driving licenses, but the fact that an accident is going to hike their insurance cost, or that they have just missed killing someone, doesn't seem to bother them. They apparently associate cars and money and insurance as a sort of interlocking trio of life. Not long ago a boy of good family tried to wheedle us into covering a car he had already wrecked. When we explained that we couldn't, he was furious."

Insurance officials and others professionally interested in highway safety divide automobile accidents into two categories: those that happen because of some unforseeable confluence of events, such as a blown left-front tire on a crowded highway, and those which are made to happen. The latter includes accidents in which there is a law violation—speeding, illegal passing, disregard of signs and signals. Also included are accidents in which a vehicle is operated in a manner that may not always be illegal in itself, but is excessively risky under prevailing conditions. An example: A driver tops a hill at 50 miles per hour, the legal speed. But a glaze of ice on the road causes him to lose control at that speed, and he piles into a row of seven cars trying to climb the slippery other side of the hill.

How to Get a Premium Discount

The American highway tragedy is that of all those accidents which harm people, four fifths are made to happen. If all our accidents happened through blameless bad luck, auto insurance could be sliced by more than half.

If you as an individual policyholder want to do something about paying smaller premiums, you must establish yourself as one of the 80 percent of American motorists who do not make accidents happen. If you do, you can probably nab a discount. Your occupation or habits may rule you out in the beginning. If you operate a race track, run a liquor store, or even get drunk a lot, or participate in hot-rod events, you cannot obtain any discount on the basic premium rate for your area. If you or any driving member of your family has been convicted of a law violation or responsibility for an accident, you are out.

But if you and all the drivers in your family have driven for two years—in some states, three years—without a single accident or violation in a moving vehicle, you may, in most states, obtain a 10 to 20 percent discount. Additional discounts are available for driving a compact—not sports—car, being graduated from an approved driver-training course, placing two or more cars under one policy, or bunching several types of insurance together.

Violations Will Ruin the Record

The discount available for a good driving record, however, is a reward that can be reversed by a blemish on that record. If a justice of the peace says you ran a red light, your insurance rate goes up 5 percent. Under a system of merit rating, more-serious violations may result in your paying two and a half times the basic rate. Or you may receive penalties similar to those suffered by Miss Libby, the schoolteacher who caused an accident while she was a bit tid[illegible] Miss Libby's insurance company canceled her insurance when she was convicted. In actuarial terms she had become a drunken driver, something no insurance company wants. Her insurance agent finally found another company willing to take her on. But there was a difference. The schoolteacher's new liability policy carried an annual premium of $332. It had been $46.

The hope is that gradually insurance, safety and state-highway officials will accumulate enough information on you as a safe driver to separate you from a broad grouping that contains bad drivers. Then your insurance can come down, and more of the total cost of accidents can be transferred to dangerous drivers.

Such a separation of drivers by behavior, or predictable behavior, started years ago. Some insurance companies concentrated on special categories of persons who could be expected to behave properly. If, for example, insurance were sold only to curators of archaeological museums, the odds against hot-rod behavior would be high, and premiums thus would be appreciably lower than average.

The latest big step in the separation of the probably good from the probably bad was noted by *The Post* in a 1959 report on auto insurance [WHY AUTO INSURANCE COSTS SO MUCH, June 6, 1959]. In that year California introduced the system of discounts and penalties, based on driving records, which is known as the s[illegible] driver plan. That merit-rating plan has sin[illegible] spread to almost every state.

But as the bill for liability claims rose higher and higher, the auto-insurance industry developed a method of dealing with poor-risk groups such as the under-25 males. Companies flatly refuse the poor-risk applications, shunting them off into something called an assigned-risk pool. Those applicants in the pool are then dealt out one by one to insurance companies for

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By ARTHUR W. BAUM

minimum insurance coverage at full rates. Each company must accept a percentage of these bad risks, proportionate to the company's share of the total auto-insurance business in a state. State authorities do the assigning. Taken together, these assigned risks cost the companies about 50 percent more than they receive in premiums from these risks.

Because all these methods of separating the good and bad insurance risks have been found inadequate in lowering insurance costs to good drivers, something more must obviously be done. The number of accidents continues to rise, and their cost rises even faster than can be accounted for by inflationary prices.

Insurance companies, bitter about their lack of progress and lack of profits in auto liability, blame state authorities for failure to remove troublemakers from the highways. Buyers of liability insurance are increasingly outraged about paying high prices for accidents they don't cause. They call for not only a sharper separation of the dangerous drivers from the safe but also much firmer law enforcement on the highways.

Lower Rates for Good Students

Fortunately the national campaign to give a deserved break to the good driver is going ahead on a number of fronts. One novel experiment among the worst group of highway offenders, the young unmarried males, has been undertaken by an Illinois insurance company. It might be described as the "good-student-good-driver" theory. Insurance discounts are offered to top students in high schools and colleges. The company is testing a belief that good students are more likely to spend evenings at homework than out drag racing. It is also trying to get across to young people the message that irresponsible operation of an automobile is inevitably expensive.

The Ford Motor Company and the University of Michigan recently have combined to produce a glove-box computer hooked to the brake, steering wheel and accelerator of an automobile. The device records the merits or faults of the driver and would help a great deal in driver education. Meanwhile the Federal Government has launched a system of continuous analysis of all major vehicle accidents involving law violations. Within a few months it is expected that the resulting records will permit states to speed up identification of habitual highway miscreants.

These are noble steps, and they ought to help cut the cost of auto insurance. Until they do, the best bet for reduced premiums is firm enforcement of existing laws. Safety officials would like to see the number of traffic patrolmen and state troopers increased on the theory that nothing improves driving like a glimpse of a trooper on the road. As one of them told me, "Even a straw dummy in uniform alongside a road will cut speed, accidents and insurance costs—for the next ten miles." **THE END**

An accident maker in action. His kind of driving forces all motorists to pay more for their insurance.

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How Are You? Don't Tell Me

The nation has flipped over ills and pills, complains one who is sick and tired of listening to sick and tired people.

By COREY FORD

Today it's chic to be sick, says the author. Cocktail conversations sound like pathology seminars, and if you can't claim hypertension or a slight murmur you're a social dud.

In case you wonder why I don't go out in public anymore, the reason is this epidemic of hypochondria that's sweeping the country. Everybody's suffering from some complaint, and my complaint is that I have to hear about it. It's getting so I don't dare say "How are you?" when I meet someone, because he starts telling me all his ailments and I never get a chance to tell him mine.

I remember when people used to boast about how healthy they were. "Never had a day's illness in my life," they'd brag, and then they'd chop a cord of wood before breakfast to prove it. Not now, though. Today it's chic to be sick. If you can't claim hypertension or a slight murmur, you're a social dud. The least you can do is stay home and not spread all that physical fitness around.

In short, I'm sick and tired of people who are sick and tired. Commuters on the train compare metabolism ratings instead of batting averages. Taxi drivers face around in the middle of traffic to discuss their calcium deficiency. Friends at lunch match blood counts to see who pays the check. A cocktail conversation sounds like a graduate seminar in advanced pathology. No sooner are the *hors d'oeuvres* served than all the guests take out their wallets and show each other snapshots of their lower abdominal tracts. Let one of them grab my arm, and I'm off for a two-hour stroll down Malady Lane.

I suppose it was bound to happen, with medicine getting so popular lately. The surgeon with his scalpel has replaced the sheriff with his six shooter as our new Hollywood hero. There are more doctors on TV than in the A.M.A. No current periodical is complete without a clinical article entitled "Are Hiccoughs Psychosomatic?" or "Your Peptic Ulcer Can Be *Fun!*" Even the advertisements have

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"In Hollywood the surgeon with scalpel has replaced the sheriff with six-shooter. There are more doctors on TV than in the A.M.A."

How Are You?

gone therapeutic. Everything is sanitized, or counteracts acidity, or aids nature's function, or contains chlorophyll. All you hear these days is meditalk.

The trouble is that hypochondriacs are such snobs about it. Everyone has to have a rarer disease than everyone else.

The other night at dinner a lady beside me reported with pride that her slipped disc had been written up in all the scientific journals. A man across the table said he'd been asked to will his duodenum to Harvard. The lady next to him confided she was so psychoneurotic that her analyst had dreams about her. The hostess interrupted to state that her case was one of the most interesting in medical history. "I've been to one doctor after another," she told us, "and they're completely baffled." We asked her what was wrong. "That's the trouble," she said with a superior sigh. "They can't find anything."

Nobody would be caught dead with one of last year's diseases, of course. Mononucleosis is definitely out this season. Hepatitis used to be exclusive, but anybody can catch it now. Asian flu is coming back, but the *dernier cri* in fashionable circles is hypercholesterolemia, or corpuscles wild. Even an ordinary ailment must have a six-syllable name. You don't have dizzy spells anymore; you have labyrinthitis. You're not getting bald; it's alopecia. You haven't got a headache; it's cephalgia. Your complexion isn't yellow; it's xanthochromic. Your knee isn't stiff; it's (wait till I look it up) epiphysitis of the tibial tubercle, or Osgood-Schlatter disease. Well, at least we've gotten rid of the common cold. A good meditalker would never admit to anything common.

A Missing Person: the G.P.

They're just as snobbish about doctors. Gone is the old-fashioned general practitioner who took care of everything from a sprained ankle to delivering a baby. Nowadays you go to an upper-chest man, or a right-sinus man, or a left-tonsil man. His diagnosis is full of obscure prefixes like "hypo" and "para" and "pseudo" and "anti" (frankly, I blame the doctors for a lot of this meditalk), he refers to the patient as a "case," and his professional rating is in direct proportion to the number of weeks it takes to make an appointment, the number of hours you have to wait in his reception room and the number of other specialists he calls in for consultation.

Or else take pills—and who doesn't? Back when I was a boy our household medical supply consisted of a bottle of rhinitis tablets (for colds), dioxygen (for scratches), nuxated iron (for stamina) and Dr. Munyon's Paw Paw Remedy ("There is hope!"). The entire contents of our bathroom shelf wouldn't equal the cost of one Rx today. A well-stocked medicine cabinet has become a status symbol. Women exchange cures the way they used to swap recipes: "Madge, darling, I couldn't wait to phone you. I've found the most divine new pill that Elsie got from Janet, who borrowed it from Peg. You know she's been to Johns Hopkins and Mayo and everywhere, and she says this is absolutely the very latest."

"Tell me about it, dear."

"Well, it's one of those exciting pastel shades, sort of a chartreuse capsule with one end purple and the other pink. It goes with almost anything."

"What's it for?"

"Oh, I don't know exactly, but everybody's taking it. Come on over and try one, and if you like it I'll get you the prescription."

Men are even bigger hypochondriacs than women. The difference seems to be that women take things, whereas men give things up. All my male acquaintances are on some sort of diet right now. One of them is following a salt-free program, another is using sugar substitutes, another has quit meat, another is avoiding roughage, and another has eliminated starch. One friend told me he was thinking of cutting out food entirely. "I heard of someone who tried it," he said, "and he lost two hundred pounds. He'd have lost even more, but that was all he weighed."

It's bad enough when a meditalker is just coming down with something. You barely shake hands before he backs you into a corner to describe his latest symptoms. His pulse acts funny, and he has these shooting pains, and it hurts here when he presses. He's always asking you to look down his throat, or count his heartbeats, or feel his forehead to see if it's hot. Don't stand too close to him, though. You might give him something else.

Even worse is the meditalker who's just gotten over something. No matter what you have, he's had the same thing, only more so. If you're recovering from an operation, he can't wait till the No Visitors sign is off the door to pile into your sickroom and measure his scar with yours. Maybe you think your operation was tough, but *his* was a miracle of modern surgery. They got him to the hospital just in time, he was on the table for 10 hours, they gave him three transfusions and fed him intravenously for a couple of weeks, and he had an embolism afterward. He cheers you up by assuring you that you mustn't expect a complete recovery from one of these things. Probably you'll have to give up highballs and cigarettes and golf, but there's nothing to worry about if you don't overdo. Just take it easy, and you ought to be good for another year or so yet.

Worst of all, though, is the mediwriter. Her family letter reads like a report from a major-disaster area. Good news is no news, she figures, so she skips any pleasant gossip and plunges right into the grim details. Everybody's been sick lately, all the children have the mumps, and George had to give up his job because his back quit on him again, and she hates to tell you but she's sure you'd want to know that Uncle Hubert had another attack last week, they don't know if he'll pull through, and Aunt Agatha has taken a turn for the worse (only the family can see her), and Cousin Maude fell and broke her hip, and her husband has arthritis; that's all for now, but she'll write again if there's any more bad news. P.S. How are you?

HAZEL, STARRING SHIRLEY BOOTH, MAY BE SEEN ON NBC-TV THURSDAY EVENINGS.

"I'LL HANDLE THIS."

Formula for Party Talk

Personally I've found that the best solution is to meditalk right back at them. All you need is a smattering of authentic-sounding medical terms, a brisk professional air, and a small fever thermometer concealed up your sleeve. Let's say a dinner partner is about to launch into a lengthy analysis of what's wrong with her. The strategy is to take the offensive and throw her off stride before she really gets under way:

Dinner Partner: I keep seeing spots in front of my eyes, and it's hard to get my breath, and at night when I go to bed I lie there and toss —

You (*interrupting*): Do your ears wilt?

D.P. (*a little taken aback*): Well, no; that is, I never noticed . . . .

You: Knees bend backward? Everything look inside out? Have the sensation that you're going up in an Escalator that's going down?

D.P. (*making a weak effort*): Oh, yes, all the time.

You: Sounds like an infection of the Lesser Antilles. Probably your Upper Montclair is slightly enlarged. Have you ever had your Yonkers out?

D.P.: I—I'm not sure.

You (*inserting fever thermometer*): Now, then. Let me tell you what's wrong with me. . . .

There's only one other solution, and that's to be a doctor yourself. Of course you'll have to listen to other people's ailments all day, but at least you'll be paid for it. THE END

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Has Success Spoiled Big Labor?

By HAROLD H. MARTIN PART I

Union kingpins Meany and Reuther face a clouded future.

Once lean and hungry, the unions have grown arrogant and fat. Big Labor is now Big Business, run by organization men. But membership is shrinking and the unorganized still remain unorganized. What is wrong inside the unions today? And where do they go from here?

In Atlantic City last spring George Meany, high priest of a large segment of the American labor movement, spoke comforting words of reassurance to an anxious audience of ladies' garment workers. Thundering from his eminence as the $45,000-a-year president of the AFL-CIO, Mr. Meany told his hearers that what the Cassandras had been saying was not so. Big Labor was not becoming moribund. "Organized labor," said Mr. Meany, "is not dying of dry rot; it is not suffering from hardening of the arteries; it is very much awake and very much alive." His audience burst into cheers.

There are a number of observers of the labor scene who think that they detect in Mr. Meany's confident pronouncements the tuneless quaver of a graveyard whistle. Big Labor may not yet be moribund, they admit. But it definitely has lost the evangelistic fervor which sustained it through nearly three decades of surging growth. It is no longer lean and hungry and running scared. It is corpulent and complacent, arrogantly aware of its strength and power and prestige. Its first great goals have been attained. In years of struggle on the picket lines and in the courts, the workingman has earned the right to organize and to bargain collectively for the higher wage, the greater leisure, the cleaner, more pleasant working conditions that give dignity and richness and meaning to life. In all except a few stout citadels of antiunionism such as the textile South, these things have been won. Now the big question is, where, if anywhere, does the labor movement go from here?

A friendly critic, groping for a metaphor, describes Big Labor's present status in terms of a gigantic rocket which leaped off the pad with a hell of a roar in the mid-'30's and climbed quickly to a tremendous height while millions cheered. Then, sometime in the middle '50's, the burnout came. The second stage failed to ignite, and the projectile lost its thrust. "Now," the critic adds, "a lot of people in the labor movement, including Mr. Meany, are wondering what button to push to light the fire again."

How to Make Unions Move Again

There are many buttons which must be pushed if the labor movement is to regain its old momentum. The blue-collar worker who makes up the rank and file of the trade unions is rapidly being replaced on the production line by an automatic machine. The white-collar worker and the growing army of "technicians" and "engineers" are showing no eagerness to take his place in union ranks. The unorganized blue-collar worker, too, is displaying a disturbing lack of interest in labor's goals. Seemingly content with his present wage and working conditions, he increasingly votes "no union" in NLRB elections. The widespread public sympathy and support the labor movement enjoyed when it was fighting against starvation wages and subhuman working conditions have been replaced by public irritation, both with labor and management, when their squabbles result in serious inconvenience to the man in the street.

These are underlying problems though, and their full impact has not yet been felt. On the basis of all surface evidence it is hard to quarrel with Mr. Meany's thesis that Big Labor is as vital an economic, political and social force today as it ever was in history. More than 15,000,000 union members in the United States and Canada still pay head tax to Mr. Meany's AFL-CIO, and independent unions command the loyalty of 3,000,000 more. In Washington, where labor's powerful lobbies operate, marble palaces stand as monuments to the financial and numerical strength of the great international brotherhoods of teamsters, carpenters, hod carriers and electricians and to the AFL-CIO itself. Here are comforts and splendors far removed from the shabby old "labor temples" of the movement's early days. Huge murals grace the walls, and in the lobbies goldfish swim in marbled pools where artificial lilies float. Deep carpets spread from wall to wall in the paneled offices where the high-paid presidents sit, and in the corridors soft music plays. The people who go about their tasks amid all this muted elegance are not the broken-nosed old organizers who once battled joyfully on the picket lines nor the fiery crusaders who looked upon labor as a cause, a concept, a social force for the betterment of mankind. They are organization men, many of whom came to labor not

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"Our numbers and our influence must expand or they

from the working ranks but from the colleges of the Ivy League. Economists, lawyers, educators, researchers, political scientists and public-relations counselors, their outlook differs little from that of their counterparts in the big corporations.

Perhaps this change was inevitable. Big Labor long ago became big business, its leaders deeply involved in the negotiation of complicated contracts and in the management of vast holdings in stocks and bonds and real estate. Government agencies charged with watchdogging union treasuries report that labor's total assets in 1959–60 were more than $1,500,000,000—plus an estimated $2,500,000,000 more in pension and welfare funds.

Richest of the big unions, when trusteed pension funds are included, is the Ladies Garment Workers. It holds $113,000,000 in international and local treasuries and death benefit funds, plus another $312,000,000 in a jointly administered welfare and pension fund. The Teamsters, biggest of the unions, lists treasury assets of $37,500,000, in addition to pension and welfare funds estimated at $200,000,000. Below them come a gaggle of unions with assets ranging from $10,000,000 to $25,000,000; the Bricklayers, the Machinists, the Carpenters, the Bartenders, the Railway and Steamship Clerks, and the Street, Electric Railway and Motor Coach Employees. These are the big ones, of course, the core of labor's financial and numerical strength. The smaller unions are far less flush. Three fourths of all national unions have incomes of less than $1,000,000 a year.

Labor's affluence is demonstrated in its generosity to its leaders, particularly some of the less savory ones. The Teamsters' former president, David Beck, organized labor's most noted convict, will continue to draw his $50,000 annual pension throughout his lifetime, whether he is in jail or not. James Hoffa, the present president, is the world's highest-paid labor leader, with a salary of $75,000 a year, plus an ample expense account. At least seven other union presidents make more than $50,000 in salary and "allowances," though Messrs. Walter Reuther of the Auto Workers and David Dubinsky of the Ladies Garment Workers struggle along on salaries of $22,660 and $28,600 respectively.

Mammoth Influence in Washington

Wealth and power lend prestige and authority to the men who command them, and labor's top men today wield an influence which has rarely been accorded union leaders since New Deal days. On the prestigious President's Advisory Committee on Labor-Management Policy, seven union presidents have equal voice with the seven corporation heads and the seven learned public members who make up the group. Neither Mr. Meany nor Mr. Reuther hesitates to advise either the President or the nation at large on matters that concern them. They do not hesitate to advise each other either. Bitter antagonists within labor's hierarchy, they have differences which sometimes threaten to break up the never-too-happy marriage between Mr. Meany's AFL and Mr. Reuther's CIO.

Mr. Hoffa of the Teamsters, who bosses 1,500,000 members in the nation's biggest union, enjoys a prestige of a somewhat different kind, and the advice he gives to Presidents—and their attorneys general—as well as to other labor leaders, cannot be printed here. Two administrations have tried in vain to jail Mr. Hoffa, and in October he went on trial in Nashville, Tennessee, for conspiring to violate the Taft-Hartley Act by allegedly using his union influence to obtain a $1,000,000 concealed payoff from a trucking firm.

In that endeavor which is the union's reason for being—getting more and more for its members at the bargaining table—Big Labor still is enjoying considerable success. Nearly every day, of course, news of bitter strikes, or the threat of strikes, flares on the front pages of the newspapers, as employers, caught in a profits squeeze, grow more stubborn in their resistance to union demands. But for every employer who defies the union and takes a strike, a thousand others quietly sign contracts that give the man on the production line a few more cents per hour, a little longer vacation time, a little fatter pension, insurance or hospitalization plan.

Their Victories Are Fewer

If these things are true, then what's all the fuss about? Who says that organized labor has reached a plateau in terms of power and prestige, and is now beginning to slip, almost imperceptibly, back downhill?

The cold figures compiled by the Bureau of Labor Statistics say so, for one. Union bargainers may be getting more and more for their members each time a new contract is signed. But they are getting more and more for fewer and fewer people. In the past six years Big Labor has barely held its own in terms of membership, and many of the biggest and strongest unions have been hard hit. In 1953 the Automobile Workers had 1,418,000 members. In 1960, the latest figures available, it had 1,136,000. The Steelworkers claimed 1,250,000 members in 1956. In 1960 the figure was down to 1,152,000. The Machinists were pushing close to the 1,000,000 mark in 1958, but lost 95,000 workers in the next two years. For some unions the erosion began earlier. Between 1951 and 1961 the two big textile unions lost 289,000 workers, and the Amalgamated Association of Street, Electric Railway & Motor Coach Employees dropped by 75,000. The Carpenters have declined in membership from 804,000 to 700,000 in the past six years, and the Hod Carriers have lost 39,000 members since 1960.

Even the aggressive Mr. Hoffa, who considers it his union's mission to enlist all workingmen under the Teamsters' banner, has not been immune to the slow-down. Already this year, he complains, he has lost 40,000 members. He hopes to regain them in a vigorous campaign which will include an all-out raid on Joseph Beirne's Communications Workers and James Carey's International Union of Electrical Workers.

Of greater concern to labor leaders than the actual loss in membership is labor's slipping position in relation to the total work force. In 1954 organized labor made up 35.1 percent of the total nonfarm work force. By 1960 it had dropped to 32.1 percent.

An even grimmer story is told in the tally of elections won or lost by unions seeking certification as bargaining agents. In the late '30's and early '40's unions were winning eight or nine out of every ten elections. By the mid-'50's the victories had dropped to roughly seven out of ten. In 1961 they won 56 percent.

The loss in membership does not represent men who got mad at the union, punched their shop steward in the nose and tore up their membership card. It represents the loss of jobs made obsolete by new technology, the departure from the production line each month of thousands of men whose skills are no longer useful.

Behind these dropouts from the labor force are the harsh facts of economic life, the inevitability of change. They represent a triumph of American industry, not a failure, for productivity has increased as production-line workers have decreased. In 1950, according to figures compiled by the Industrial Union Department of the AFL-CIO, it took 11.3 man-hours to produce an ingot ton of steel. Last year it required only 8.1 man-hours. With new blast-furnace techniques which can increase furnace output by almost 40 percent, the steelworkers' union estimates that 389,000 workers, working a full 40-hour week, today can produce all the steel a high-level economy would require.

Huge strip-mine power shovels make it possible for 140,000 coal miners to dig as much coal as 400,000 miners were digging a few years ago. In the state of Washington a push-button sawmill turns out 12,000 board feet of finished lumber per man a day, compared to 7,000 board feet produced in old-style mills. In an automated copper-wire mill in New Jersey three men turn out 1,000 miles of insulated wire and 100 miles of copper rod in an eight-hour day. In Houston a new seamless-tube plant uses no human labor at all from the time the raw bar enters the line until the finished tubing comes off at the other end.

Share the Jobs to Spread the Work

Union leaders accept the fact that automation is inevitable, and its onward march must not be impeded if the economy is to prosper at home and hold its own with foreign competitors in markets overseas. At the same time, they insist that the impact of a changing technology on the man who loses his job should be the first concern not only of unions but also of industry and government. To spread the work, available jobs must be shared by more workers, and the work week must be shortened without loss of pay to the individual. Those whose old skills are now useless must be retrained, with industry, government and the unions sharing the responsibility.

"The trouble is," one union official said, "nobody knows what the hell to retrain them for. We may teach them a new skill that itself may be automated out of existence in six months."

Gus Hall, head of the Communist Party, U.S.A., blandly predicts that automation will throw so many millions of Americans out of work that the country in a few years will be ripe for revolution and a Communist take-over. Soviet Russia, on the other hand, will modernize its great industrial complex smoothly, Hall claims, simply by pensioning off older workers, and by

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nust crumble."

eeping younger workers busy in uneconomic enterprises until they can be absorbed into new industries. The Soviet Union, Hall adds piously, puts human values above profits, but in the greedy, profit-motivated United States no element of the economy will be willing to bear the tremendous cost of making the great social and economic adjustments necessary to save the workingman from disaster.

Mr. Hall, as usual, was talking through his hat. Great struggles indeed are taking place as unions strive desperately to protect their people. The battle to save the jobs of the fourth man on the jet plane's flight crew, the extra deckhand on the tugboat, the railroad telegrapher, the fireman on the Diesel, make front-page news. But more important is the fact that in hundreds of industries today management is sitting down with labor's representatives to lay out modernization plans which, though they will eliminate jobs, will do so under a gradual program that will give ample time for normal attrition to take its toll of older workers, and for the retraining and shifting of displaced workers to other tasks.

Why Does Their Power Decline?

Labor has always been forced to meet the challenge of new technologies, and labor's more thoughtful leaders today are well aware that many factors other than automation have caused the decline in labor's strength.

The basic cause of the erosion is the great change that has been taking place in the pattern of employment. A few years ago for the first time in our history the white-collar worker began to outnumber the blue-collar worker in the nonfarm labor force. In the past five years, while blue-collar jobs, where labor's strength is concentrated, were declining by 1,000,000, white-collar jobs increased by 3,000,000.

To James Carey, president of the International Union of Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers, the lesson is plain. Organized labor must wake up and shift its tactics, or it will continue to become fewer in numbers and weaker in power and influence year by year. The obvious solution, Mr. Carey says, is for labor to return with renewed zeal to the task which has been its main mission for 80 years, the crusade to organize the unorganized. Today, though, the target must be the technician, the teacher, the clerk, the salesman and the worker in the service trades. Failure to get this drive under way, with the full weight of all organized labor behind it, can result only in the eventual death of the labor movement, Mr. Carey predicts.

"Without membership strength, all our past gains might as well be written on water," says Mr. Carey. "Like the free-enterprise economy itself, the labor movement must maintain a process of dynamic development, or it will decay. There is no middle ground where we can sit back and brood over our navels and contemplate the blessings of the status quo. For labor there can never be any status quo. We must advance, or we must retreat. Our numbers and our influence must expand, or they must crumble."

Mr. Carey is only one of many who have raised their voices to criticize labor's past failures, and to call for a new crusading drive. In his solid

New York City's teachers, who organized themselves into a union, strike the city's schools. Many labor leaders argue that other white-collar workers are ripe for unionism.

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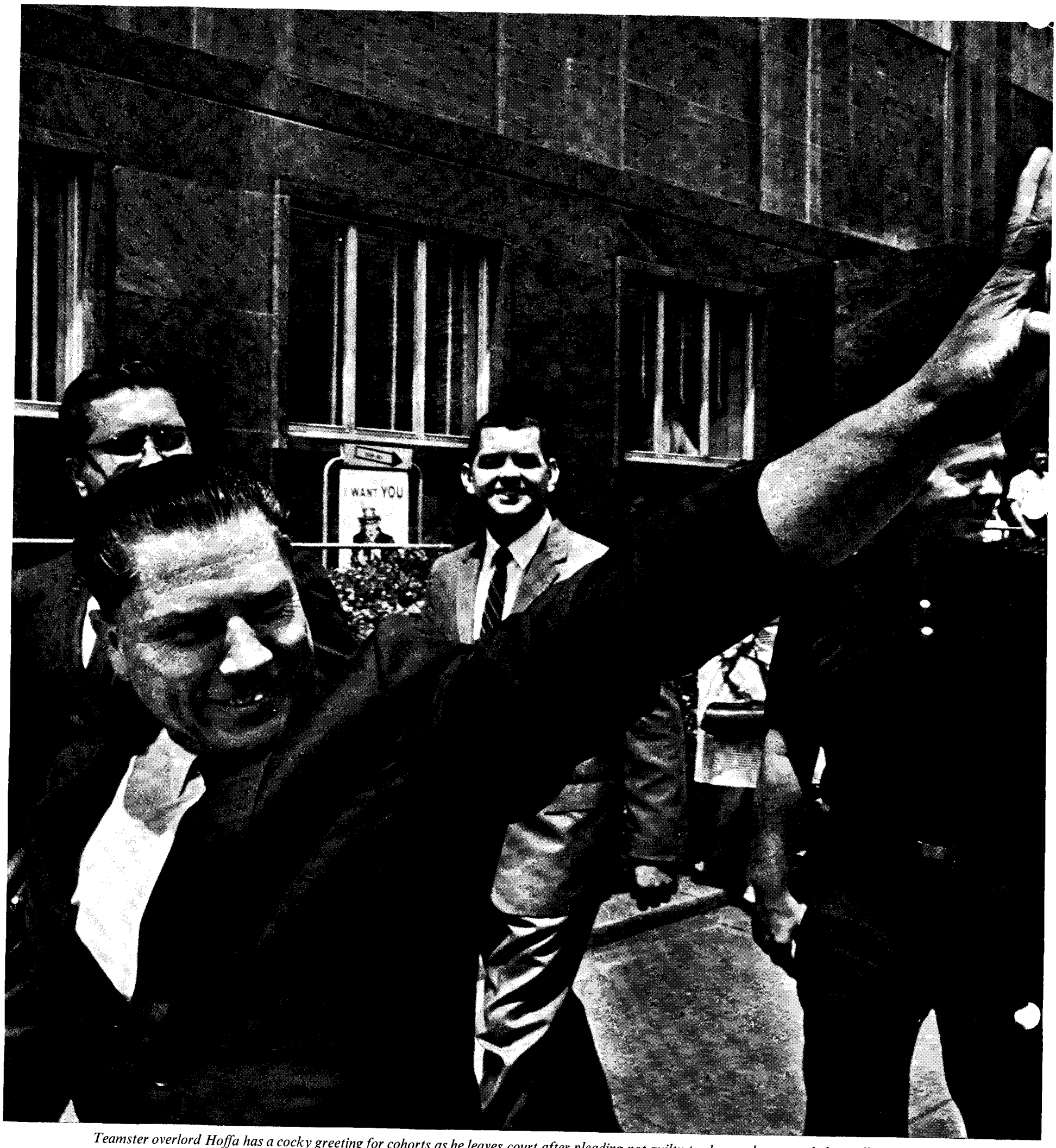
Arrogance: Two administrations have tried in vain to jail Jimmy Hoffa, boss of the nation's biggest union.



Teamster overlord Hoffa has a cocky greeting for cohorts as he leaves court after pleading not guilty to charges he concealed payoff from truckers.

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"Labor today is like a tired old buffalo that has grazed too long on the same range. It just can't get moving."

a scholarly treatise, "The Decline of the Labor Movement—and What Can Be Done About It," Solomon Barkin, director of research for the Textile Workers Union, chides Big Labor for virtually ignoring great reservoirs of potential membership. White-collar and service workers make up 55 percent of the work force today, but only about 20 percent of them are union members, he points out. There are 22,000,000 women at work, but only 3,400,000 of them are in unions. Negroes are moving in great numbers from the antiunion South into Northern areas where unionism long has been accepted. But of more than 3,000,000 Negro workers, less than half are union members. Negroes, Mr. Barkin suggests, have become disillusioned with unions whose national constitutions preach the brotherhood of man but whose local unions in practice observe the color bar. The N.A.A.C.P., which shares Mr. Barkin's view, at the moment is driving hard to break down this wall of prejudice. The tough line pursued by Herbert Hill, labor secretary of the N.A.A.C.P., has provoked both George Meany and Walter Reuther to stout defense of the AFL-CIO's policies, and Mr. Meany has bitterly denounced the N.A.A.C.P.'s position.

For 30 years unions have tried to organize the textile workers of the South, and the 2,500,000 migrant farm workers of the Pacific and Atlantic coasts and the Mississippi Delta. The results, says Mr. Barkin, have been "thin and disappointing." These old citadels are still untaken after years of siege, and so long as Southern textile operators and the employers of migrant labor continue their stubborn resistance, there is little likelihood that they soon will fall.

Organizing the Officeworkers

The greatest opportunity, therefore, for labor to increase its membership today lies in that vast army of Americans who work in offices and stores and laboratories instead of factories; who are paid by the week and not by the hour; who receive, as a perquisite of their jobs, the paid vacations which the unions have had to fight for at the bargaining table—and who have always felt themselves closer to management than to their blue-collared brethren on the production line.

But what can Big Labor do to sell itself to these millions of potential union members?

First, most students of the labor movement agree, it must shake off the apathy and complacency that permeate the movement from the local to the international level. It must stop, somehow, the jealous battles over jurisdiction that weaken the movement internally. It must recruit new teams of skilled and dedicated organizers, which have been largely replaced by negotiators more interested in arguing over contracts and adjusting grievances than in bringing more members into the fold. Finally, it must combine its strength in money and manpower to carry out a sustained organizing drive that will not break up against the first obstacle it encounters.

These obstacles today are new and formidable. Despite high unemployment, a generally prosperous economy—plus the Government's Social Security and welfare measures—has made membership in a union less important to the rank and file of workingmen. In many unorganized plants, employers no longer fight unions overtly. They thwart unionization by providing better-than-union-scale wages, hours and fringe benefits. As a result, many a younger worker feels he has no need of a union's protection.

This apathy on the part of the workingman is matched by a dwindling public interest in labor's goals. The liberal who in the '30's and '40's stoutly supported the right of the workingman to command a living wage now finds it difficult to boil with indignation when an employer refuses to raise the hourly pay rate from $3.75 to $4.00. There is little drama in a workman's struggle for another paid holiday, a pension plan to supplement his Social Security benefits, an extra 15 minutes' washup time. The crooked dealings of Mr. Beck, the arrogance of Mr. Hoffa, the chicanery within the union movement revealed by the McClellan Subcommittee, have also contributed to the decline of public support.

The Laws Governing Big Labor

The laws under which labor must operate now are far more restrictive than in the past. The Wagner Act, which gave unions freedom to use the weapon of the picket line, the strike and the boycott with a heavy hand, has been supplanted by the Taft-Hartley Act, which outlaws the "closed shop" and demands that unions observe the same fair labor practices that hitherto had only been required of management. The Landrum-Griffin Act requires unions to report in detail on their financial affairs, and to make these reports available to their membership—an effort to protect the workingman against his own leaders who might turn sticky-fingered. In 19 states "right to work" laws more restrictive than any placed upon union operations by Federal regulations set further roadblocks in the labor organizer's path.

Optimists in labor's ranks, however, see some rays of hope amid the encircling gloom. The shadow of automation, they point out, now looms as ominously over the white-collar worker in the office as it does over the blue-collar worker on the production line. The old social differences between white collar and blue collar are beginning to break down. The machinist and the clerk may still enter the plant by different gates. But with the rise in the manual worker's standard of living, they now may live in the same neighborhood, go to the same church, shop in the same stores, send their youngsters to the same schools and spend their vacations at the same resort. The white-collar worker's fond hope that his job might lead to promotion into the ranks of management grows dimmer as office staffs grow larger and office workers become further removed from top management. In time, the unions hope, he will come to see that, in the workplace, as well as in community life, he has much in common with his blue-collar brother.

There are many white-collar professions which seem ripe for organization—"strawberries waiting to be picked," as one union official describes them. Nurses, teachers, professional engineers and some doctors in public hospitals have formed professional societies to further their common goals. Many union leaders believe that a well-planned campaign, by organizers specially trained to recognize the nonmanual worker's needs and goals, could quickly nudge these groups into labor's ranks. This technique, they argue, has already been proved. Last spring in New York City a new union made up of 40,000 teachers, aided by money and counsel from Walter Reuther's Industrial Union Department of the AFL-CIO, won a one-day strike. (It was an isolated victory, later denounced by the National Education Association. Teaching, the NEA said firmly, is a profession, not a trade. Teachers should negotiate on that basis, not through collective bargaining.)

Despite this rebuff, the younger and more enthusiastic men in the labor movement are still convinced that if a concerted drive were made, new members could be brought in by thousands, not only from the white-collar ranks but also from the small, unorganized blue-collar shops that have sprung up in the boom years since the war.

Two pilot projects to test this theory have been under way for the past year. In Spartanburg, South Carolina, and in the Philadelphia area a half dozen unions composed their squabbles and pooled their organization efforts in concerted drives. Neither campaign was too successful, for in each place nearly half the eligible workers voted "no union." But the technique seemed promising, and it is now being tried again on the West Coast, where out of 1,700,000 workers in various industries, 1,000,000 are still unorganized.

So far labor's top leadership has done little more than nod approval of these efforts. Every two years at the convention of the AFL-CIO, Big Labor's hierarchy pays lip service to the idea of bringing in great swarms of new members, but there is no driving sense of urgency conveyed in these resolutions. "The convention's traditional call to organize the unorganized seemed less than enthusiastic," wrote Joseph W. Block in the *Labor Review* after the 1961 convention. "No bold new plans were unveiled. The resolutions were sober, stressing the forces that make organizing more difficult—and more imperative."

Rising to the Challenge

Arthur Goldberg, speaking then as Secretary of Labor, struck a more cheerful note. In a speech to a labor audience he said, "I have held through the years a durable confidence in the labor movement. . . . Always in the past the problems which confronted you have been converted into opportunities. This is as true as it has always been. You will rise to the challenge, seize the opportunities and achieve a great new time in our history."

"I hope he's right," said one labor veteran morosely. "But the truth is, organized labor today is like a tired old bull buffalo that has grazed too long on the same range. The grass has grown thin and the water holes have dried up. It knows that greener pastures lie just over the mountains; but somehow it can't seem to get moving, even though it knows it's got to move along, or stay where it is and starve."

Next week, Post *editor Martin describes how Big Labor and Big Business struggle for advantage, with the Government in the uneasy role of referee.*

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EDITORIALS

Rockefeller Takes a Long Lead

It was, as many observers have remarked, a crazy election, with bizarre and wildly conflicting results. In Indiana an arch-conservative, Senator Homer Capehart, was upset by a liberal, Birch Bayh Jr. Across the Ohio River in Kentucky's Third Congressional District a Goldwater Republican named Gene Snyder displaced the liberal Democrat, Frank W. Burke. Democrats scored their most impressive gains in a traditional Republican redoubt, New England, while Republicans were most encouraged by their progress in the not-so-solid South. In Georgia the first Negro since the Reconstruction was elected to the state senate. Ironically, he belonged to the party of governors Ross Barnett and Orval Faubus.

Even at this juncture few generalizations are safe, but two conclusions can reasonably be drawn. One is that the election was a victory of sorts for the Democrats. They were bucking a tradition that had been upset only twice in this century (in 1902 and in 1934): The party in power almost invariably loses congressional seats in an off-year election. The Democrats added four Senate seats and held the net Republican gain in the House to two (experts were predicting that the Republicans would add around 20 House seats).

Despite this accomplishment, the Democrats are not likely to be greatly helped by their victory. The political coloration of the 88th Congress will be much the same as that of the 87th. Administration strategists expect a cat-and-dog fight on every piece of social legislation.

For Republicans the main effect of the election was to put Nelson Rockefeller well ahead of the field for 1964. Admittedly Rockefeller lost some of his luster by not running as well as he had in 1958, but that will easily be forgotten. At this point the Republicans appear to have nowhere else to go. Richard Nixon has dropped out of sight. Talk of George Romney and William Scranton, governors-elect of Michigan and Pennsylvania, respectively, as presidential candidates is premature. Both have just emerged upon the national political scene, Romney with no previous experience in public office and Scranton with only two years in the House. The public frequently overlooks the elementary fact that a man has to be nominated before he can be elected. Scranton and Romney would have to begin to cultivate the party professionals at once to stand a chance of being nominated in 1964. Both have disavowed any intention of doing so. Governor Rockefeller not only is the most powerful Republican governor in the country; he has carefully cultivated the party professionals, and he has made it clear that he not only wants the nomination but will go all-out for it.

The question for Mr. Rockefeller and his party is: What will that nomination be worth? Mr. Kennedy is riding so high at the moment that the answer has to be "not too much," but politics can change very quickly, as the career of Richard Nixon attests.

If the Republican nomination is to be something of value, Governor Rockefeller and his party should ponder the election and the mood of America. The extremists got nowhere. The four avowed John Birch Society candidates (three in Southern California and one in Texas) were defeated. That is good riddance, and it should be a warning. Mr. Rockefeller, long known as leader of the liberal wing of his party, has sounded so conservative at times that Senator Goldwater is impressed. Goldwater supporters scored isolated victories in the elec tion, but the future for Rockefeller, his country and his party does not lie with the 19th-century, head-in-the-sand brand of Republicanism represented by Senator Goldwater. It can lie only with a responsible, progressive leadership that recognizes the domestic and foreign problems of the nation and takes the initiative in offering workable solutions for them.

The Kennedy Who Lost

Not just anyone can be elected to Congress. This revolutionary doctrine was established beyond a doubt in the election in Ohio. The Democratic candidate for Congressman-at-large, running against Robert Taft, was an ardent segregationist from Cleveland by the name of Richard Kennedy (no relation). Mr. Kennedy won the Democratic primary on a freak. He made no real campaign, but finished first in a field of 11 on the strength of his name. Democratic leaders, for whom the Negro vote is crucial, were aghast upon discovering his civil-rights views, and when the time came to make up their sample ballot, they left off his name.

The League of Women Voters asked Mr. Kennedy to state his qualifications and his views on the issues. Under "experience" he gave this answer: "I'm well-read in history and economics. I've acquired a deep-rooted patriotism. I'm proud of Ohio and of Cleveland . . . but the winter climate is foul, and I'd welcome this good excuse to spend this season in Washington."

In answer to the question, "What course of action should the United States pursue to improve trade with other nations?" Mr. Kennedy said in part, "This entire area will bear careful watching. Each proposal must be carefully balanced. To start with free trade is a desirable thing. . . ."

Mr. Kennedy, content to rely on his name once again, didn't really bother to campaign for the election. The voters of Ohio didn't bother to elect him (Taft, son of the late Senator, won by more than 600,000 votes), and for that we can all be thankful.

The Myriad Uses of Macaroni

It slipped past us, but Americans ate more spaghetti, macaroni and other *pasta* products than ever in 1961. The way things are going, 1962 will be another record-breaking year. This information comes to us from the National Macaroni Institute in Palatine, Illinois, publishers of the *Macaroni Journal* and recent conferrers of the title Macaroni Girl of the Year on Miss Caroline Kennedy of Washington, D.C. She was the logical choice, not only because she has important relatives but because she owns a pony named "Macaroni."

According to the institute a good spaghetti dinner stretched out would run about 150 feet, half the length of a football field. Americans last year averaged 7.4 pounds of *pasta* apiece, but even so we came in fourth in this area of human endeavor. Italy (62 pounds apiece) was first; Switzerland (20 pounds) was second, and France (14 pounds) was third.

If all the *pasta* consumed by Americans last year had been shaped into spaghetti strands instead of macaroni sea shells, egg noodles and the 150 other designs recognized by the Macaroni Institute, it would have amounted to 4,425 feet per person. That's a little over four fifths of a mile. The total United States consumption would stretch to the moon and back abou 300 times. That might be a gooa idea. We remember those old Charlie Chaplin movies—how Charlie used to swizzle an endless strand of spaghetti. If Charlie's system still operated, nobody would need a rocket to reach the moon. He could swallow a string of spaghetti all the way to its surface.

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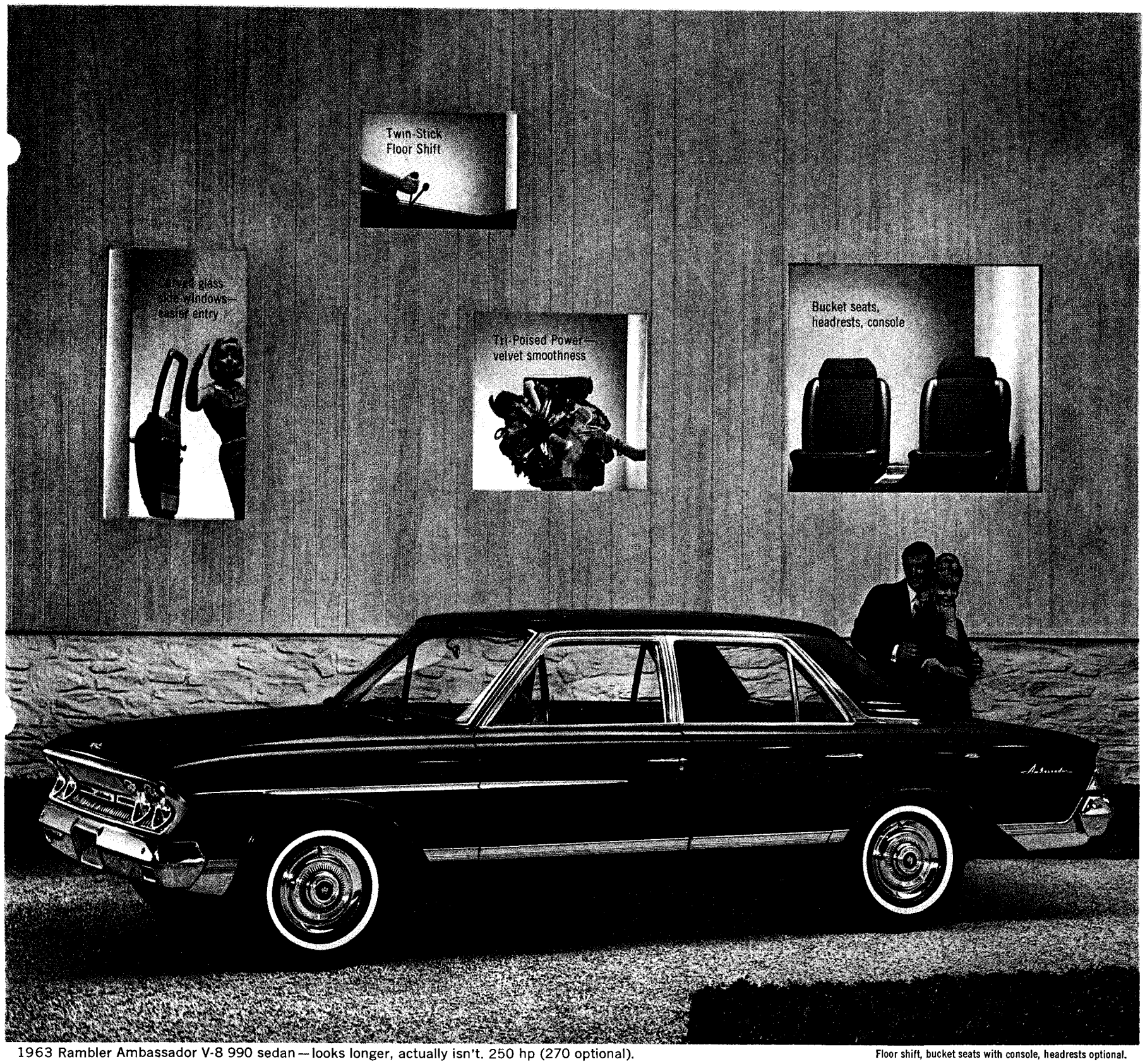

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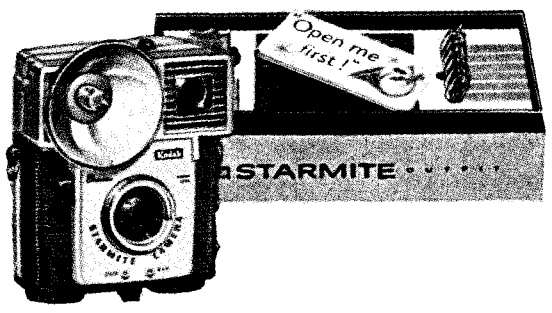
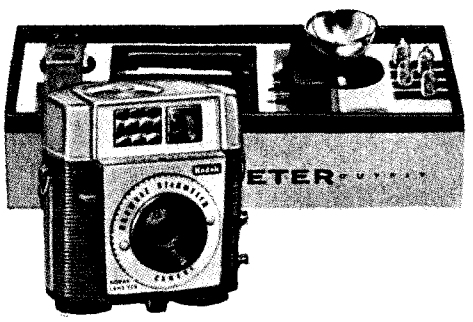
Steadiness is built in! New shape gives you a firmer grip for sharp, clear pict Flash is built in, too. Complete **BROWNIE Super 27 Outfit** . . . less than

Kodak gifts say: "Open me first"

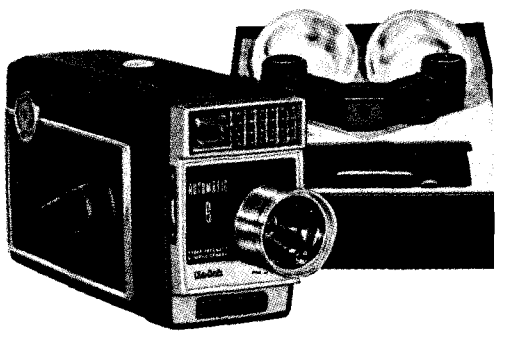
...and save your Christmas in pictures!



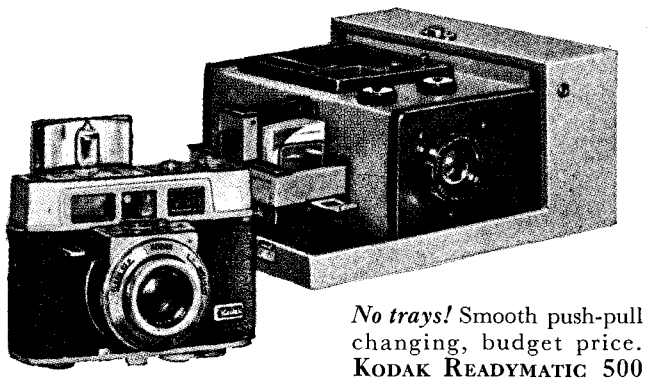
Compact camera with built-in flash! No focusing indoors or out. With film, flashbulbs, batteries in **BROWNIE STARMITE Outfit** . . . less than **$14.**



Built-in exposure meter tells proper setting. No focusing, *f*/8 lens. Complete with everything you need! **BROWNIE STARMETER Outfit** . . . less than **$29.**

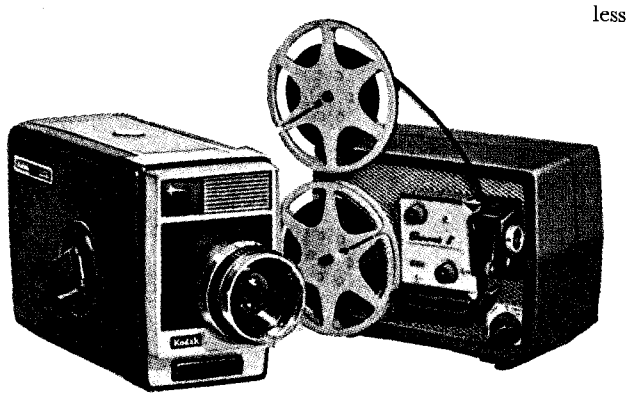


Electric eye sets lens opening automatical for beautiful movies. Light bar, lamps include in **KODAK Automatic 8 Movie Kit** . . less than **$63.** Camera alone . . . less than **$5**



Slides without guesswork! Automatic exposure setting, pop-up flash. **KODAK Automatic 35F Camera** . . . less than **$100.**

No trays! Smooth push-pull changing, budget price. **KODAK READYMATIC 500 Projector** . . . less than **$70.**



Make one setting for bright, clear movies with the **KODAK 8 Movie Camera** . . . less than **$35.** ***Project films 4 ft. wide.*** No threading—**BROWNIE 8 Movie Projector, A15** . . . less than **$55.**

Always welcome! **KODAK Film** for snaps, slides, movies. You can *depend* on the name Kodak!

Prices are subject to change without notice.

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TRADEMARK

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